34444000329540

Presented to the
LIBRARY *of the*
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
by
ESTATE OF THE LATE
PROFESSOR J.R.
COCKBURN

CANADA

IN KHAKI

The Net Profits of this Publication will go to the Canadian War Memorials Fund.

Published for the Canadian War Records Office by
THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO

No. 2

The Greatest Work of Reference upon the World War

The Times
HISTORY AND ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF THE WAR

Magnificently Illustrated with Thousands of Photographs direct from the War Areas, Portraits, Maps and Diagrams.

"'The Times' Illustrated History of the War" stands in a class by itself. It is the product of a body of world-famous experts. Written by the writers of "The Times," men of outstanding ability, each an authority in his own domain, produced by the World's Greatest Newspaper, and backed by all the forces and resources of its unique and far-reaching organisation, this History provides a Work of Reference upon every phase and aspect of the World War, indispensable to those who wish to follow intelligently the tremendous conflict in which the destinies of the Empire are being reshaped. Accurate, authoritatively yet interestingly written, "The Times" History should be given an honoured place upon the bookshelves of every British home.

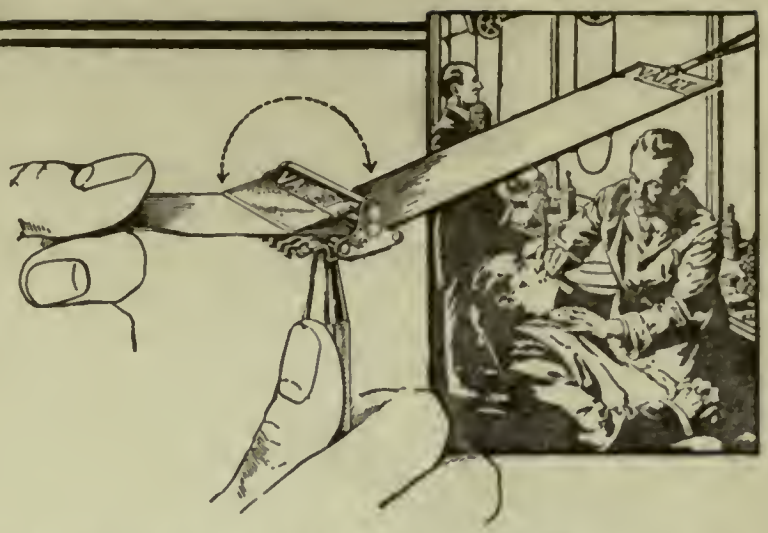
Numerous large Coloured Maps specially drawn for this History are interspersed among the volumes, together with a unique War Atlas and Gazetteer incorporated into Vol. VI. This Atlas contains 40 new and up-to-date Maps in Six Colours (to indicate height of land), and a complete Reference Index of nearly 14,000 Place Names, with other features that assist in the serious geographical study of the War.

IN QUARTERLY VOLUMES

at prices varying from **10/6** **($2.50)** *to* **£1** **($5.00)** *per volume, according to the nature of the binding.*

For Complete List of Prices and Full Information, address The Publisher, Printing House Square, London, E.C.4; or The Earle Company, St. Johns, New Brunswick, Canada.

"Strops Itself" as well as a Barber could strop it.



Perhaps on some occasion you have come across a barber who has given you 'the shave of a lifetime'–close, velvety–a razor touch that was almost a caress.

If so, it was because he was an exceptionally good stropper, and therefore had an exceptionally keen blade to shave with.

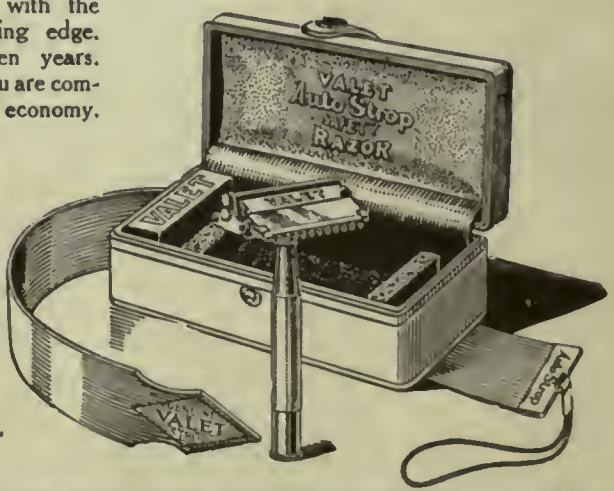
THE

"VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor

will give you every morning just this kind of shave, because the blade meets the strop at the very angle and with the very pressure which will give the keenest shaving edge. Moreover, one blade will last for months, or even years. You may feel that in using the "Valet" AutoStrop you are combining the greatest shaving luxury with the strictest war economy.

It is impossible for any razor to shave properly unless the edge is renewed by stropping every time; so the razor which can be most conveniently and readily stropped is the one which is needed by the man with a real beard on his face.

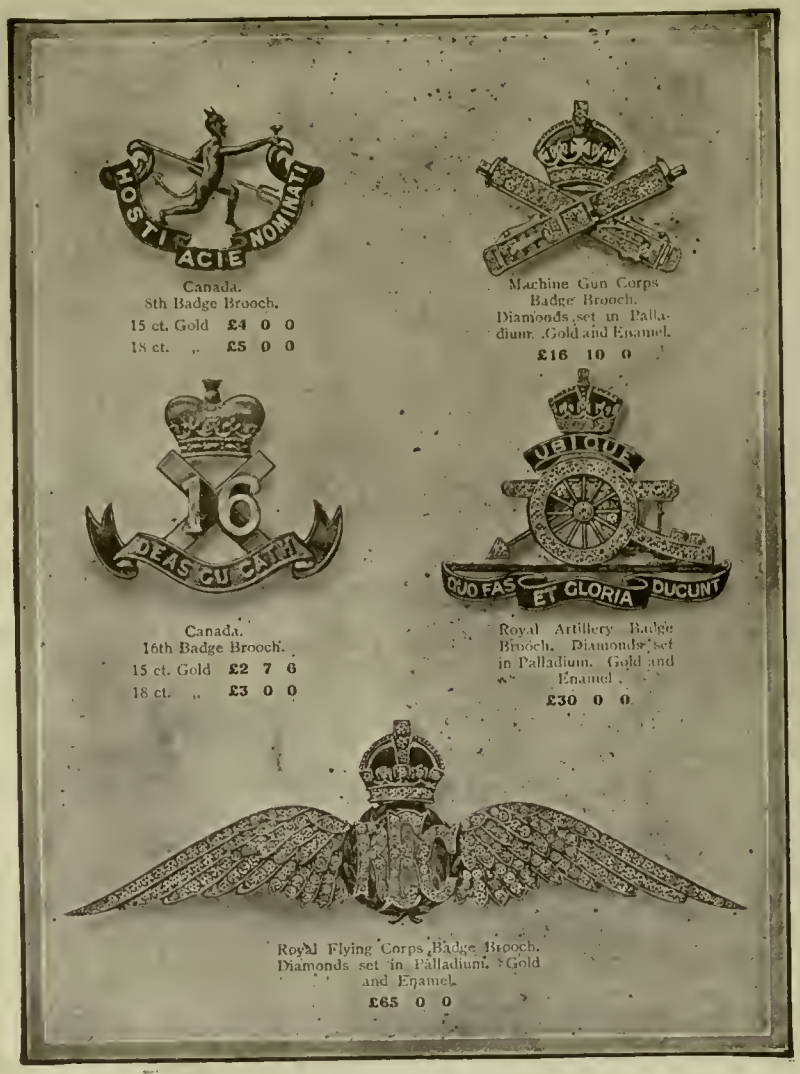
THE STANDARD SET consists of heavily silver-plated self-stropping "Valet" Safety Razor, twelve genuine "Valet" blades, and "Valet" strop; the whole in handsome leather-covered or nickel-plated case **21/-**



Of all high-class dealers throughout the world.

THE AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., LTD.,
61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. 1.
And also at New York, Paris, Milan, Sydney, Dublin, Toronto, &c.

B 45



Canada.
8th Badge Brooch.
15 ct. Gold £4 0 0
18 ct. „ £5 0 0

Machine Gun Corps
Badge Brooch.
Diamonds set in Palladium. Gold and Enamel.
£16 10 0

Canada.
16th Badge Brooch.
15 ct. Gold £2 7 6
18 ct. „ £3 0 0

Royal Artillery Badge Brooch. Diamonds set in Palladium. Gold and Enamel.
£30 0 0

Royal Flying Corps Badge Brooch.
Diamonds set in Palladium. Gold and Enamel.
£65 0 0

BY APPOINTMENT

Jewellers

and

Silversmiths

to H.M. the King.

THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's Military Badge Jewellery is of highest quality and workmanship and at the moderate prices charged is better value than is obtainable elsewhere. The Badge of any regiment can be reproduced. A catalogue of Military Jewellery will be sent post free on application.

CAUTION.

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company have no branch establishments in Regent Street, Oxford Street, or elsewhere in London or abroad—only one address—112, Regent Street, London, W.1.

THE
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD.

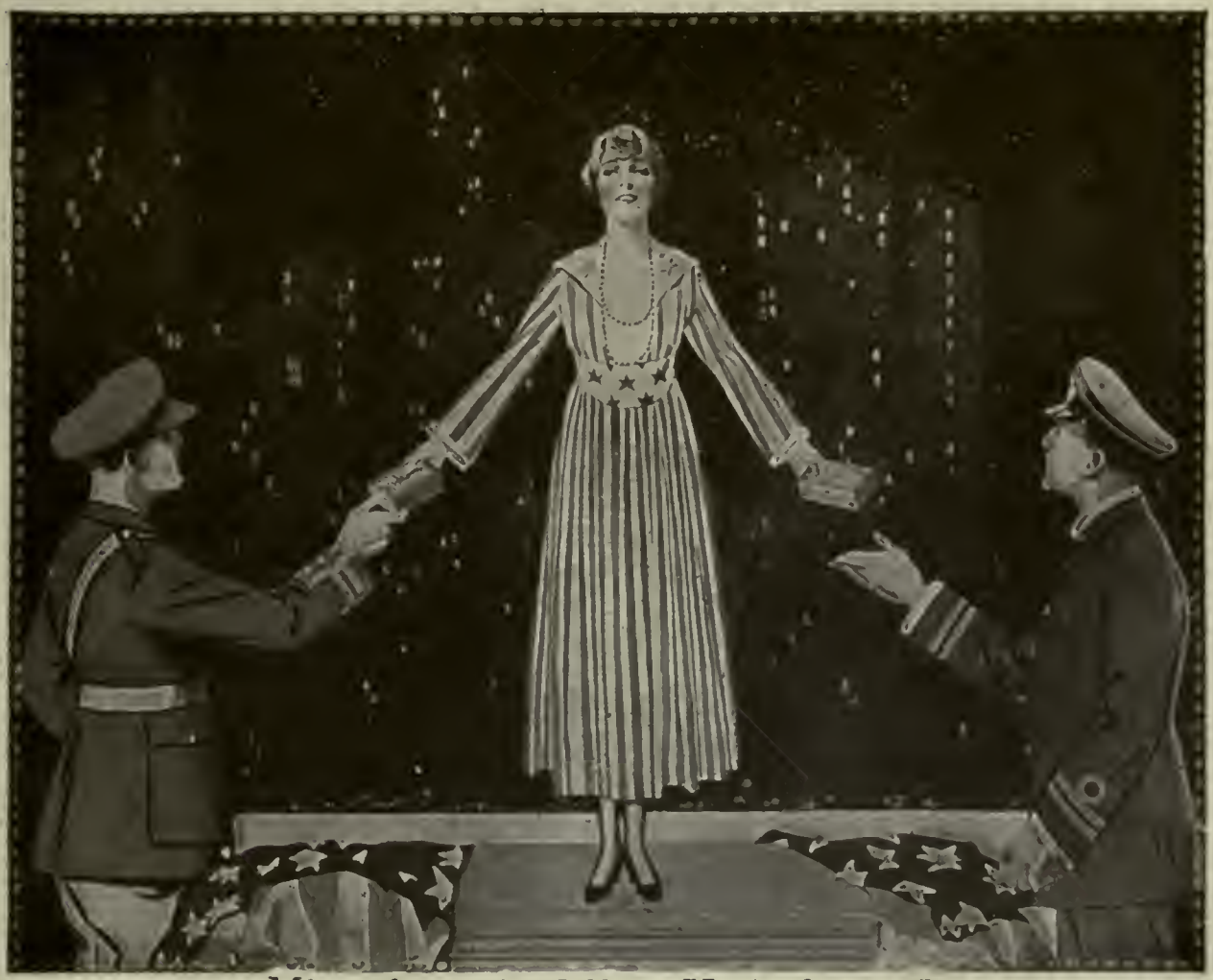
with which is incorporated
The Goldsmiths Alliance Ltd Estd 1751.

112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Picture Offer

To "De Reszke" Smokers only

This picture, "Miss America's Offer—Uncle Sam's Best," printed in colours on art paper, 15 in. by 10 in., will be sent free to any smoker forwarding to address below a "De Reszke" box lid and 2d. in Stamps, mentioning Picture No. 52. **42 Miniature Pictures** will be sent free on receipt of reply envelope, ready addressed and stamped (1d.). These are reproductions printed in colours of the famous "De Reszke" Cigarette pictures. Address: J. Millhoff & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 89), 86 Piccadilly, London, W.



Miss America's Offer—Uncle Sam's Best

Your boy at the front may not like to ask you for them—but cigarettes are everything to him out there. He is worthy of the best—so send him some "De Reszke" *American.* They are the world's best Virginia Cigarettes

SOLD EVERYWHERE,

or post free from J. Millhoff & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 89), 86 Piccadilly, London, W.

"De Reszke" *The Aristocrat of* Cigarettes

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET Co

(Incorporated by Royal Charter 1839)
MAIL PASSENGER & CARGO SERVICES

CANADA AND WEST INDIES
BERMUDA & BRITISH GUIANA
SOUTH AMERICA

SPAIN PORTUGAL MOROCCO
ATLANTIC ISLES NEW YORK CUBA
PANAMA STRAITS CHINA JAPAN

18 Moorgate Street E C
32 Cockspur Street S W
LONDON

ALSO SOUTHAMPTON MANCHESTER BIRMINGHAM LEEDS LIVERPOOL GLASGOW

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The Super-Pen for Our Super-Men

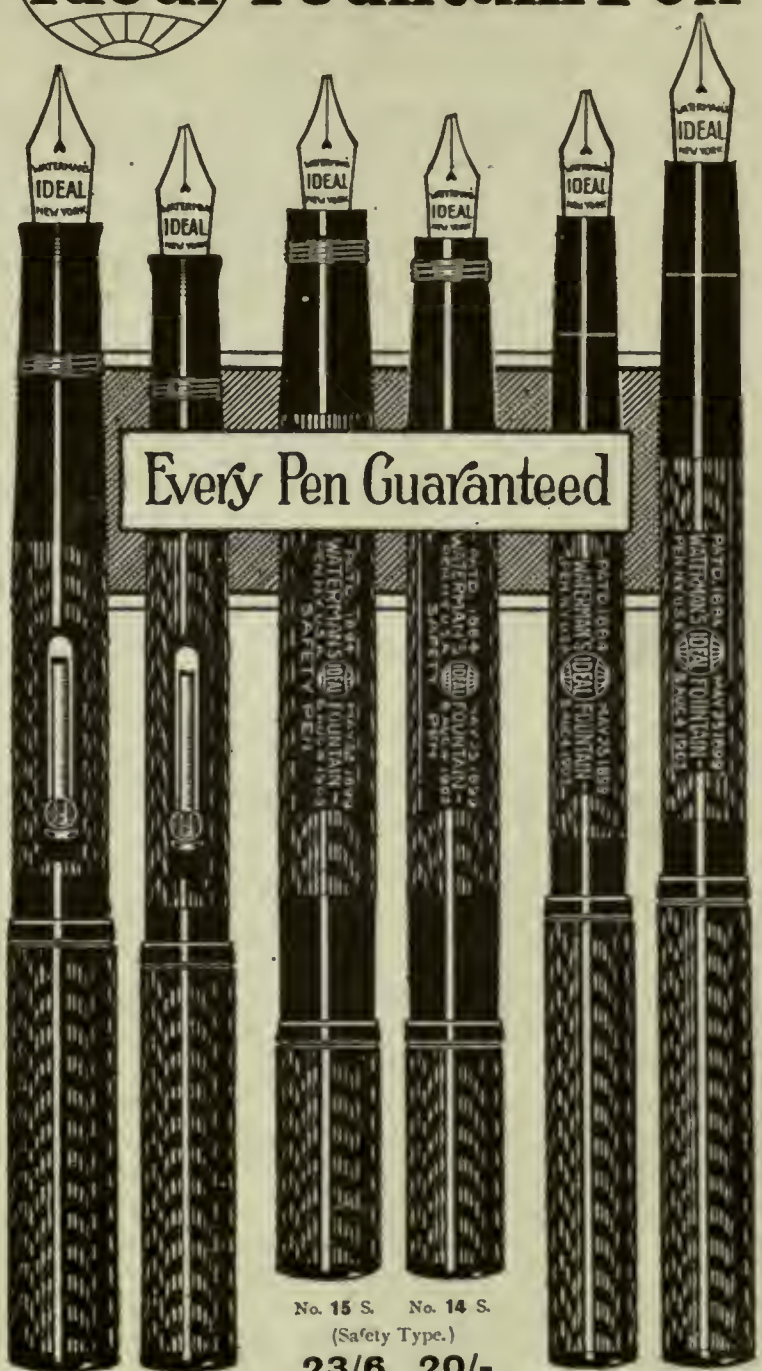
From an almost limitless variety of Waterman's Ideals we select for special recommendation the pens illustrated—as being extra large and strong and therefore more serviceable and more suitable for use on Active Service.

A Lieutenant writes: "I feel it my duty to write you a few words of praise for the Waterman Safety Pen which I use. Bought before the war it has been my never-failing friend. During seven months' training, sixteen months in France, and thirteen months in hospital, and in Camp, Dug-out, Trench or Hospital Bed, it has simply proved invaluable to me. It is *the* pen for Active Service without a doubt."

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen is strongly and accurately made. It well withstands the rough wear of Active Service. Its supply of ink cannot evaporate or escape. It always writes at once without blot or blur, and the reservoir holds sufficient ink to write thousands of words.

Waterman's Ideals are made in three types; Lever Pocket Self-filling and Safety Types, **15/-** *and upwards; Regular,* **10/6** *and upwards. Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.*

L. G. SLOAN, Ltd.,
The Pen Corner,
Kingsway, LONDON, W.C.2.



No. 15 P.S.F. No. 14 P.S.F.
(Lever Pocket Self-filling)
23/6 20/-

No. 15 S. No. 14 S.
(Safety Type.)
23/6 20/-

Nibs to suit all hands.

No. 14. No. 15.
(Regular Type.)
17/6 21/-

THE BEST ROUTE

THE

CUNARD LINE AND CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

OFFER AN UNSURPASSED COMBINATION
OF TRAVELLING FACILITIES
TO AND THROUGHOUT

CANADA

FIRST CLASS STEAMERS
MODERN RAILWAY COMFORTS
CHEAP FARES

REGULAR SAILINGS FROM

LIVERPOOL LONDON BRISTOL

FOR FULL PARTICULARS APPLY TO THE

CUNARD LINE

CUNARD BUILDING, LIVERPOOL

LONDON ..... 51, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.2 & 29/31, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.1

MANCHESTER	98, MOSELEY STREET	CARDIFF	18A, HIGH STREET
BRADFORD	24, CHARLES STREET	SOUTHAMPTON	NISBET & FLADGATE, 1, CANUTE R^d
BIRMINGHAM	117, NEW STREET	GLASGOW	30, JAMAICA STREET
BRISTOL	65 BALDWIN STREET	BELFAST	24, ROYAL AVE & 40, QUEEN'S SQ
PLYMOUTH	1 & 2 MILLBAY ROAD	QUEENSTOWN	CUNARD WHARF

AND

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY.

LONDON 42 45, NEW BROAD STREET E.C.2 & 21, CHARING CROSS, S.W.1

LIVERPOOL CUNARD BUILDING GLASGOW 125, HOPE STREET

GROW BEAUTIFUL HAIR FREE!

A SUGGESTION ALL MAY ADOPT.

Distribution of 1,000,000 Four-Fold Hair-Health and Beauty Outfits FREE.

HERE is a great opportunity and a valuable gift for every reader of this paper.

If you desire to look young and well-groomed, look to your hair. That is why the proprietors of the world-famous Hair-Growing Specific "Harlene" are offering 1,000,000 Outfits Free.

Here is a suggestion for you to adopt. Send for your "Harlene Hair-Drill" Four-Fold Gift and grow healthy, luxuriant, and abundant hair. Why not decide to-day to banish hair poverty for ever? Why wear attenuated, thin, impoverished, lifeless locks of hair when all the rich sparkle and abundance of hair in its natural healthy condition is yours for the asking?

ACCEPT THIS WONDERFUL GIFT.

There is no restriction to this gift distribution. It is sufficient that you are troubled with any form of hair "ailment," or that you desire to improve the appearance of your hair.

The Gift parcel comprises:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth. It is Tonic, Food, and Dressing in one.

2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair Drill."

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is "dry."

4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

No hair trouble can defy the soothing, strengthening effect of "Harlene" and its scientific method of application, "Hair-drill."

MILLIONS PRACTISE HAIR-DRILL.

Millions of men and women now practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" daily. They have tested and proved that this unique preparation, "Harlene," and its agreeable method of application, "Hair-Drill," is the surest way to overcome all hair defects, and that it is also the easiest way to ensure the perfect growth of long, silky, beautiful hair in abundance, glossy and bright.

It is wonderful what a difference only 7 minutes a day practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will achieve in the cultivation and preservation of a glorious head of hair. Friends and relations long absent will wonder at the beneficial change. Try it free for one week. Accept one of the 1,000,000 Free 4-in. Gift Outfits offered to readers to-day. Simply send Coupon below with your name and address and 4d. stamps for return postage and packing of parcel.

There is therefore no need to continue to suffer from

1. Scalp Irritation.
2. Complete or Partial Baldness.
3. Thinning or Failing Hair.
4. Splitting Hairs.
5. Cvar Crassiness.
6. Scurf or Dandruff.
7. Unruly, Wiry Hair.

Young women can maintain their hair in abundant beauty, and men and women of more mature years can regain all the lost lustre and health, whether it arises from illness, worry, overwork, or the passing of years.

THE "HARLENE" WAY

First of all cleanse the hair and scalp with a delightful "Cremex" Shampoo—there is no more pleasant, invigorating toilet exercise. Then sprinkle the hair with "Harlene," and gently massage the roots of the hair with your finger-tips. Then add a few drops of "Uzon" Brilliantine to give the hair a final touch of brilliance.

Prove the wonderful merits of "Harlene" for yourself without cost. The gifts referred to above will be sent you immediately you post the coupon below.

HARLENE FOR MEN ALSO

Every man desires to preserve a fresh, smart, crisp appearance, and in this respect the care of the hair is essential. The Free Gift Offer made in this announcement is open to every man, and they will find this two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill" a delightfully pleasant and beneficial toilet exercise.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at **1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.,** or **4s. 9d.** per bottle.

"Uzon" Brilliantine costs **1s.** and **2s. 6d.** per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders **1s. 1½d.** per box of seven shampoos (single packets **2d.** each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, **20, 22, 24, 26** Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

HARLENE GIFT COUPON

FREE

Detach and Post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

Canada to Khaki, Ltd., 1917.

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM

WE BROADEN THE MAP!

IS 10,127 MILES OF INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL, COURTESY, EFFICIENCY, AND SAFETY.

Travel by the Canadian Government, New Transcontinental, and G.T.P. Railways.

☞ **SEE NEW DISTRICTS OF CANADA!**

Special **LOW Rates** for Officers and Men going home **on leave;** also for **their dependents.**

CONSULT US! THROUGH TICKETS BY ANY LINE!

EUROPEAN TRAFFIC OFFICES—{LONDON, S.W.1. 17/19 Cockspur Street. LONDON E.C.3, 44/46 Leadenhall Street. | LIVERPOOL, 20 Water Street. GLASGOW, 75 Union Street.

FRED C. SALTER, European Traffic Manager.

THE DOMINION BANK.

Head Office: TORONTO, CANADA.

TOTAL ASSETS ... ... $97,061,000.

SIR EDMUND B. OSLER, M.P. (Canada), President. W. D. MATTHEWS, Vice-President.

C. A. BOGERT, General Manager.

London Branch—73 CORNHILL, E.C.3.

J HAYDN HORSEY, Manager (in London).

Transfers by Cable or Mail effected on all points—Canadian, American, and Continental.

DEALERS IN CANADIAN AND AMERICAN EXCHANGE. GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED. INFORMATION FURNISHED REGARDING CANADIAN MATTERS.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

INCORPORATED 1865. Head Office, WINNIPEG.

Paid-up Capital and Reserves - $8,600,000

Total Assets exceed - - $109,000,000

The Bank has over 300 Branches in Canada from Atlantic to Pacific, and Agents in all the principal cities in America. General Banking and Exchange Business transacted. Letters of Credit and Travellers' Cheques issued, available in all parts of the world.

MONEYS TRANSFERRED to and from Canada and the United States by CABLE, &c.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED at favourable rates, which may be ascertained on application to:—

London Offices:

6, PRINCES STREET, E.C.2
26, HAYMARKET, S.W.1.

New York Agency, 49 WALL STREET.

QUEBEC

The Province of Prosperity

THE war-time progress of the province of Quebec has been in every way remarkable.

The amount of shipping for the port of Montreal—the commercial capital of Canada—was last year the largest in the history of the city. The grain export trade reached the enormous total of 71,598,046 bushels, being a gain of 66 per cent. over the previous year.

The mine products of the province of Quebec showed an increase of 32 per cent.

The pulp and paper industry of the province has made enormous strides. New plant is in course of erection, huge quantities of raw materials are on the spot ready for use, and a great future for this industry is assured.

To Settlers, Manufacturers and Investors,

the province of Quebec offers unique advantages on account of the abundance of raw materials, the extensive railway and other transport facilities, and the great harbour accommodation.

For further information apply to the

AGENT-GENERAL FOR QUEBEC,
36 KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

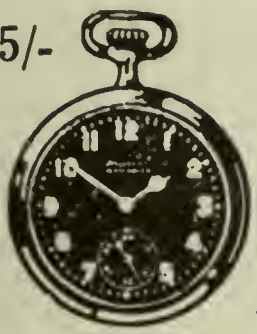
FOR ACTIVE SERVICE

Radium-lighted Watches.

Here are miniature photographs of an Ingersoll Radiolite Watch—in the light and in the dark. In day light it shows the time just like any other watch; at night the hands and figures glow and show the time clearly.

The hands and figures are made of Radiolite—a wonderful new substance containing real radium. And it is the presence of real radium that makes them self-luminous. So the hands and figures of Ingersoll Radiolite Watches glow for years—as long as the watch lasts—without ever having to be exposed to the light.

25/-



Waterbury "Radiolite" Figures.

A jewelled watch, dependable in every way. Very suitable for business men.

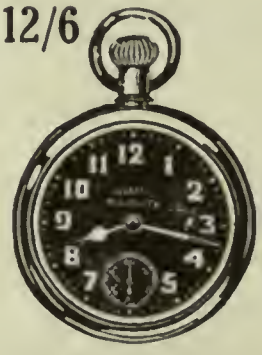
21/-

Ingersoll Wrist "Radiolite."

With cut out Protector as shown, 1/- extra.

A most useful watch—the "favourite" in the Services for day and night purposes.

12/6



Ingersoll "Radiolite."

A sturdy watch for general wear and hard usage.

There are Ingersoll models from 60/- down to 9/-; "Radiolite" figures and hands 5/- extra.

The "Radiolite" grade of luminous material is used exclusively on Ingersolls, which are sold by thousands of shopkeepers throughout the Kingdom; but if your dealer cannot supply you, any Ingersoll model you wish will be sent post free upon receipt of price.

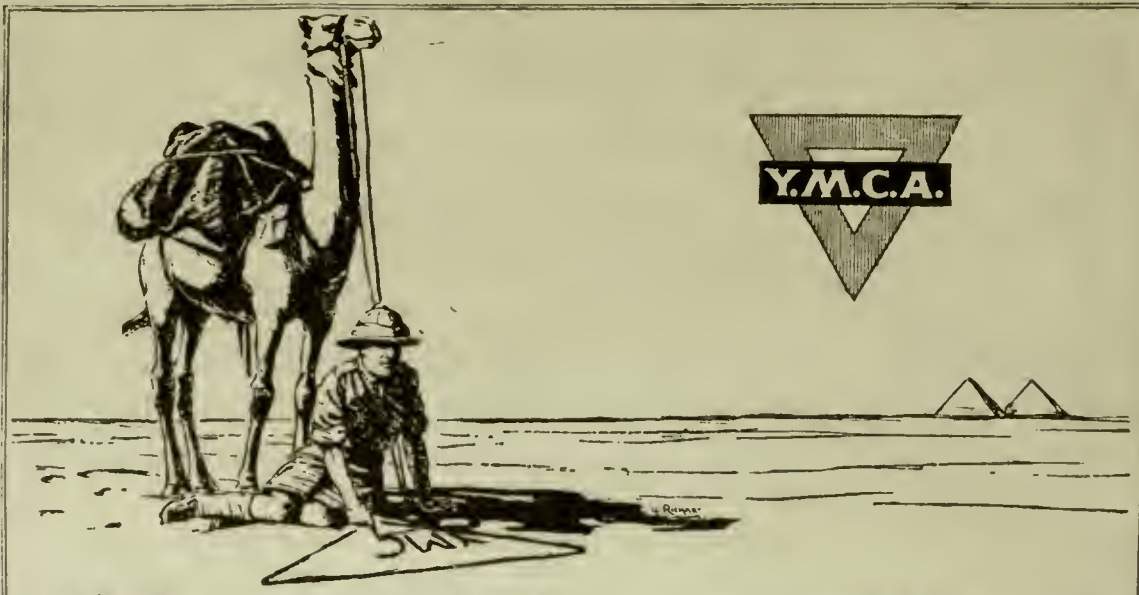
Handsome Illustrated Catalogue sent post free upon request.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., LTD.,
128 Regent House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

GENUINE

Ingersoll

WATCHES HAVE NAME ON DIAL.



Y.M.C.A.

What is he writing in the desert sand?

The sign of the Red Triangle. At this moment many of our men are hoping, longing, wondering—when shall *we* have a Y.M.C.A. Hut or Tent?

From all the Battle Fronts, from the Base Camps, and from the Training Camps at Home comes the same demand for more huts and tents to carry on the world-wide service of the Red Triangle.

Will you help to give our soldiers what they want? Apart from the necessity of finding £600 every day for the maintenance of the present work in over 2,000 Y.M.C.A. Centres, there is an immediate need of more Huts and Tents.

A Hut with equipment costs £600, and the cost of a Tent, fully equipped, is £250, or £125 for a smaller size. Will you give one if you can; or help by subscribing part of the cost?

£100,000 is urgently needed

Try to realise what your gift will mean to hundreds of gallant men, perhaps to thousands. A link with home—a centre of good influence—a place of wholesome refreshment and recreation for mind and body—a haven of rest and peace in the midst of war—all this and more your Hut or Tent will be, wherever it is pitched. And the boys are waiting for it to-day. Say that they shall have it!

Please send your Cheque to-day.

Donations should be addressed to Major R. L. Barclay, Y.M.C.A. National Headquarters, 12, Russell Square, London, W.C.1. Cheques should be made payable to Major R. L. Barclay, and crossed "Barclay's Bank, Ltd."

POST THIS TO-DAY.

To Major R. L. Barclay, Y.M.C.A. National Headquarters, 12, Russell Square, London, W.C. 1.

I have pleasure in enclosing £.....towards the Special Work of the Y.M.C.A. for the Troops.

Name.....

Address.....

Canada in Khaki .....

"BEAUTIFULLY COOL AND SWEET SMOKING"

Player's Navy Cut Tobacco

Packed in varying degrees of strength to suit every class of smoker

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut - - -
Player's Medium Navy Cut - - -
Player's Tawny Navy Cut - - - } *Per oz.* **8½d.**

PLAYER'S "WHITE LABEL" NAVY CUT - 7½d.

Also **PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE** (a development of **Player's Navy Cut**) packed in Airtight Tins

2-oz. TINS **1/9**

4-oz. TINS **3/6**

Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes

HAVE A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION

They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in Two Strengths—

MILD AND MEDIUM

MILD (Gold Leaf)		**MEDIUM**	
100 for **4/6**	50 for **2/3**	100 for **3/5**	50 for **1/9½**
24 for **1/1**	12 for **6½d.**	20 for **8½d.**	10 for **4½d.**

IN PACKETS AND TINS FROM ALL TOBACCONISTS AND STORES

These Cigarettes (and Tobaccos) are also supplied at DUTY FREE RATES for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital

Terms and particulars on application to— JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham

P706

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd

THE VERY LATEST

BADGE BROOCHES OF THE BRITISH NAVY AND ARMY.

A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION. ENAMELLED IN THE CORRECT HERALDIC COLOURS OF THE SHIPS' AND REGIMENTAL CRESTS.

Crests not already in our List can be made to order—sketches submitted free.

Write for full particulars.

An entirely unique production in 9-ct. Solid Gold; fine Enamel finish (as illustration **21/-**

15-ct. Gold ditto **42/-**

500 Designs are ready, which include almost every Regiment in the British Army, Colonials, Territorials, Yeomanry, etc., also about 200 Designs of the Ships of H.M. Fleet.

9-ct. Gold on Safety Pin (as illustration) - - **12/6**

Complete in velvet-lined leather case.

Solid Silver **2/6**

Gilt Enamel **1/-**

In velvet-lined box.

POST FREE ANYWHERE.

BOTLY & LEWIS

(Established a Century),

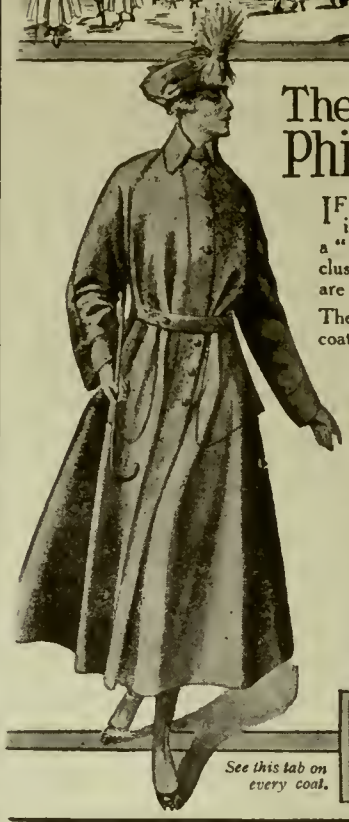
Manufacturing Jewellers, etc.,

25, KING STREET, READING.

Actual Manufacturers. Wholesale Trade Supplied.

Send for our Illustrated Booklet, post free.

'Phone 172.



The new Styles in Philis Raincoats

IF you want the very latest style in your new Raincoat, ask to see a "Philis," and recognise the exclusive lines on which these garments are cut.

There is no skimping about these coats—a liberality of cloth, well tailored, and of wet-resisting properties, which keep you dry in any weather.

There is a style to suit your taste, at a reasonable price.

Ask your retailer, and if any difficulty write to us, the Manufacturers, for address of your nearest mantle house stocking "Philis."

Send for free folder showing all the newest styles.

J&N Philips & Co Ltd

ADVERT DEPT MANCHESTER

See this tab on every coat.

A Land of Fruit and Flowers.

Vast Natural Resources.

British Columbia

PRESENTS MANY OPPORTUNITIES TO THE CAPITALIST AND INVESTOR.

A splendid Climate. Magnificent Scenery. The Sportsman's Paradise. Excellent Educational Facilities. Wonderful Deep-Sea and Inland Fisheries. Enormous Mineral and Forest Wealth. Vast Water Powers.

The Canadian Province for Mixed Farming, Fruit Growing, Dairying, Ranching, Sheep, Hog and Poultry Raising.

Practically Free Lands for Settlers. Blocks of **160** acres costing only about **50/-** inclusive.

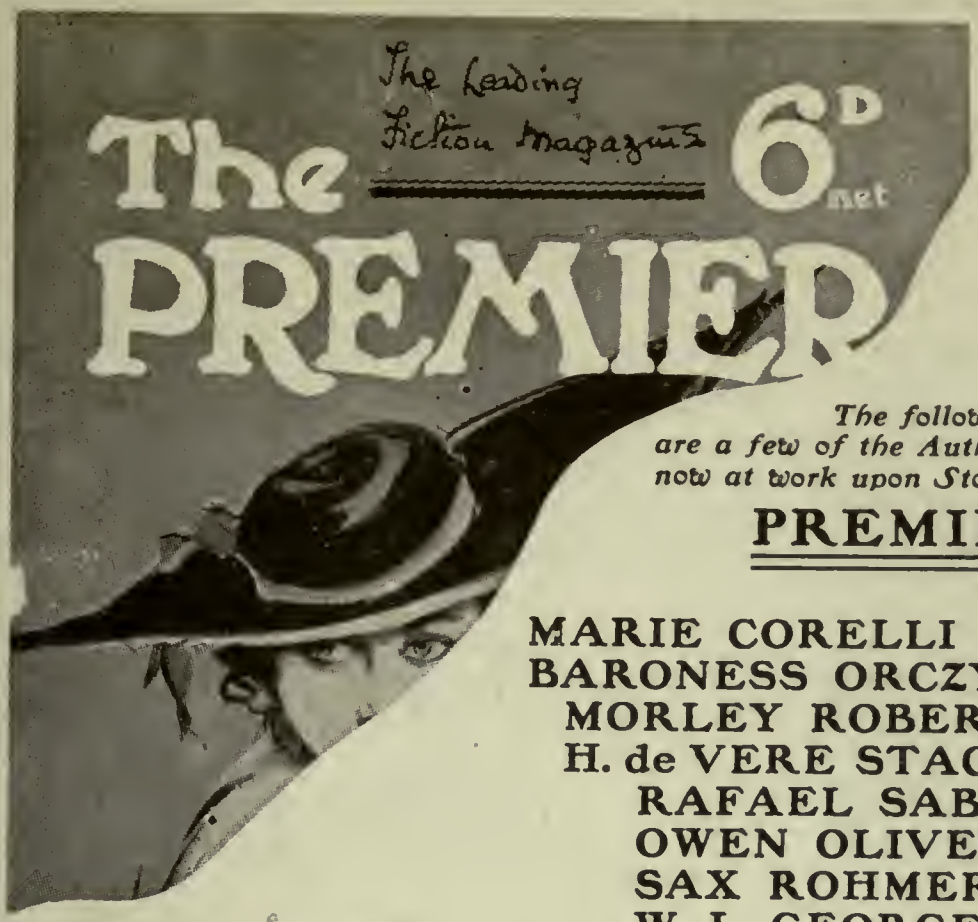
Canada's Mineral Province.

B.C.'s Mines have produced to date over **£100,000,000.**

A World Supply of Timber for a World Market.

Estimated stand of Merchantable Timber **400,000,000,000 ft.** board measure.

Full Information free of charge on application to the Agent-General for B.C., British Columbia House, 1 and 3 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.



The following are a few of the Authors who are now at work upon Stories for The

PREMIER

MARIE CORELLI
BARONESS ORCZY
MORLEY ROBERTS
H. de VERE STACPOOLE
RAFAEL SABATINI
OWEN OLIVER
SAX ROHMER
W. L. GEORGE
ANDREW SOUTAR
GUY THORNE
FRED M. WHITE
HARRIS BURLAND
L. J. BEESTON
Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS
AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE
MAX PEMBERTON

Published on the 4th of every month

Order it from your Bookseller

The
PREMIER
Magazine

COMBINE LUXURY AND CHEAPNESS AND TRAVEL SPEEDILY TO

CANADA

REGULAR SAILINGS FROM

LIVERPOOL–LONDON–BRISTOL

FOR FULL PARTICULARS APPLY AT THE COMPANY'S HEAD OFFICE

CUNARD BUILDING, LIVERPOOL

LONDON.....51 BISHOPSGATE, E.C.2, & 29/31 COCKSPUR ST., S.W.1.

MANCHESTER ... ... 98 MOSELEY ST.
BRADFORD ... ... 24 CHARLES ST.
BIRMINGHAM... ... ... 117 NEW ST.
BRISTOL ... ... 65 BALDWIN ST.
PLYMOUTH ... ... 1 & 2 MILLBAY ROAD
CARDIFF ... ... 18A HIGH ST.
SOUTHAMPTON { NISBET & FLADGATE, 1 CANUTE RD.
GLASGOW ... ... 30 JAMAICA ST.
BELFAST { 24 ROYAL AVENUE & 49 QUEEN'S SQUARE
QUEENSTOWN ... ... CUNARD WHARF

OR LOCAL AGENTS

DIRECT FROM THE PACKERS

EAT
THE
BEST BRANDS
OF
SALMON

EAT
THE
BEST BRANDS
OF
SALMON

THE RED KING (Sockeye) and WEE SCOTTIE (Pink) Brands of Salmon are the finest obtainable, and are carefully packed for the United Kingdom by the **ANGLO-BRITISH COLUMBIA PACKING CO., Ltd.**, London, and Vancouver, British Columbia. Represented in Vancouver by **MESSRS. HY. BELL-IRVING & CO., Ltd.**, and in the United Kingdom by

THE BOWKER COMPANY, LTD.,
Liverpool, London and Manchester.

A kingly dish from a loyal land,
The best of food for the best of boys,
The net result is very grand;
It's the stuff the fighting man enjoys,
For it gives him the grit to make a stand
Against the wiles the foe employs.

Can be obtained from all Grocers, Stores, etc.

U.K. Sales Agents:—

THE BOWKER COMPANY, LTD.,
LIVERPOOL. LONDON. MANCHESTER.

Telegrams: "Sockeye, Liverpool."

CANADIAN PACIFIC

The Empire's Highway

Operating over 18,000 miles of railway, the Canadian Pacific has the most complete and far-reaching service, not only in Canada itself, but also for the United States of America and Alaska.

Fleets of Palatial Modern Steamers on Atlantic and Pacific (Managers and Agents: CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES, Ltd.), connecting Canada with Europe, Asia, and Australasia.

Canadian Pacific Hotels are to be found in the chief commercial and tourist centres.

Lands in Western Canada and British Columbia for sale at moderate prices.

Through Tickets at lowest rates to all points in CANADA, UNITED STATES, ALASKA, JAPAN, MANILA, CHINA, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA, and ROUND THE WORLD.

Fast Freight Services from Europe to the rich markets of the New World.—Ship your goods via C.P.R.

PARCELS by DOMINION EXPRESS to Canada and U.S.A.

Head European Office: **62-65 Charing Cross, LONDON, S.W 1.**
67-68 King William St., LONDON, E.C.4; *or Local Agents everywhere.*

CANADIAN PACIFIC

The Austin Car in Canada.

No matter where the "Austin" is taken, it emerges triumphantly from its tests. The car, illustrated above, was the first English car to make the journey across Canada under its own power, and, throughout the whole time, ran without trouble of any kind, surmounting all difficulties of road, hill, and climate with the greatest ease.

We are always glad to answer inquiries with regard to our cars, and invite correspondence.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., Ld., Longbridge Works, Northfield, Birmingham, England.

Depots at - LONDON - MANCHESTER - NORWICH - PARIS.

"DIRECT HITS FOR THE PIANO"

SEND TO-DAY FOR
GUNNER WILL COOK'S
LATEST SUCCESSES.

"VICTORIOUS MARCH
—: of the :—
PRINCESS PAT'S."
(MILITARY MARCH)
Featured by the CANADIAN MILITARY BAND,
GRAFTON HALL, LONDON.

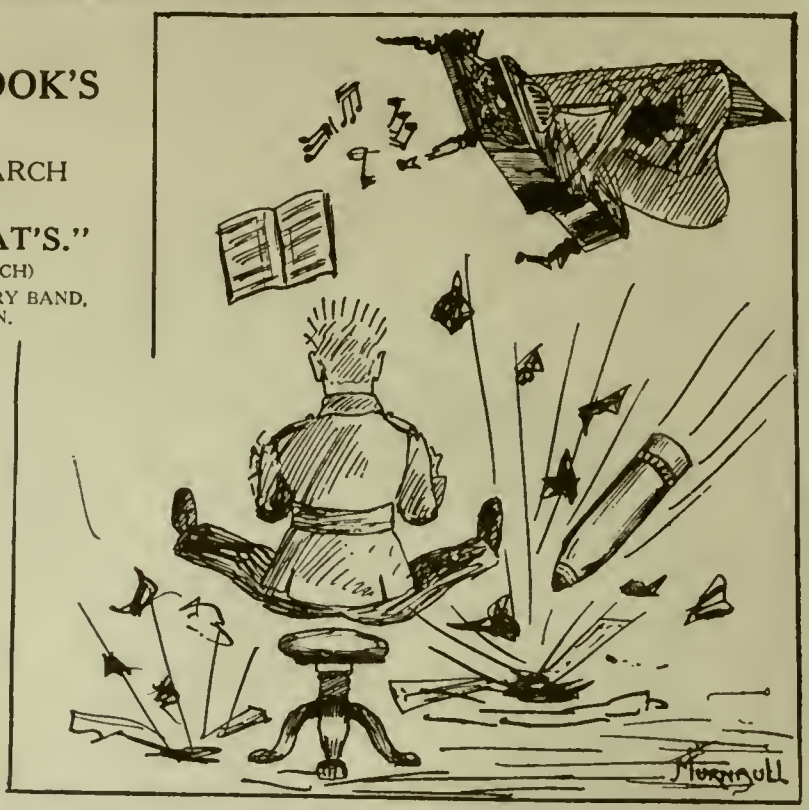
"MARCH of the FIGHTING ANZACS"
(MILITARY MARCH & TWO-STEP).

"BUCKING MULE RAG"
A MUSICAL "SPASM" with a "KICK").

"PARAPET RAG"
(A SURE "FRONT LINER").

PIANO SOLOS: 1/6 each, post free.
ALL MUSIC LOVERS should add these to their LIBRARY.

WILL COOK & CO.,
Music Publishers,
21 Stamford Road, Dalston,
LONDON, N.1. ENG.



JOHN PLENDERLEITH,

NAVAL, MILITARY AND
— CIVIL OUTFITTER. —

10 SACKVILLE STREET,
PICCADILLY, W.1.

LAWRIE'S BAGPIPES.

THE "SKIRL" OF THE BAGPIPES
was heard on the Heights of Abraham. From that day the house of the Gael has been in Canada, and where the Gael is there you have the Bagpipe. The "indomitable Canadians" fighting in France to-day are descendants of those who fought on Abraham's Heights, and there sure enough the music of the Bagpipe cheers them on to Victory.

LAWRIE'S BAGPIPES
are as popular with Canadians as they are with the Motherland troops, and few Battalions of Canadian Scots are without Bagpipes of Lawrie's make.

THE TONE—THE FINISH
and general superiority of Lawrie's famed Bagpipes have made them popular at Home and Abroad.

R. G. LAWRIE (Actual Maker),
60 Renfield Street, Glasgow.
London: 164 Aldersgate St. Edinburgh: 62 Hanover St.

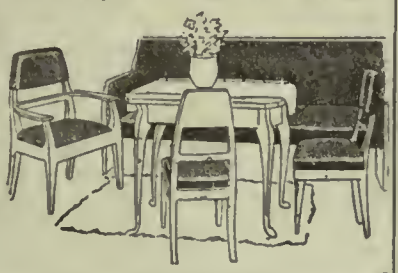
Lovers of beautiful furniture will appreciate

Rexine

—the perfect upholstering material.

It brings the dignity and beauty of a leather-covered suite within the reach of everyone, for it is only one-quarter the price of leather. Rexine looks just like leather and has the same grains and colourings. But it is better than leather —wears longer—doesn't crack or peel—is proof against stains, grease and water, and will not scratch. Even the children cannot damage it.

Before buying new furniture or having your present suite re-upholstered ask to see samples of Rexine—it is the ideal covering for dining room and library suites.



If you experience any difficulty drop a postcard to the makers.

REXINE LTD.,
Rexine Works,
Hyde, near
Manchester.

Guaranteed to stand the Test

of most strenuous wear in the roughest area in all conditions of weather.

Norwell's 'Perth' Boots

"Direct from Scotland."

will satisfy you with their thoroughness in comfort, fit, and durability.

The 'Norwelski' Field Boot Military Pattern (as Illustrated), is one of our most popular designs in field boots. Uppers are cut from best quality of black or brown pebble-grain calf skin; watertight tongues to top; hand-built throughout, and made exactly as illustration. Three thicknesses of leather are used in the uppers; this feature, combined with our special process of stitching and finishing, makes it impossible for water or damp to penetrate; very light weighing.

105/-

"Dri-ped" soles 5/- extra.

Trust the Man behind the Boot.

D. NORWELL & SON,
Perth, Scotland.

Orders sent post free in Britain, foreign postage extra.

Write now for New Footwear Catalogue.

DRI-PED

REGD

See this Trade-Mark in purple every few inches on each sole.

Without this Trade Mark the leather is a substitute.

The supply of "Dri-ped" available to the public is greatly restricted—especially of the heavier weights—the Government requiring the major portion of our future output. We invite your kind indulgence until the time when normal conditions can be resumed.

It's because HE requires Dri-ped that YOU have difficulty in obtaining it.

And if you hear a soldier's experience of Dri-ped—how it keeps his feet dry and warm—you'll be well content to wait for your own share. If one repairer has not got it, try another until you do get it. It's worth while.

Dri-ped, the super-leather for soles, is double wearing, absolutely waterproof, light and flexible, non-squeaking, non-slipping.

Write for booklet.

"Dri-ped" Advertising Dep't., County Bldgs., Canon St., Manchester.

B3 Sole Manufacturers W. WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Bolton

Scientific Aid

in the Prevention of Disease

Bacteriologists have been wonderfully successful in late years in discovering and isolating for observation purposes the various micro-organisms which are responsible for disease.

They have found that the microbes which cause trouble in the throat and lungs are best met and defeated at the point of entry—the throat.

And they recommend that when danger threatens in cold and wet weather or whenever the vitality is lowered, ill effects from germ attacks may be prevented by the subject's taking

EVANS' Pastilles

The effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Pneumonia, etc.

The unique antiseptic properties possessed by Evans' Pastilles strengthen the vocal chords, allay and prevent irritation of the throat, and loosen any mucous secretion which may be present.

The Bacillus Influenzæ, which causes Influenza—from a micro-photograph of the microbes taken at our Runcorn Laboratories.

TRENCH ODOURS Evans' Pastilles are splendid for preventing the unpleasant effects which result from trench odours, and they are invaluable for service conditions. Send a tin to the Front.

WARNING. — See the "raised bar" on each Pastille. None are genuine without this mark.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free from the Makers, **1/3** per Tin

EVANS SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd.,
56 Hanover Street, Liverpool.

52 Weeks' Home and War News

Cut off from the Motherland during the Empire's greatest crisis, the Briton living abroad longs for something to bridge the distance and keep him in touch with Home.

He gets his war news from various neutral sources (and often from enemy-tainted newspapers), while no word reaches him direct of other happenings in the Home Country.

5/-

The ONLY journal published exclusively to convey news to Britons overseas, produced by men who have lived abroad and know what is longed for. A subscription to the Overseas Edition of the "Daily Mail" provides 52 weekly messages from Home and no empty mails.

5/-

Daily Mail

OVERSEAS EDITION

Costs

5/- a year to any address in the world and secures to you

I. The weekly issue of the Overseas Britons' FAVOURITE HOME JOURNAL.

II. The periodical Drapery, Engineering, and other special Trade Supplements.

III. The services of the Overseas Buying Agency, Carmelite House, London, E.C., who will supervise for you all your purchases from the United Kingdom.

Subscription Rates:—One Year, 5s.; Six Months, 3s. 6d.; Three Months, 2s.

ADDRESS:

The Manager, "Overseas Daily Mail," Carmelite House, London, E.C.

"Premier"

The Whisky de Luxe

Its delicate flavour and bouquet, its great age, and its extreme lightness impart that "tone" and quiet recuperative effect so necessary after an exhausting day—an ideal "night-cap."

WRIGHT & GREIG, LTD.,
Glasgow and London.

SPECIALITIES:

Fine and Common News,
In Reams or Reels. Our
"B" Fine White Art Printing,
For Magazines, Catalogues, etc.

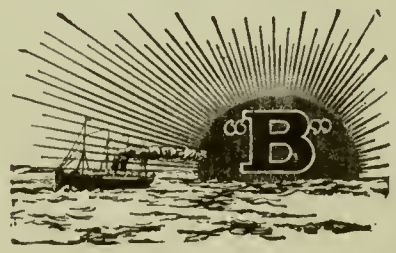
Messrs.

W. V. BOWATER & SONS LTD.,

PAPER MAKERS, WHOLESALE AND EXPORT STATIONERS.

Largest Suppliers of News in the United Kingdom.

White and Coloured Printings, in Sheets or on Reels. All qualities. Fine Super-Calendered, Water-Finished and Coated Papers for Cheap and High-class Magazines. Engine-Sized Writings. Long Elephants. Glazed and Unglazed Browns. Mill Wrappers. Small Hands, etc. etc. Waste Papers Bought and Sold for Pulping. Originators of High-Finished News for Half-Tone Blocks and the well-known "B Brand" Papers.

REGISTERED  TRADE MARK.

HEAD OFFICE:

159 Queen Victoria St., LONDON, E.C.4

WAREHOUSES:

GLASGOW: 33 CARRICK STREET.
LONDON: HAYDON SQUARE, E.1.
MORDEN PAPER WORKS, GREENWICH, S.E.10.
BOWATER'S WHARF, 83 COMMERCIAL ROAD, LAMBETH, S.E.1.
NEW YORK: WOOLWORTH BLDGS., BROADWAY.

And Principal Ports throughout the World.

Telegraphic Address: "SPARTEOLUS, CENT. LONDON."
Telephone Nos. 536, 537 & 538 BANK.

Awarded Silver Medal and Diploma at International Press and Printing Exhibition, Crystal Palace, 1902, Gold Medal and Diploma, Franco-British Exhibition, 1908.

"Canada in Khaki"—the Empire's hero Sons know well the utter dependability of the handy little Douglas.

Its astonishing turn of speed—its ample power to meet any emergency — and its wonderful reliability have made the Douglas indispensable "at the front," just as those sterling qualities have also made it the ideal machine for service in all parts of the world.

Do you ride a Douglas?

May we send you a copy of the illustrated Douglas Catalogue? —it is free on request.

DOUGLAS BROS., KINGSWOOD, BRISTOL.

Douglas

AFTER-WAR OPPORTUNITIES IN ONTARIO FOR SETTLERS, MANUFACTURERS & INVESTORS.

Millions of acres of the most perfect soil are simply waiting for the plough; the mineral resources are inexhaustible; cheap water power and vast quantities of raw materials are ready at hand for the manufacturer, and there are enough hardwood forests to supply the timber demands of the world.

LAND SETTLEMENT SCHEME FOR RETURNED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Men are offered free instruction on Government Experimental Farm at Monteith, Ontario. When proficient, they will be given an 80-acre lot with 10-acre clearing, and a loan not exceeding $500 (repayable in 20 years) will, where necessary, be advanced by Government for purchase of machinery, tools, live stock, etc.

During training, free board and accommodation and wages $1.10 per day, will be granted; also in the case of married men, or men with dependants, allowance of $6 per month for each child under 16, and $5 per month for wife. Additional grant of $20 per month will be paid in lieu of Dominion Government separation allowance.

For further particulars, apply to the Agent-General for Ontario, 163 Strand, London, W.C.2.

HARBUTTS

PLASTICINE

The favourite Modelling material with years of good solid reputation behind it.

Artists use it.
Sculptors use it.
Educationists use it.
Elementary Schools use it.
Secondary Schools use it.
Schools of Art use it.
Soldiers use it.
Military Instructional Schools use it.
The War Office use it.
Parents use it.
Nearly everyone uses it.
Children love it and delight in it.

Can be obtained from Artists' Colourmen, Toy and General Dealers, Stationers and others, both in the U.K. and all the Colonies.

Full Particulars and Samples,

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE, LTD.,
33, Bathampton, Bath.
London Show Rooms: 34, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

ANZORA HAIR CREAM

ANZORA is used and proved by men to be the ORIGINAL non-greasy Cream for keeping the hair in place.

Sold by all Chemists, High-class Hairdressers and Military Canteens. 1/6 & 2/6 (double quantity) Bottles. Ask for ANZORA VIOLA——If the scalp is dry.

Manufactured by
Anzora Perfumery Co., 28, 32, 34 Willesden Lane, N.W.6.

Bathurst Lumber Co.,
Bathurst, N.B. Canada.
Sulphite of great strength and exceptional beating qualities.

Champion Fibre Co.,
Canton, U.S.A.
Bleached Sulphite, Poplar and Kraft Soda.

La Compagnie de Pulpe de Chicoutimi
Chicoutimi, Canada.
Hot Ground Spruce Mechanical

Riordon Pulp and Paper Co., Ltd.,
Hawkesbury, Canada.
Easy Bleaching Sulphite Pulp of High Grade and good strength.

Macleod Pulp Co., Ltd.,
Milton, Nova Scotia.
Prime Ground Wood Pulp.

Nova Scotia Wood Pulp & Paper Co.,
Mill Village, Nova Scotia [Ltd.
Prime Ground Wood Pulp.

SOLE AGENTS:—

BECKER & CO., Ltd.,

Telephone Nos. 1917, 1918, 1919 (3 lines) CITY.

Telegrams:—
"ODONTOID LUD LONDON."

34, Ludgate Hill,
LONDON, E.C.4.

The Largest Importers of Wood Pulp.

Crown Willamette Paper Co.,
U.S.A.
Strong Sulphite Fibre.

Dexter Sulphite Pulp & Paper Co.,
Dexter, U.S.A.
Mitscherlich Sulphite Pulp.

International Paper Co.,
U.S.A.
Fine "News" Sulphite Pulp.

Laurentide Co., Ltd.,
Grand Mere, Canada.
High Grade Strong Sulphite Pulp.
Packed Bales, 90% air-dry.

St. Lawrence Pulp & Lumber Co.,
Gaspe, Canada.
High Grade Sulphite Pulp.

United Pasteboard Co.,
Fairfield, U.S.A.
Kraft and Easy Bleaching Soda Pulp.

Whalen Pulp and Paper Mill, Ltd.,
British Columbia.
High Grade Strong and Easy Bleaching Sulphite.

Wayagamack Pulp and Paper Co.,
Three Rivers, Canada.
Kraft and Easy Bleaching Soda Pulp.

CANADA IN KHAKI No. 2

A Tribute to the Officers and Men now serving in the Overseas Military Forces of Canada

The net profits of this publication will go to the Canadian War Memorials Fund

Published for the Canadian War Records Office

TORONTO

THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY
LIMITED

A FOREWORD

The warm welcome accorded to the first number of CANADA IN KHAKI—the entire issue of which was sold out within a week of publication—has encouraged us to launch a Second Volume, which we hope will be equally favourably received. Once more we have to thank the many famous writers and artists who have so generously contributed to this publication. The copyright in all contributions, both illustrations and letterpress, contained in these pages is strictly reserved.

THE EDITORS

LIBRARY
FEB - 9 1966
1048013
D
547
C2C3
no.2

CONTENTS

PAGE

THE CORPS COMMANDER. By Capt. Theodore Goodridge Roberts . . 5
FAR AWAY. By T. A. Girling 6
THE CANADIANS THROUGH BRITISH EYES. By Perry Robinson, W. Beach Thomas, Philip Gibbs, Percival Phillips, and Herbert Russell . . . 9
THE SHORTEST WAY TO THE FRONT. By A. St. John Adcock . . 19
THE RUNNERS. By Sergt. L. McLeod Gould 20
CANADA IN HUNLAND. By Frederic William Wile 23
THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIALS FUND. By the Secretary . . . 25
FROM THE LAND OF THE GOLD AND SNOW. By Henry Chappell . . 29
THE SILENT TOAST. By Lt.-Col. Canon F. G. Scott 29
IRRECLAIMABLE. By R. S. Warren Bell 30
WE ARE WINNING—BUT SEND US MORE MEN! By Lieut.-Genl. Sir R. E. W. Turner, V.C., C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O. 45
HARVEST SONG. By H. Smalley Sarson 46
"GONE WEST." By F. A. McKenzie 48
CHEERO! By Private F. W. Daglish 50
THE STAFF CLERK. By Sergt. W. T. Knight 51
THE *LUSITANIA* BEGAN IT. By Max Pemberton 52
A CINEMA AT THE FRONT. By Major Charles G. D. Roberts . . . 64
CHANCE OR DESTINY? By A. B. Tucker 68
S. R. D. By J. Gordon Smith 70
ODES TO ARMY FORMS. By R. M. E. 72
CHRISTMAS DAY ON VIMY RIDGE. By F. A. McKenzie 75
WINTER. By H. Smalley Sarson 76
CANADA'S THREE YEARS OF WAR. By Major F. Davy 81
A FIGHT WITH A SUBMARINE. By William Hope Hodgson . . . 84
YE OLDE MESS TIN SPEAKETHE! By Private F. W. Daglish . . . 102
WHAT'S WHAT. By Captain A. Rocke Robertson, C.A.M.C. 104
THE COCKNEY TELLS THE CANADIAN SOMETHING 105
THE SWORED. By H. Smalley Sarson 108
THE KNIGHT-ERRANT FROM SASKATCHEWAN. By Donovan Bayley . . 113
A CANADIAN. By Jessie Pope 126
THE CHUMP'S IDEA. By Edwin Pugh 129

PAGE

THE CANADIAN ALPHABET 132
EVERYTHING OR NOTHING. By Edward Cecil 135
THE POP-GUN PATRIOT. By Leonard Crocombe 145
YOUNG MAY. By Jessie Pope 146
ON RECEIVING A PIPE FROM AN ANONYMOUS DONOR. By R. M. E. . 149
THE SNIPERS 156
SOLDIERS. By J. E. Sime 157
MAKING THE GUNS AND SHELLS. By Lieut. G. W. Cavers 164
THE TWA DOGS. By W. D. Dodd 168
IN MEMORIAM OF A GOOD FELLOW. By Bdr. W. C. C. 168
LONDON GUIDES. By W. Pett Ridge 170
BACK FROM FLANDERS. By Adrian Ross 172
AT PEACE. By Colonel Lorne Rossś 172

LIST OF COLOURED PLATES

FACING PAGE

THE STRONG ARMS OF CANADA. By Byam Shaw 5
THE SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES. By Hon. Major Richard Jack, A.R.A. . 26
CANADIAN LUMBERMEN IN WINDSOR PARK. By Professor G. Moira . 28
TAKE COVER! By MacMichael 38
WINTER. Border Design by Lieut. C. H. Barraud, O.M.F.C. 76
SIR ROBERT BORDEN TAKES THE SALUTE 94
A WAR-TIME WARNING. By Thomas Henry 104
THE RETURN TO THE TRENCHES. By Dudley Hardy 138
YOUNG MAY. Illustrations by MacMichael 146
HIS CONSTANT COMPANION. By H. Piffard 148
THE COW PUNCHER. By Arthur Heming 172

By Byram Shaw

THE STRONG ARMS OF CANADA

THE CORPS COMMANDER

THE WAR CAREER OF LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR ARTHUR CURRIE, C.B., K.C.M.G.

By CAPTAIN THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

SIR ARTHUR CURRIE, commanding the Canadian Army Corps in France, is a big man with a big command. Fortunately, he is as big in mind and spirit as in body; otherwise, he should not be worth any more to us than any two ordinary men.

The First Canadian Division, the original unit of the Canadian Corps, is not much more than three years old; and yet the Corps as a whole possesses battle traditions and a fighting reputation equal to those of any Army Corps in the field. I make this statement with an assurance strengthened by the knowledge that any officer of any other unit in the British Army who has fought with or beside the Canadians will be glad to confirm it.

The Canadian Force has grown unfalteringly from one division to its present strength; and Arthur W. Currie has grown unfalteringly with it. He was at Valcartier and on Salisbury Plain in 1914, and commanded an infantry brigade during the Second Battle of Ypres and other desperate and vital engagements of about that time and locality.

When our Second Division arrived in the field in the summer of 1915, he was promoted to the command of our First Division. During the following winter the science of trench-raiding was brought to perfection by his old brigade and practised industriously by his whole command. During those muddy months opposite Messines, many brilliant feats of arms were performed.

The Corps, now three divisions strong, moved back to the tragic salient of Ypres in the late spring of 1916, with Currie still in command of the premier division. In the meantime, our Second Division, under Major-General Turner, V.C., had been proved in the terrible and prolonged battles of St. Eloi and the seven craters. In the salient all three divisions were employed in foiling Germany's third gigantic and unsuccessful attempt at this point to break through—the third terrific assault to be delivered and the second to be faced and stayed by Canadian troops. These were the days of Sanctuary Wood and Mount Sorrel, of Armagh Wood and of Hills 60 and 61—of heroic defence against overwhelming odds of iron and fire and flesh, and of heroic counter-attacks—the thirteen June days that shall live for ever in Canada's great memories.

The Corps, at this time commanded by Sir Julian Byng, moved to the Somme late in August. The premier division led the way, after being relieved in the salient by the Fourth Division, fresh from England. The fighting and conditions on the new front were bitter in the extreme; but again the Canadians held, gained ground and held again, and Regina Trench and Courcelette were added to our vocabulary of proud names.

From the Somme they went north again, this time to the Arras Front. There a formidable task was to be done; and early in April last we drove the enemy from Vimy Ridge and the fortified villages and woods beyond—from sinister positions in and before which Frenchmen

and Germans had died in scores of thousands, in the earlier days of the war. Here the Canadians fought throughout the spring and summer and autumn, adding one important position after another to their gains. Here, early in June, one great general handed the Corps over to another—Sir Julian Byng, promoted to the command of an Army, was replaced by Sir Arthur Currie, of the old division. And still the good work went on without a pause.

In the fall of the year, in rain and mud, the Canadians were yet again recalled to Ypres, where a typical Canadian task awaited them. They did the work. The great story of Passchendaele is too fresh in your minds to require a word from me.

The war career of the Canadians, as a division and an Army Corps, is one with that of our present Corps Commander; so in roughly sketching the former I have outlined the latter.

The Corps Commander is a great general. To be a great and successful and trusted general, a man must possess exceptional powers of observation and of concentration. He must be able to think and decide swiftly and yet without haste; he must possess unfailing energy, and an intimate knowledge and understanding of his officers and men, his guns and roads, his defences and his battlefields; he must know his ground, the heart of his men—and his enemy. He must possess the spirit of justice and a high sense of duty; and always he must keep the one great purpose of his being bright in his mind—to beat the Boche in every encounter with the least possible loss of life to his own courageous battalions.

The Corps Commander is like that.

T. G. ROBERTS.

FAR AWAY

WITH equipment strapped to my shoulders,
And my rifle close to my hand,
My head stretched out to the ridgeward,
I wait here in No Man's Land,
'Mid the litter and lumber of battle,
On the shell-churned clay of France,
Where the craters and crumbling trenches
Bear the signs of the hoped advance.

I wait, while the barrage lengthens,
While the rifles crack o'er the hill,
Then the bombs explode in the dug-outs,
And the first line trench grows still,
'Mid the crash of the answering shrapnel,
Lit by signal flares of the Hun,
As the final waves pass over,
To the tat of the Lewis gun.

Out here in the rain and bluster,
Thick mud on my khaki form,
I wait through the long day's battle,
Through the night of the snow and the storm,
As the fighting surges forward,
Till the No Man's Land of the past
Is a place of quiet and shelter,
And reaches its peace at last.

I wait till the burying party,
Shall find me here in the clay,
Shall loose the disc from my bosom,
And take my poor trinkets away,
Then dig a grave to lay me
Away from this weary war,
And the shell-torn crest of Vimy
Shall cradle me evermore.

And then in the roll of honour,
Just one feeble flicker of fame,
Ere I sink in the great oblivion,
Will be written my humble name;
And the fighting will still press Eastward,
To the victory close at hand,
But I shall be dreamlessly sleeping
In the quiet of No Man's Land.

T. A. GIRLING, O.M.F.C.

THE MAN WHO LEADS THE CANADIANS IN THE FIELD

Lieut.-Genl. Sir A. W. Currie, C.B., K.C.M.G., on his favourite charger

Canadian Official Photograph

CANADA'S HIGH COMMISSIONER VISITS CANADA'S FIGHTING MEN

Sir George Perley has to don a service steel helmet

Sir George on his way across Vimy Ridge

The High Commissioner inspects one of many captured German blockhouses

Canadian Official Photographs

THE CANADIANS THROUGH BRITISH EYES

TRIBUTES FROM FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENTS

The following are true tales of the Canadian troops in battle, vividly and brilliantly told by those famous War Correspondents attached to British Headquarters in France—Mr. Perry Robinson, of the *Times*; Mr. W. Beach Thomas, of the *Daily Mail*; Mr. Philip Gibbs, of the *Daily Chronicle*; Mr. Percival Phillips, of the *Daily Express*; and Mr. Herbert Russell, of Reuter's Agency.

"WE ARE ONLY CIVILIANS"

Mr. Perry Robinson tells of the modesty of the Canadian Division which has won immortality on the Western Front.

IT'S a long, long way from Salisbury Plain to Passchendaele—from Pond Farm to Crest Farm—from Bustard to Bellevue; but at least they had one thing in common—namely, mud. Oh, that fine old glutinous mud of West Down South! The wallows of Lark Hill! That knee-deep stagnant rivulet which ran from Salisbury out to Bustard, and was cheerfully known as a road! I thought of it all again the other day, when I had been watching as much as a spectator could see of the attack on Passchendaele by the "Iron Sixth" Brigade. One could see but little; only the long dark ridge, nearly black against the dawn in the eastern sky, but all aflicker with the firefly flashes of the British guns, while everywhere huge spurts of black smoke and mud and water flung up into the air as the great shells plunged; and overhead the aeroplanes swung, passed and circled in the clear morning sky. One could not see the individual figures of infantry, but as our guns continually lengthened their fire to far beyond the Ridge one knew that the infantry had gone on and had not come back. Then, far up, high and bright against the sky, tossed up the gallant signal rocket, which told that the Canadians had reached their final line and that Passchendaele was ours.

On the way down I stopped at a dressing-station, and talked with the wounded as they came in. And then it was that I remembered Bustard and Bulford, and all the rest of it; for once again I saw Canadian soldiers muddy to the waists; but what a gulf lay between those days and these!

Though knowing Canada and Canadians pretty well, yet, when I went to spend a week on Salisbury Plain in the winter of 1915, I confess that it was with the expectation, common to all the English then, of finding the Canadians just a trifle too cocksure and full of swagger. I expected to be told how you fellows were going to show us how war ought to be made, and how you proposed, in some few weeks, to wipe the enemy off the earth. Never have I found myself more mistaken in my life; never have I admired men more for the spirit in which they were entering on a great enterprise. There was not, in all that First Division, one word of boasting, so far as I could learn, however cunningly I set mean traps to call the boastful spirit forth.

Long hours I spent wading through that mud and talking to chance men amid the slime. Other long hours at messes, and, most fruitful of all, yet others with Battalion or Brigade Commanders alone in their tents at night, while the wind shrieked across the Plain and drove the rain in fine drizzle through the canvas. The old British Expeditionary Force had then done its greatest work, though we understood but dimly as yet how great it was; and it seemed to me that

there was only one prayer on the lips and in the heart of every Canadian officer on the Plain: "If only we can do as well when our time comes!"

Every officer had perfect confidence in his men. It was himself that he was afraid of. "We are only civilians," I heard it said again and again; "and have never been trained. Now, on us is the responsibility for training our men, and there is not one of us who does not know he is not competent. If only we can make good when the time comes!"

Well, Ypres, Courcelette, Vimy, Lens, Passchendaele: there is no question now of making good. Not many of the men I talked to then are to be found to-day, but Canada and the Empire owe them an immeasurable debt. After every fight, in speaking with Canadians, I find my mind going back to Salisbury Plain, to the endless slush, the raw cold and driving rains, the damp, steaming interiors of the little tents, and always that simple, earnest spirit of determination and the constant prayer: "If only when our time comes——!"

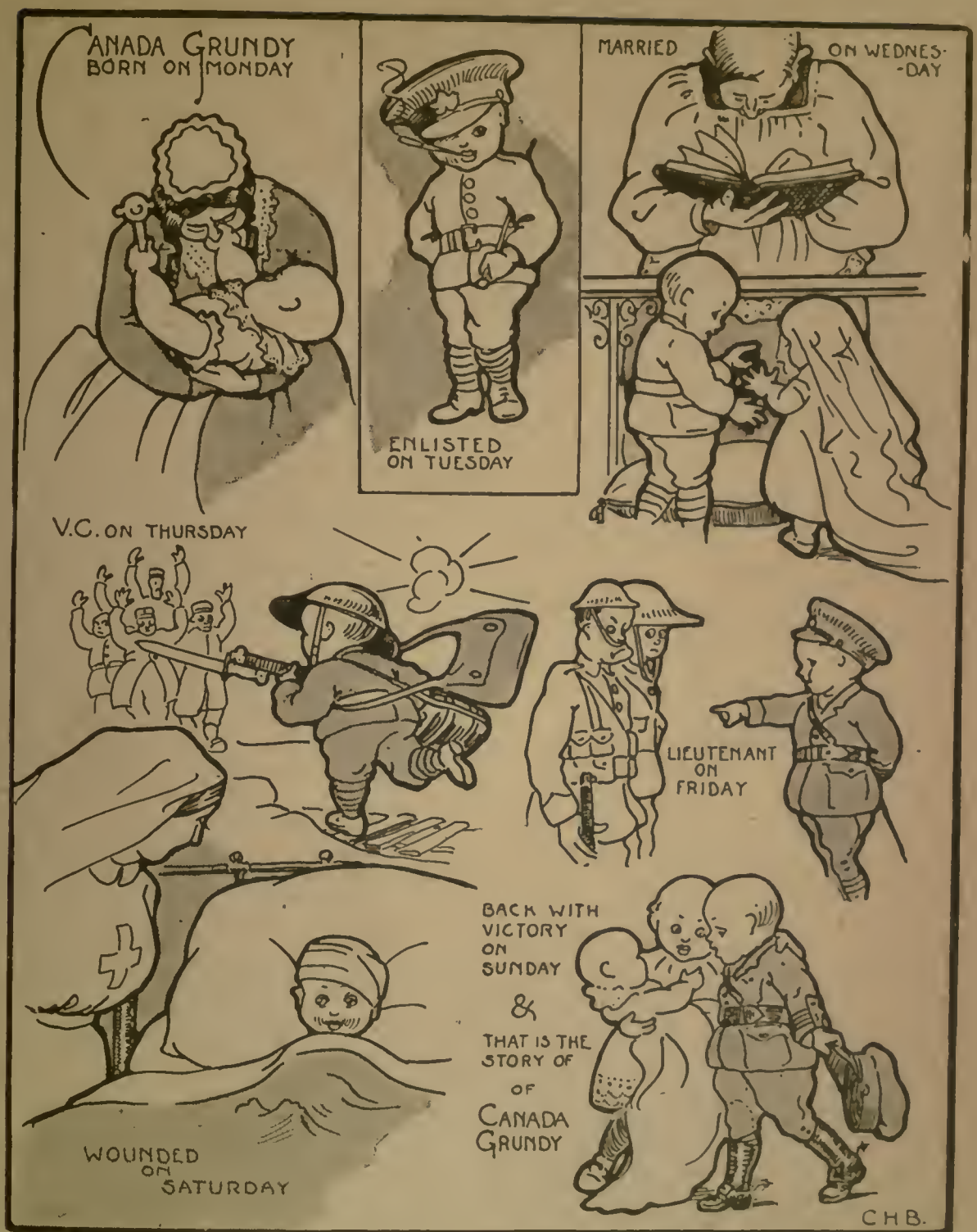
GIFT OF ORIGINALITY

Mr. Beach Thomas describes a characteristic raid by Canadians, and pays a tribute to their original enterprise.

SO many great names are written on the escutcheon of Canadian soldiers in France that anyone who dares—as we are asked to dare—to write of them within the space of a paragraph would be likely to suffer from plethora of thought and facts. Ypres, the Orchard, Courcelette and beyond, Vimy, Hill 70, Passchendaele—what a string of jewels with how many facets! So in despair at the thought of the amount of material, I will write something of one of the smallest of Canadian adventures—a mere raid—and perhaps it illustrates as well as bigger events what seem to us the most salient qualities of Canadian soldiers.

The trenches and earthworks by Kemmel were deep, and spick and span. No Man's Land separating them from the Germans was rechristened Canada, so much at home in it were Canadian patrols; and their mastery urged them to overflow the boundaries, to pass the frontier. A raid—a quiet raid, without help of artillery, was prepared. The German wire was cut by hand, at night; and by a stroke of masterly daring a point immediately opposite a machine-gun emplacement was chosen as the principal avenue of approach. The men were allowed to choose their weapons. One lusty smith selected a two-pound hammer because it "came up sweetly," as we say of a well-balanced gun. When the hour of attack approached, the Brigadier came down to shake hands with the Thors and Heracles, equipped with their hammers and axes, and other strange implements. I will not describe the details of the raid, which is old history. Scott said: "One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name." In this case, just seven crowded minutes—the total duration of the raid—were worth several ages, and under a cascade or canopy of friendly mortar shells, the triumphant band came back over "Canada" near twice as many as they went over.

The importance of this raid, and its immediate predecessor, was that it was new in idea and in execution; and as a war correspondent looks back over the Canadian share in the war, he sees that original enterprise is the supreme gift of Canada to the whole British and, indeed, Allied Army. Every attack has had originality: the rapid extension of the programme by which Courcelette was captured, the turning of the German guns against the Germans at Vimy, the dodging of the marshes at Passchendaele—scores of little instances could be quoted. Perhaps at first the originality was excessive. Personally, I never hated anyone's originality so much as the method of a young Canadian guide during my very first visit to the trenches. He seemed to regard trenches as unpleasant and unnecessary things designed for cowards. Therefore, with characteristically youthful and Canadian daring, he took me in the open across the top of the hill—it was Hill 63—and pointed out leisurely the fat Germans in their



By Lieut. C. H. Barwell, O.M.F.C

STORY OF CANADA GRUNDY

trenches just across the way. Five minutes later we were smothered with mud from the first of a rapid series of shells from sniping cannon behind Messines. Then even that young guide reluctantly took to the refuge of a dirty ditch. But to-day the excesses of originality have fallen away without loss of dash. No one attacks more carefully or digs better defences than Canadian troops, though still their genius lies in assault. The brigade that I know best calls itself "the Iron —th," and the whole Canadian corps is an iron corps, in the French sense of the term. Never did the English gift of tenacity find a better complement. The new world is "redressing the balance of the old" along our front in France as on other fields, and is itself in turn gaining equipoise from contact with "the Tommy officer," whose gift of order and discipline has now perhaps won full recognition even with the youngest of the new world.

THE FRIGHTFULNESS OF THE BATTLE OF LENS

Mr. Philip Gibbs tells how the Canadians fought a hard, bloody fight for months on the outskirts of the city.

I MET the Canadians first in the old bad places of the Ypres salient, where in those early days of the war there was hard, tragic fighting—for we were horribly outgunned—and nothing to show for it except the all-enduring courage of our men. In those long months of trench warfare—it seemed as though the Western Front would always be like that—these Canadian soldiers proved their quality. They were stubborn in defence and cunning in attacks across No Man's Land, and gave the enemy no rest for his nerves, and our English lads said: "Those Canadian chaps are hot stuff; they worry old Fritz something awful."

At Courcelette, on the Somme, they did more than worry the enemy. In a great advance of wave after wave of men they smashed the enemy out of his defences, destroyed his machine-gun emplacements, and after a fine stroke of generalship at a critical moment of the day, when the French-Canadians attacked at a late hour after a forced march and completed a brilliant victory, they repelled and shattered, that same night, seven desperate counter-attacks. The winter of 'sixteen passed on the Somme and round about Courcelette, and the Canadians held their lines, suffering great hardships, sometimes great agonies, in frost and snow and rain and mud, and never-ending shell-fire. Then the spring of 'seventeen came and that day in April, which I for one will never forget, when the Canadians, with Highland troops on their right, attacked the Vimy ridge, and in a few hours captured that great natural fortress, with all its tunnels and deep dug-outs and concrete "pill boxes" and trenches, and sent thousands of prisoners back into the valley below.

It was one of the greatest victories in the history of British arms, and when I went up among the Canadians that day and afterwards I saw how the spirit of the men was on fire with the glory of it. They came laughing out of the battle. The enormous number of their prisoners seemed a joke to them. The scene below the Vimy ridge among the hospital tents and the wagon lines and the ammunition dumps was like a festival, though shells came into the middle of it from long-range guns, as one morning a day or two later when a Canadian band was playing and a new batch of prisoners came marching down to La Targette.

Crash! came a five-point-nine, and it was the first of a series. The prisoners ran for their lives. The wounded were moved to a safer spot. But the band went on playing, and Canadian soldiers stood around, whistling to the tunes of it, a few hundred yards from where the shells were falling. There was some bloody fighting on the other side of the ridge by Oppy and Arleux and Fresnoy, and then began the great siege of Lens, which in my judgment will be the most memorable chapter in the history of the Canadian troops in France. Lens, with all its outlying suburbs of Liévin and Angres and Avion, and the mining "cités" of St. Pierre and St

Laurent and St. Auguste, with its slag heaps and pit heads and mining shafts and water towers and power stations, was one great fortress tunnelled from street to street, with every miner's cottage concreted and sand-bagged, with machine-gun emplacements scattered all over this region in frightful numbers, with field guns hidden in the houses and back yards, and heavy guns surrounding it. The Canadians invested Lens closely, forced the enemy to retreat out of Liévin, followed him closely, smashed him out of the Cité St. Pierre and other suburbs, stormed the Bois de Riaumont in the south.

I watched the attack on a summer afternoon, and later it swept over Hill 70, which guarded the northern gateway. It was all close, hard, grim, bloody fighting. They fought from house to house, and in the cellars and tunnels and over trenches dug across the streets. Two battalions met the enemy out in No Man's Land, and fought with rifle and bomb and bayonet until there were few men left standing on either side. They broke through the walls of houses from which machine-gun fire came in steady blasts, and in the darkness below ground killed men like rats. They soaked the city of Lens in poison gas day after day and night after night in return for the gas which was poured over their own batteries and into their own cellars, so that men perpetually wore their gas masks and fought in them.

This siege of Lens is the most frightful episode of warfare on the Western Front, and did not last for a few weeks only but for months. Many times I went to the Vimy ridge to stare down upon that city of death. On Hill 70 I saw the German dead and the hideous wreckage of the battle. And in the ruins of the mining suburbs I met the Canadian soldiers who had been fighting like this, and were blanched and haggard and worn by that cellar life and the awful ordeal of it.

Blanched and haggard and worn, but with never any weakening of the grim brave spirit in them. After the capture of Hill 70 I bent over a man on a stretcher who was badly wounded in the thigh. "How did you get on?" I asked. He looked up and grinned, and said an amazing thing to me. "I enjoyed myself this morning, sir. It was a fair treat. I wouldn't have missed it for the world." He had a hole in his leg as big as my fist, and men had been killed on each side of him. That is the spirit of the Canadian soldiers, and it is no wonder that the enemy is afraid of them, and has a great hatred of them. In attack they are terrific, and in defence immovable.

"HELL ALL ALIGHT": AN EPIC OF PASSCHENDAELE

Mr. Percival Phillips graphically describes how the grim soldiers from Overseas settled an old account with Fritz.

HE limped into the sand-bagged dressing-station by Ypres, a muddy, tired, rather pathetic figure in blood-stained bandages. A wounded man on the nearest bench greeted him as "Bill." Under his uninjured arm he hugged a German magazine pistol, and of this trophy he spoke in a husky whisper, between puffs of a dying cigarette.

"It's a new one," he said, handing the pistol to his comrade.

"We went through the bloody village," he continued, "right through Passchendaele, and over the hill like all hell alight; the devil himself couldn't have stopped us. . . . Hand us a cup of that tea; my throat's damned near cracked."

I give this unedited narrative of victory to show the Canadian spirit that conquered Passchendaele—the climax of weeks of weary fighting in the swamps of Flanders. No human power could stay the rush of confident Dominion men across that pile of concreted rubble on the ridge above Ypres. They swept over machine-guns and masonry, and scattered the Huns like sheep. It was the same fine, steadfast courage which carried them through Courcelette and up the scarred face of Vimy, and through the slag and pit-heads to the gate of broken Lens.

Passchendaele means more to Canada than the victories of the past. It was the settlement

of an old account, dating from the first days of the Dominion campaign in Belgium. Her men have never forgotten the second battle of Ypres. Two and a half years ago the first little band of Canadian soldiers, hemmed in by the most powerful army the world had ever seen, fought stubbornly every foot of their reluctant journey back into the plain of Ypres—the heroes of a splendid failure. It was right that they should come again to that historic battleground when the Hun had fallen on evil days—fitting that the crest of his defeat should be a Canadian triumph on the slopes they lost.

The Canadians left Lens perhaps a little unwillingly. Every soldier who fought among the collieries in the heat and dust of summer hoped to share in a greater victory. Lens was a Canadian "claim." But they answered the summons with alacrity—I do not think a man among them grumbled—and when they found that they were destined to take back the ground they once held above the Yser marshes they rejoiced.

I saw them marching northward into Flanders; I talked with their officers, and heard from all of them the same words of absolute confidence. They knew the task before them would be fulfilled. They came into the mud and marshes; the heavens opened, and they were tramping again through the desert place called Ypres, with the rain dripping from their metal hats, but serenely sure of the future.

That same confidence was apparent in many ways, in many places. You would have seen it, as I did, in their Corps Commander on one morning of battle, as he paced slowly, deliberately up and down the narrow footway outside his hut, his hands locked behind him; halting now and again to hear the news from a bareheaded staff officer, and resuming his calm promenade forward and back between the trees. It was apparent in the battle headquarters underground, where other Canadian commanders followed the steady progress of little flags over their maps by the light of a kitchen lamp. It found expression in the words of another general whose battalions were cast for the final act in this great drama. I saw him on the eve of battle, and he said to me: "They will do it; give them a footing for the 'kick-off,' and they will take Passchendaele. I know them."

They did not fail him. Crouching in his noisome German dug-out among the craters —four feet of head room and a sawed-off stool for his chair—he heard the story of their progress without surprise, one might almost say without elation. The runners brought piecemeal the story of a "clockwork" advance; at the appointed moment flares shone among the clouds above the furrowed ridge; Passchendaele was theirs.

"Good lads," said the General, "I knew they would do it."

Two and a half years of war have altered the first Canadian battlefield. The men who came back did not know it. Polygon Wood of bitter memories was only a naked mound; the timbered slopes about it had vanished in the storm; of the trim Flemish villages that lay between them not a vestige remained—Zonnebeke, Poelecappelle, Passchendaele—all wiped away. The victors of the ridge found only naked brown hills and dead valleys pitted with shell-holes and patches of foul water, without one green spot or the sign of any living thing on the ground they trod.

But the tenants of this evil place had not forgotten the Canadians. High explosive had wiped away the face of the battlefield, but not the tradition that these grim soldiers from overseas were foes to be respected and feared. Canada left her mark on the mind of the Hun. I found it in one miserable Prussian, snatched alive from a reeking dug-out in Passchendaele, while the eastern slope was swarming with fugitives. "We knew the Canadians were going to attack," he said. . . . "They are very terrible men."

Passchendaele was more than a victory; it was retribution. The gaunt British Columbian, fingering his captured revolver as he waited in the queue of wounded, voiced this thought. "We settled them," he said, in his hoarse whisper; "they wouldn't stay to meet us. They knew they were 'for it.'"

"What are you?" I asked.

He winked one bloodshot eye.

"Oh," he said, "I'm one of Kitchener's men."

By W. Heath Robinson

CAMOUFLAGE FOR THE PROTECTION OF OUR HOME DEFENCES

By Will Owen

THE BOMBING PARTY

Tommy: "That's a nasty cough poor old Fritz has got."
Jimmy: "Well, the cough ain't goin' to worry 'im much longer."

HOW THE CANADIANS CAME TO THE MOTHERLAND

Mr. Herbert Russell's impression of a wonderful scene at Plymouth that looked like a cinema play.

I HAVE seen the Canadians many times and under many conditions during the two years that I have been a war correspondent upon the Western Front. I recall them hilarious with delight over the success of the raiding of enemy trenches, which they were the first to practise in the winter of 1915-16. I have met them battered and ragged after the terrible gruelling they received around Hooge in June, 1916. I saw them bubbling over with exultation after their wonderful triumph upon the Vimy Ridge. I have caught glimpses of them squeezing the Hun life relentlessly out of the red and smouldering city of Lens. What great lads they are! What cheery companions! What incomparable soldiers!

But the deepest of all the impressions which I retain of the Canadians is of their first arrival in the Motherland. Doubtless two reasons account for this. Plymouth is my home; I was there at the time, and in two years of isolation from all that one holds dearest, reminiscence will conjure her own favourite subjects. Then, again, this great Canadian Contingent of 33,000 strong was the first batch of troops to arrive in the magnificent Overseas' rally to the aid of the little Old Country, coming at a time when hope for the future was strong, but concern for the present deep. We in Plymouth did not know these sons of the Maple Leaf were coming until they were right in our midst. For it had been originally planned to disembark the Dominion contingent at Southampton, and it was only as the great armada was striking soundings that a cypher wireless conveyed orders for the change of destination. These orders were given on the evening of October 14, 1914, and some warships were dispatched from Plymouth to strengthen the naval escort which had accompanied the transports across the North Atlantic. By the way, it was surely

By MacMichael

CHRISTMAS MORNING IN THE TRENCHES

"Who pinched that sock I hung up last night?"

something more than a coincidence that the old battleship *Glory* should have brought up the wake of that stately procession. Assuredly glory has followed the Canadians ever since.

On the morning of October 15, I went for a stroll upon Plymouth Hoe. As I ascended the slight incline past the spot where Sir Francis Drake is said to have played his famous game of bowls, and came within view of the sea, I saw that it was grey and hazy, the Breakwater being invisible, and Drake's Island and Mount Edgcumbe looming in exaggerated shadows. I gained the esplanade which crosses the broad ridge, and, walking as far as the old red-ringed Smeaton Tower, paused to survey the scene. A few small, brown-sailed fishing hookers were making for the Cattewater; beyond them a big steamship

was coming directly shorewards, like a vast phantom emerging from the mist. So many ocean liners make Plymouth a port of call that the only point which arrested my attention in connection with this vessel was the fact that she should be coming so far up the Sound; most of the mail boats anchor in Cawsand Bay. She was blowing off steam in a hissing white jet. As she approached the Melampus Buoy she altered course so that her length drew out, and then I knew that she was bound up the Hamoaze, where stretches the great expanse of the finest naval dockyard in the world.

A great white patch upon her bow bearing a numeral gave me to know that she was a transport, and I grew more interested. As she continued to grow out of the light "mizzle," as they call it in the West Country, her details grew more plain. And then suddenly, as it seemed to me, like a cinema transformation, her contour seemed to be traced in khaki. Half-way up her rigging pigmy figures seemed to swarm in a dense cluster, and a confused sound of cheering was borne upon the damp breeze. Then I caught the wavering strains of a band playing somewhere on board, and gave a start as the revelation came upon me. For the tune was "The Maple Leaf for Ever."

From the Citadel on my left and the Long Room Battery under the Hoe to my right arose the echoes of multitudinous cheering. A naval petty officer paused at my side and exchanged looks.

"The Canadians!" he said, in a voice tense with pent-up enthusiasm. "Thirty-one transports chock full of them! That's the tenth which has gone up harbour so far."

The prompting of an irresistible emotion caused me to laugh. A grey destroyer came churning out of the mist, overtook the transport, and kept station abreast of her. Beyond, the thin outline of another big ship stole into view, and her syren gave a prolonged unearthly screech. The first vessel continued to close in towards the promenade pier. The khaki swarms had ceased to cheer, and were taking up the refrain of the band. Curiously enough, the Hoe was almost deserted. Only a few officials knew that the Canadians were coming in across the historic haven.

I lingered for about an hour, during which time several transports grew out of the near offing, swam slowly past, and disappeared around Devil's Point on their way to Devonport. Like the first I had seen, they were all packed with hurrahing troops. It was one of those episodes which are worth living for, when the "pride of race" is stirred into a tingling enthusiasm, and one longs to give vent to feeling in a burst of shouting. Then I suddenly awoke to realisation that, as a newspaper man, this advent of our kinsmen from the Dominion was going to mean busy hours for me, and I turned my back upon the Hoe and the grand Empire pageant which was still majestically moving across the waters of the Sound.

By Thomas Henry

OUR INCORRIGIBLE

Parson: "I had a letter from your chum George last week; he told me all about the battle, and that he saw you *fall*."

Tommy: "Excuse me, sir, but old George's a liar; I was blown up."

By Dyke White

Colonel: "You're in a disgraceful condition! Report yourself to me at 10.30 to-morrow!"
The Absent-Minded One: "Yesh, sir! 'll put a knot in m' hanky for fear I forget, sir!"

THE SHORTEST WAY TO THE FRONT

How a Canadian Recruit Discovered It

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK

THE Sergeant who drilled us for weeks and weeks,
He spoke as a Sergeant mostly speaks:
He said we were nothin' but blinkin' freaks,
An' he roared like the cannon crashes;
My talk isn't always good to tell,
But the Sergeant's words were the kind that —well,
The kind that you have to try to spell
With dots, an' stars, an' some dashes.

He drilled us for months, an' months, an' he swore
He'd drill us for ever and evermore;
So I says to him, "Sergeant, we're sick an' sore,
Fed up with this drill-book stunt;
I didn't sign on just to romp about
An' play in the sun like a young Boy Scout;
What we want you to do is to take us out
The shortest way to the Front."

"You!" says he. "O, you blankety lot,
I wouldn't be seen at the Front with you, not
For all the dibs that our dash an' a dot
Of a Government ever minted.
Call yerselves men! Lord, how was you made?
You never was born, an' never was laid,
You're nothin' but blobs o' ——" (The thing that he said
Is not allowed to be printed).

'Y' got two left arms, an' yer wind's unsound,
Y' got two right legs that stick to the ground,
An' yer feet have bin fixed on wrong ways round,
You're boss-eyed, knock-kneed, barmy;
You're deaf," he says, "you star and a blank,
You can't walk straight an' you can't keep rank,
You'd pass, maybe, for a shop or a bank,
But you ain't no good for the Army!

"Shoulder arms! Form fours! Quick march! Keep pace.
Mark time! Right turn! Halt! You (*censored*) disgrace!"
So he kept us at it all over the place,
Till the sweat rolled off us in streams;
Seemed as he wanted to cure or to kill,
Nothin' all day but route marchin' an' drill,
An' all night long, if we slept, we was still
A-formin' fours in our dreams.

Then, at last, he spoke as a Christian shud:
"When they brought you to me you was lumps o' mud,
But now you are men, you are flesh and blood,
You are real live soldiers, s'welp me!
An' if you're as square as you orter be,
When the Padre arsks, 'Who made yer?' says he,
You'll tell him the truth an' say it was me—
An' Gawd didn't even help me!"

There's several ways to wherever you go,
But there's only one for the blokes what know;
They get there quickest by travellin' slow,
An' that's why they're worth their blunt.
I guess it's a howler, at any rate,
To be there too early, or there too late,
An' the Sergeant knew, an' was showin' us straight
The shortest way to the Front!

THE RUNNERS

An Appreciation by SERGEANT L. McLEOD GOULD

(Inspired by the Runners of the 102nd Canadian Infantry Battalion)

WHEN soldiers are ready to drop with fatigue,
And only an Adjutant's brain can intrigue
A vital dispatch to the C.O.'s colleague;
Who are the boys who can still stay a league?
The Runners.

When wires are broken, and pigeons won't fly,
When shrapnel and whizz-bang are bursting on high,
When hell's on the earth, and earth's in the sky;
Who are the boys who will get through or die?
The Runners.

So here's to all soldiers of every degree,
Be they horsemen, or gunners, or stout infantry;
But specially those who appeal most to me,
Who tackle their work with a semblance of glee,
The Runners.

CANADA'S MOST FAMOUS AIR-FIGHTER IS ONLY TWENTY-TWO

Canadians make fine airmen and form a large percentage in the R.F.C. Major W. A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., has already brought down 37 enemy machines

Major Bishop is boyish and smiling

He looks to the sighting of his deadly gun

Canadian Official Photographs

LIGHT RAILWAYS ASSIST THE CANADIANS TO VICTORY

Canadians run their narrow-gauge lines through the most impossible places

Ammunition going up to the line

Train passing through shelled village

When the Canadians cannot wait for light railways they build cordwood roads. This is the improvised road on which they followed up victory across Vimy Ridge

Canadian Official Photograph

CANADA IN HUNLAND

By FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE

Late Berlin Correspondent of the *Daily Mail*

CANADIANS are the most unloved of men in Germany. Their name, indeed, strikes such terror to what serves the Hun as a heart that orders from On High have been issued to mention it as infrequently as possible. *Gott strafe England* is still the prayer with which Pirate babes are lulled to sleep, but under the breath of all who utter it is a second edition reading, *Gott strafe die Kanadier:* God punish the Canadians!

Sometimes I think that if the War Lords of Prussia, even in the midst of the orgy of blood and iron in which Armageddon was born, could have conjured up the vision of Ontario's and British Columbia's hundreds of thousands of armed giants, and of their comrades from the uttermost regions of the Dominion—if that prospect could have been visualised in war-mad Berlin in the dawning hours of August, 1914; well, to drop into the vernacular which all gum-chewers and baseball "fans" understand, I guess the Kaiser would have had "another think" coming.

The magnificent way in which Canada joined up, instead of seizing the opportunity to set up a Republic—that was the dope handed out for years by the Berlin political professors—gave Prussianism its first jolt. But the jolting has been kept up by Canada in the Field. There are plenty of first-hand proofs in existence, if I am not mistaken, that Fritz, who does not face danger without courage, looks upon fighting Canadians as about the most unpalatable work that can be assigned him.

Neuve Chapelle gave him a dose of Canada that he will remember as long as the history of the war endures. Vimy Ridge provided him with some more of the same kind of medicine. I mention just those two of the countless gallant engagements in which Canada in Khaki paid its respects to the Boche because I happen to know that they left a peculiarly nauseating taste in the German mouth.

Somewhere the other day I read that the Huns call the Canadians "butchers." Well, if I were a Canadian, I'd be proud of that. You butchered one of their fondest illusions by "coming into" the war. And Heaven knows, you slaughter their most scientific military arrangements every time you get a fair chance.

May I make a passing, friendly and fraternal suggestion to all Canadians in khaki, who, please God, will, one of these fair days, be once again peace-loving warriors at home in the unending struggle of commercial and industrial pursuits? The Germans, even yet, dream of the Dominion of Canada as a great market for German trade. They believe that Canadians are men and women of short memories. They think that you will be ready to kiss, make up—and do "business as usual" with them. They say that Canada "needs Germany," and they hint that your golden grain will be welcomed at Hamburg and Bremen as of yore, if you will only consent to allow German manufacturers to flood your markets with dumped goods and to exploit Quebec and Vancouver and St. John's for the benefit of the Hamburg-American line and the North German Lloyd!

In the name of their immortal comrades whose bones and blood sanctify a hundred battlefields in France and Flanders, I hope Canadian soldiers—the future business men and farmers of the Dominion—will *not* forgive and *not* forget. If you vow to frustrate German commercial ambitions in Canada after the war, you will have dealt the third, and by no means the least effective, blow to their crazy miscalculations about you and your country.

By G. M. Payne

THE HOME-COMING OF TOMPKINS, V.C.

THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIALS FUND

ITS HISTORY AND OBJECTS

CANADA IN KHAKI appears for the second time for the benefit of the Canadian War Memorials Fund. No apology is needed for the existence of the book; it pleads for itself; and the immediate and striking success of the first issue is its best justification. Yet its readers are entitled to know a little more of the object to which the proceeds of the publication are to be devoted; and of which but the scantiest details have so far reached the public.

The idea of an artistic War Memorial is generally connected with a winged and laurel-crowned confection in marble and bronze, erected on some prominent site for the edification, or derision, as the case may be, of future generations. Or, if it take a pictorial form, it is apt to be a series of unconvincing, melodramatic illustrations, more or less fanciful, of famous episodes or individual acts of heroism, that are of little artistic and absolutely no documentary or historical value. Who can pass through the endless galleries of battle pictures at Versailles without experiencing a sense of invincible boredom? A War Memorial of this kind, if it is to be of lasting value, if it is to teach future generations, to stir their imagination, to stimulate their patriotic feeling, must be a thrilling record of facts, based on personal experience.

The question arises, whether a time of trial, when the collective and general energy of the nation should be concentrated on the stern necessity of bringing the war to a victorious issue, is the suitable moment for carrying out an artistic scheme of unprecedented magnitude. The answer can only be: Now, or never.

If a pictorial record of this greatest of all wars is to be of permanent value, it must be created from actual impressions whilst they are fresh on the mind, whilst emotions and passions and enthusiasm are at their highest. A "posthumous" war picture is as valueless as a posthumous portrait. Only the most sordid materialism, which regards Art as an unnecessary luxury, can object to the diversion of a few brilliant men's activity from the more material needs of the moment. The immediate object of war is destruction—of art, creation. Empires, social and political institutions, whole civilisations crumble and fade away; the effects of war, that loom so powerfully in the minds of those who take part in, or witness, the struggle between nation and nation, are transitory, and are bound to be modified by future events. But Art remains to teach posterity of the glorious past of the race, and to keep alive the flame of patriotism. Our whole knowledge of civilisations that have vanished long since—Egypt, Babylonia, Chaldæa, and so forth—is derived from the scanty artistic records that have been saved from the destruction of Time and War. The visual evidence of one fragment of art teaches us more, and more tellingly and rapidly, than whole volumes of erudition.

These are some of the considerations that guided the Committee of the Canadian War Memorials Fund, composed of Lord Rothermere (Chairman), Lord Beaverbrook, and Captain B. L. Lima, in evolving and organising the great scheme which is to provide Canada with a magnificent and lasting artistic record of her noble share in the world's war. The greatest painters of Canada, of Britain and the Overseas Dominions, of France and of Italy, were to be invited to help in creating a vast series of decorative paintings on an heroic scale, which will eventually be housed in a gallery specially built for this purpose on a prominent and suitable site in Ottawa. Whilst the nucleus of this collection must

necessarily be formed of paintings commemorating the achievements of the Canadian troops on the battlefields of Flanders and France, no phase of activity connected more or less directly with the war will be disregarded. The whole vast significance of this war upon the life of the nation will be reflected in these paintings, which will deal with the military training of men accustomed to the peaceful avocations of the city office or the land; the self-sacrificing devotion of their womenfolk to the arduous work of the hospital; the expert activity of Canadian lumbermen in our forests, cutting down timber for trenches and hutments and sleepers; of engineers busy with the construction of railways at the front; the transport of the Dominion troops across the Atlantic, and Canadian patrol boats in the Channel; of aircraft and artillery. Famous landscape painters will depict the awful desolation of No Man's Land, and the gaunt ruins of once flourishing cities and villages.

There will be busts and portrait paintings of the political and military leaders in this grim business; and the imaginative aspect of this Armageddon will be dealt with in one or two allegorical compositions. The one thing that is to be strictly excluded is the colourless, academic reconstruction from descriptive material, which has brought the art of the battle-painter into discredit.

The organisers of the scheme have, so far as this was in their power, endeavoured to entrust each subject to the one artist most likely to do justice to it; and they have arranged, in each case, that the fullest facilities should be given to every artist for gathering his material on the spot, and for absorbing the true atmosphere of the scene. Apart from having the broad outlines of his subject made clear to him, and from the rather elastic restrictions imposed by the necessity of keeping a certain unity in the general decorative scheme, each artist is given the fullest liberty to do whatever may best suit his temperament, so that the artistic quality of his work may not suffer from irksome restraint. Those whose subjects necessitate close inspection of the trenches and No Man's Land are granted honorary commissions in the Canadian army, to enable them to work on the spot and to ensure absolute truth of fact and of atmosphere.

The first artist thus sent out for the Canadian War Memorials Fund was the Hon. Major Richard Jack, A.R.A., who has already completed a remarkable canvas, measuring 20 ft. by 15 ft., of the second Battle of Ypres. Though, naturally, not actually present at the fighting, Major Jack has carefully investigated and sketched the whole ground, and has spent some time with the units which took part in the engagement, collecting from officers and men all the details and facts needed for absolute accuracy. Some of the men who had been through the battle actually posed for the picture, whilst machine-guns and all manner of military accoutrements were temporarily placed at the artist's disposal, whose studio assumed something of the appearance of a battlefield. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Major Jack's first picture—a companion canvas is already in commission—stands so far unrivalled among British battle paintings.

Though treated in a more pronouncedly decorative manner, Professor G. Moira's large painting of Canadian lumbermen cutting down trees in Windsor Park, with the mighty mass of the Royal Castle towering in the background, is equally valuable as a faithful record of a specialised branch of Canadian war activity. Professor Moira is the head of the Royal College of Art, the principal art school under the Board of Education, and enjoys an enviable reputation among modern decorative painters.

Major William Orpen, A.R.A., the famous portrait painter, and Major D. Y. Cameron, A.R.A., whose achievements both as an etcher and as a landscape painter entitle him to rank among the masters of twentieth century art, are at present with the Canadian forces, Major Orpen with a view to painting for the Fund a portrait of General Currie and a battle picture; and Major Cameron bent on studying the topography and atmosphere of the battlefields of Flanders for two typical landscapes of the fighting zone. The next artist to proceed to the front with the hon. commission of Major is Mr. Augustus E. John, whose ambition it is to paint a gigantic

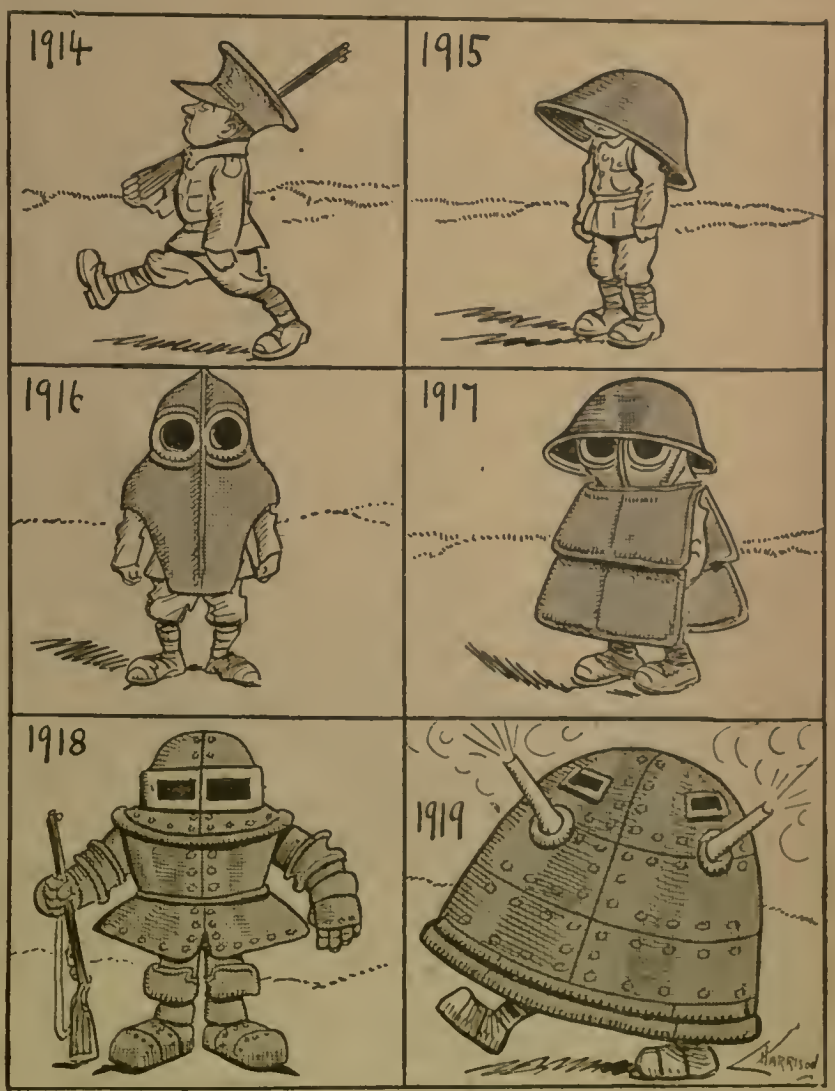
THE SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES

By Hon. Major Richard Jack, A.R.A.

decoration, some 30 ft. or 40 ft. in length, representing no particular episode, but summing up in synthetic fashion the impression created upon a sensitive observer by his personal experience of modern war.

The essential character of modern warfare, in which engineering and the invention of machinery for wholesale destruction play a part more important even than individual and collective heroism, a war of giant guns and tanks, aeroplanes and submarines, poison gas and liquid fire, has so far found its best interpreter in Mr. R. Nevinson, one of the first British artists sent out by the Imperial Government to paint for propaganda purposes. One of the firstfruits of his recent visit to the front is a series of four frieze-like panels, showing the progress of the fighting force from the base to the front line: first the endless procession of motor transport moving along a tree-planted French road bordered by cultivated fields; then the rail-head littered with sleepers ready for the extension of the line, and heavy artillery being brought up, the landscape showing the first signs of the destructive effect of artillery fire; then infantry marching to the trenches, a ruined village, splintered trees, and similar indications of the perpetual threat of death; finally, the utter desolation and confusion of No Man's Land, barbed wire, ruined trenches, shell craters, the once flourishing countryside turned into a grim and weird inferno. This fine series of paintings has been acquired by the Ca
Fund.

It would be fatiguing t
a full list of the artists e
portant works for the Fund,
allotted to each of them accord
ticular bent of his talent. It is e
that all the leading painters of th
been approached with a view to thei
ment; and that, with one or two inevitable
ceptions, in the case of artists overburdened
with work or prevented by ill-health, the proposals of the Committee have been accepted in the most generous and enthusiastic spirit.



By C. Harrison

THE EVOLUTION OF THE FIGHTING MAN

that Canadian artists
nong the contributors.
or instance, is to paint two
ie ruins of Ypres and of
yndham Lewis, a native of
and at present an artillery officer
forces, will embody his know-
experience in an important repre-
e picture of a Canadian gun-pit;
otiations have been opened with Mr. Morrice, the doyen Canadian painter in Paris; and several young Canadian artists, who hold commissions in the Dominion army, are busy collecting sketches at the front which will constitute a valuable record of actuality, or may serve as material for more ambitious paintings.

Finally, it may be worth noting that the Canadian War Memorials Fund is, as it were, entirely self-supporting. There is no Government grant. The artists will be paid from the proceeds of the amazingly successful official Canadian War Photogrraphs Exhibitions, and of publications issued by the Canadian War Records Office. CANADA IN KHAKI stands foremost among these publications. Its success is bound up with the success of the Fund.

THE SECRETARY.

By MacMichael

"Good mornin', Harbourmaster! When does the tide go out?"

CANADIAN LUMBERMEN IN WINDSOR PARK

*Reproduction of a portion of a picture painted by Professor G. Moira for the Canadian War Memorials Fund—**(See article on page 25)*

FROM THE LAND OF THE GOLD AND SNOW

By HENRY CHAPPELL

WHAT spell hath drawn them, these men from the snows,
From the mart, the trail, and the forests old,
And the waiting harvest that, wind-kissed, flows
In sheeny billows of bronze and gold?
O! the trump of War to the four winds blown,
And the Mother's call from her sea-girt throne,
They armed them, sped them, and led the van,
Faith in the soul of every man.

How have they fared them, these warriors brave?
Their deeds are told by the camp fires' flare
'Neath the shadowy pines that whisp'ring wave,
And told in the roaring cities' glare.
O! they fared them far, and they quit them well,
Their legions drove at the gates of hell,
Shocked them, sundered, and o'er them swirled,
Waves of the tide that saved the world.

What have they compassed, these noble sons,
Sons of the land of the gold and snow,
The dead who fell to the hungry guns,
And the quick who hazard the final throw?
O! quick and dead they have rent a chain
Whose links had birth in a madman's brain,
Were forged and tensed by a madman's zeal
To bind the world to his chariot wheel.

What have they builded, these quick and dead,
With priceless mortar and sacred clay?
Is it worthy the souls untimely sped,
Hath the Mother pride in their work to-day?
Aye! for on pillars strong and true,
Linking the Old World with the New,
A bridge of hearts o'er the gulf is thrown,
Their deathless Faith as the corner stone.

THE SILENT TOAST

By LT.-COL. CANON FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

(Senior Chaplain First Canadian Division)

THEY stand with reverent faces,
And their merriment give o'er,
As they drink the toast to the unseen host,
Who have fought and gone before.

It is only a passing moment
In the midst of the feast and song,
But it grips the breath, as the wing of death
In a vision sweeps along.

No more they see the banquet
And the brilliant lights around;
But they charge again on the hideous plain
When the shell-bursts rip the ground.

And out of the roar and tumult,
Or the black night loud with rain,
Some face comes back on the fiery track
And looks in their eyes again.

And the love that is passing woman's,
And the bonds that are forged by death,
Now grip the soul with a strange control
And speak what no man saith.

The vision dies off in the stillness,
Once more the tables shine,
But the eyes of all in the banquet hall
Are lit with a light divine.

IRRECLAIMABLE

A Short Story

By R. S. WARREN BELL

Author of "Young Couples," "Company for George," "Tales of Greyhouse," etc.

A YOUNG man of medium height and neatly built, sunburnt and clean-shaven, the word "Canada" on his khaki shoulder affording him a label and a gold stripe on his arm distinction, alighted from a motor-train at Deephollow and, having limped a few steps up the platform, turned and watched the odd little locomotive buzz away through the quiet meads.

No stationmaster in Authority's grand cap was there to greet him, no porter stood at the gate to receive his ticket. For it was not a station, only a Halt. Tickets were issued and collected by the conductor of the queer little train. The queer little station, with its primitive shed of a waiting-room and isolated aspect, rather reminded the traveller of the measureless Dominion he had long months ago left behind.

There was at least a bench on the platform, and, being in no hurry, he sat down on it, lit a fag, and became lost in reverie.

Ten years—ten years it was since he had been at Deephollow. For he was an Englishman who, like many another thousand gallant lads, had answered the Old Country's summons. But ten years is a long time, and the Deephollow boy was not a Deephollow man. His new country called to him, she had found his heart. Nevertheless this old one, with its toy fields and hedges, its still, old farmhouses and unbusiness-like barns, was very dear to him. I dare say you can understand Jim Brigstock's feelings, divided as they were between his new and old love.

Ten years! He was a lad then, and a caution! He smiled. It was because he had made Deephollow too warm for him that he had got away to Canada. But for the uniform he was wearing—a passport everywhere to men's respect—perhaps he would not have ventured to show his face again at Deephollow. He had gone from the familiar pastures of his youth to a strange land where it didn't matter in the least how bad you were or had been so long as you did your whack of work. Nothing else was asked of you in a country of such great spaces that the whole of this mighty little England, this imp of an island that has somehow become possessed of half the globe, would make but a patch of it. But he knew that standards of conduct were necessarily stricter in the little Mother Country.

"And yet," he thought, "I wasn't so bad."

It is comforting to *know* that you are not half so black as the world paints you, that your Conscience is a good chum rather than an upbraiding monitor. Jim felt and looked pretty easy about the past. After all, young shoulders don't carry old heads, and what you do at sixteen or thereabout ought not to be thrown in your face when you're twenty-six. Jim, however, didn't care if it was. He had come here for a purpose, and he cared not how Deephollow looked upon the returned prodigal. All Deephollow, that is, save one. He was curious about that one.

The latch of the platform gate clicked, and he saw a bucolic lass in a blue railway cap and dress approaching him. After all, somebody had to light and extinguish the lamps, keep the place tidy, and answer questions. A few years ago this girl (who had been a milkmaid before she took up with the railway) would have betrayed a becoming diffidence on finding herself alone at a wayside station with a *Man*, but on such a pricelessly new footing has the Empire's war set the Empire's daughters that the girl-porter looked as unconcerned as if she had been chaperoned by a thousand fierce old ladies.

By E. Wallcousins

"She checked the horse and regarded him carefully. 'Joan,' he said, 'don't you know me?'"

"IRRECLAIMABLE"

CANADIAN PIONEERS AT WORK UNDER FIRE IN FRANCE

Splitting trunks of trees into logs for reinforcing trenches

Shelled only to be felled

Steel helmets often save the men

Canadian Official Photographs

TANKS NOW ACCOMPANY THE CANADIANS INTO ACTION

The terrible machines which strike terror into the Boches are fascinating to the French children, who have begged these Canadians to show them "how the wheels go round"

A Tank snapshotted as it was heavily engaged on Vimy Ridge

Canadian Official Photographs

THE CORPS COMMANDER DIRECTS AN ATTACK

Striking study of Lieut.-Genl. Sir A. W. Currie, C.B., K.C.M.G., during a recent offensive

Besides, he was a soldier.

"Any luggage?" she asked casually.

"No. I've just come over from Ironville."

"See your folks?"

"No. I have no folks here. I had once, but they've gone away."

The girl gazed approvingly on the blue band and the snip of gold braid on the traveller's arm.

"There's twenty Woundeds at the Hall," she said, and went off briskly to the little official hutch adjoining the waiting-shed—possibly to get a broom.

Jim Brigstock was burning to ask her a question. But he dared not. He would—investigate. Yes. So he rose and walked through the gateway, the girl flinging him a smile from the door of her hutch as he passed out.

The soldier's eyes searched his environment hungrily for familiar landmarks. From the lane—it was only a lane—an Approach had been cut to the Halt; it was an unlovely thing, and Jim was glad to leave it and find himself treading the lane of old times. Ah! there was the cottage where the old woman would give them a drink of water. A young woman stood in the front garden now, with a baby in her arms. That would be the old lady's little grand-daughter grown up! With a baby. Jim smiled. Some sodger's kid, he'd swear.

And there was the old hollow stump of a tree, ivy-clad, that they used to climb.

A little farther on he'd come to the place where four roads met and a battered sign-post directed you on your way. Here, he had been told when a lad, at this place where four roads met, in bygone times they buried suicides with a stake through their bodies. Jim recalled that he'd always gazed upon that mound of green with awe, hurrying past it at dusk. He rounded a corner to find that the old post, gnarled and green, had been replaced by a smart young fellow with new black lettering. One arm said "To Deephollow, 1¼ miles," and he followed that road.

He did not like the change of posts, and wondered whether the village held other such changes for him

Now he ascended a hill. Below him, when he reached its brow, would lie Deephollow, while just over the hill would be the Loosemores' farm. He walked slowly, for, after ten years and a lot of fighting, and quite a time in hospital while his shattered knee mended, he found himself drawn back to his native village by the rather forlorn hope of seeing again, or at least hearing something of, the girl he had known as a boy—Joan Loosemore.

Not that they had been sweethearts—though to be sure he had been a courtier. But she was the only girl he had ever given a second thought to. Yes; all these long ten years he had been occupied with a man's business, first farming, then fighting, and never a woman had intruded to trouble him. But at the back of his thoughts and heart there had nestled the image of the girl he had paid boy-court to. Just she, and none other. Not surprising, then, his pace slackened, his confidence failed a little, now he was so close.

Just over the hill and—he would be there. Half inclined, he felt, to turn back. Why, she would have forgotten him; she would have gone away; she'd be married and done for. "Out of sight, out of mind." Surely this was a fool's journey! And he stopped altogether. For would she even remember him, he being only sixteen—though well-grown for it—and she fourteen; yet a very self-possessed, *mistressful* fourteen.

He stood there swinging his ash stick. This resolute-looking man, with whom to act promptly and decisively was second nature, halted in an agony of vacillation.

Somebody coming. Well, he would—yes, he would just *ask*. Casually, bringing in Farmer Loosemore first. It was a girl on a horse. Another innovation. A girl dressed half as a man, *astride* a big cart-horse. She wore a wide linen cap, a holland smock, cord breeches and leggings. She looked business-like, and yet (like the rest) not a bit masculine. And why was that? Because they weren't apeing men. They were just "carrying on." Doing the men's work. And these costumes were merely part of it.

It was a big horse and a good one—Jim

could spot a good horse in a trice. She sat him gracefully, and *she* was pretty big too. He looked at her intently. . .

It was She!

Yes, it was Joan—Joan with ten years gone over her. A slip of a girl she had been when he left her, 'tis true, but a lanky slip. She had promised stature—to be a "fine" woman. Jim, though he was no woman's man, knew when he liked a woman's lines. Joan, the mere slip of a girl, had grown into a rare handsome woman.

He saluted her. She nodded and smiled. Khaki was everywhere, and no doubt she had met this Tommy somewhere. Possibly he was one of those who had been lent for the hay-making.

But he took a step forward. "Joan," he said, "don't you know me?"

She checked the horse and regarded him carefully.

Then she dropped the halter and sprang to the ground.

"I was only thinking to-day——" she began.

"Thinking what?"

"Thinking what a long time it was since you went away."

"And what made you think of me?"

"Why," she said, quite simply (though she was a woman full grown, and a fine one), "I have often thought of you."

"Though I was but a nipper—and you too."

"But we were—exceptionals." She half turned her face away. Then, with pleasure lighting her face and something else her eyes—or did he fancy it?—she held out her hand.

"We haven't shaken hands, Jim."

"No more we have, Joan."

They shook hands. She let him hold hers a little time—an old friend returned!—but he held it so long that at length, with a touch of extra colour in her face (for the sun had put much there), she withdrew it a bit abruptly.

"I'm taking the horse down to turn him loose." She grasped the halter. "Shall we walk along?"

By Byron

"What are we having, Mick—Irish stew?"
"No; sardines, now ye've got out av yer tin."

"Sure. But you will ride?"

"No, I will walk."

They walked on. There was nobody about. They had the lane absolutely to themselves, and it was a lovely late-autumn afternoon.

"Did you know where I was, Joan?"

"Why, of course. I knew you'd be there."

"I'm glad you reckoned me among it. But before?"

"No, I've never heard a word. I knew you were in Canada—that's all."

He asked after her father and mother and other people. The interval that had elapsed offered no great surprises. Life flowed smoothly and uneventfully at Deephollow. The same vicar was there, the same doctor. But Ironville, the great manufacturing town fourteen miles distant, was coming closer. A few well-to-do town people, availing themselves of the Halt, had built rather fine houses on the outskirts of the village. There was talk of putting up a road or two of villas and running a motor-bus service from Ironville.

Jim shuddered.

"That spoils a countryside," he said. "Horses never do."

"I think we'll escape," said Joan, "as Mr. Matthews, who owns most of the land hereabouts, wants too long a price."

"Mr. Matthews was old when I went away," mused Jim. "He must be old for work now."

"Not too old to bargain. But he has retired. Only Mr. Harold goes to the office in Ironville now. Motors in."

"Oh!" The ejaculation was an indifferent one. Jim wasn't interested in the Matthewses, father or son. Many years since, Mr. Matthews senior, an Ironville lawyer, had discovered Deephollow and bought an old country house there to make his home in. Jim had reason to remember the hawk-faced Ironville business man, yet for the moment he dismissed him from his mind.

For this conversation was just fencing—golfers would say the two young people were playing "approach" shots. The village and its personalities were all very well, but what of *her?* In ten years one looks out of the window a good many times, and not always disinterestedly.

The horse was freed of the halter, turned loose, and the gate shut on him. There was a stile by the gate. While Jim lounged with his arm over the gate, Joan seated herself on this stile. He drew out his cigarette case.

"May I?"

"You've grown manners, Jim. Why, certainly."

She crossed her shapely legs, right over left, and locked her hands round her knees as he lit a cigarette.

"You?" he asked, holding out the open case.

She laughed, shaking her linen-capped head. "No, I haven't learnt Town ways." (They called Ironville "town" at Deephollow.) "But I'll have a whiff of yours." And taking the cigarette from him she drew in the smoke, coughed delightfully, fought the smoke away, and gave the fag back to him.

"This is an honoured one," said Jim, nipping off the burnt end and replacing the fag in his case.

Again, one might conjecture, that was not all sunburn on her face. "You always were—silly," she said, with a toss of her capped head.

As if to fill in a space, he said, "I'm glad you don't smoke. I hate to see girls smoking."

A little tempestuously, she reversed the position of her knees, left over right now. Furtively Jim took stock of this quaint new apparel.

"You see more of me now," she said; and laughed.

"And so do other chaps," replied Jim grimly. And suddenly seized the brown, smooth hand lying nearest to him. "*Is* there another chap, Joan?"

He saw just a huge linen cap and her profile.

"Yes."

"Damn!" said Jim fervently. And then, between his teeth, "Who?"

"Harold Matthews."

Jim seemed to be listening, as if to make

By G. S. Dixon

Granfa' (pointing to Maple Leaf on cap): "What's yon reckon to be?"
Young Soldier (trying to be smart): "Oh, that's the rising sun!"
Granfa': "Na, lad, I wasn't meanin' yer face."

---

sure. Then, "I'll kill him," he said tersely; and strode away from the stile into the road, where he stood with the back of his sturdy, khaki-clad figure turned to her.

She sat still, hands clasping the top bar of the stile. Presently he returned slowly.

"Do you love him, Joan?"

"Do all people marry for love?"

"You do not!" he shouted. (Splendid place in which to give way to a little emotion, these unfrequented country lanes.) "Then why are you going to marry the twister?"

"I'm not married to him yet. And please be polite."

"I beg your pardon." He put his elbow on the gate-post and looked up at her reproachfully. "Couldn't you have bided a bit?"

"You amuse me, James Brigstock," the girl cried. (She was annoyed now, and he was pleased to observe that she was.) "Who and what were you, Jim, when you left Deephollow?"

"A bit of a lad who worshipped you."

"But you had robbed Mr. Matthews's orchard."

"To give you the apples."

"You had stolen money from your stepmother."

"To buy you trinkets."

"You threw a stone through the great new stained-glass window in the church."

"Because you had angered me by jeering at me and going out with Jack Tarply instead of with me."

"And you fought the policeman who came to take you."

"And hurt him, so he had to let me go.... And so I got away." She drew a deep breath. "Yes, you got away just in time."

"Well?"

"Well, that was how you went. And never

By MacMichael

TAKE COVER

a word came. Not a card. Folks said you had gone to Canada. Then you turn up again after ten years and ask me why I couldn't have 'bided' for you! Oh, Jim!"

"Oh, Joan!" He would have grasped her hands, but she locked them behind her. "Yes, I'm unreasonable. Wonder is you're not married and got a pack of kids."

She laughed consumedly. "You men are so simple," she said demurely.

"But *why*," demanded Jim in desperation, "are you going to marry him? Will you reconsider it?"

"*That* requires consideration."

"Of course, he's rich."

"*Will* be." She sighed. "And father owes them money. One has to think of *him*."

"And hasn't father to think of *you?*"

"He thinks—it's square enough."

Jim groaned. "Oh, Joan, don't make yourself miserable for life."

"Indeed I shan't do that!" she said sharply. "He's not a bad fellow—and *very* patient."

A glimmer of hope showed in the soldier's face.

"You've kept him waiting?"

She passed the tip of her tongue over her white teeth.

"I've got to help father during the war. Short of men, he is."

"I see. You're to be married when the war's over?"

"Something of that sort."

"Poor—dear—Harold!" breathed Jim with the utmost sympathy. "There's you and there's him and there's the church—and it might be in Quebec for all he can reach it. Yes! We men are *so* simple."

More collected now, he took another cigarette out of his case and lit it.

"Well, Joan dear, I hope you'll be happy."

"I shouldn't be surprised."

He consulted his wrist-watch.

"I'm glad I've come over. I've learnt about things quite soon. Shall I come again?"

"I think you'd better not."

"It is as you please. But I'd like to see you again—for once." He threw away his cigarette and spoke earnestly. "Come and spend just one day at Ironville with me. A day and night. We'll 'picture' and dine and do a theatre. You have an aunt there, haven't you? Well, you'll be visiting your aunt. Just one day, Joan—give me one day."

"May I tell Harold?"

"Yes, if you don't mean to come."

She laughed. If you can keep a girl laughing, she'll like you. Perhaps love you. Because Life is, on the whole, a dull affair.

Man was first tempted in a garden. The aroma, the nature scents, the world as it was created—this is the environment for temptation. And it was only for one day. One day after a ten years' silence. And then silence again—and Harold.

"All right," she said, all at once. "Where?"

"Midland station. When?"

"Saturday at twelve. Busy—*must* be busy—till then."

"Sure thing?"

"Sure thing," she murmured wistfully. "I'll give you a day, Jim."

The fair weather of their first meeting was gone, and Indoors had that invitingness which inclement conditions without invariably lend it. But even when the roads are heavy, the hedges dripping, and not a vestige of promise appears in the leaden skies, a countryside must ever possess a charm for those whose sense for the real is not deadened by a brick-and-mortar existence. Even the sight of country people arriving at a big central station in a great town is a refreshing breath of the Beyond. Their rough-and-ready clothes, their strong boots, their healthy faces betoken the wisdom of their choice.

Jim Brigstock rather liked the wet edge the day had as he awaited the little motor-train half an hour before it was due. How he had got through the intervening time he could not have told you. Controlled in all his ways, as a soldier is, and especially a Canadian soldier, he had betrayed an unusual restlessness. With a colonist's thirst for taking stock and acquiring information, he had "beaten" the art gallery, the museum, the library, and other public institutions of enlightened and progressive Ironville until

he knew them by heart. For the atmosphere of a saloon bar choked him. He liked lofty halls and wide staircases. His blue eyes were the eyes of a man accustomed to scan far horizons. And if there was a touch of devil in them, that is what you look for in the eyes of a gentleman of fortune.

Impatiently he paced the platform, threading his way through hampers of dairy produce, crates of live birds, platoons of milk-cans, and odd deposits of personal luggage. Careful-stepping for all his absence of mind, not once did he trip over any article of this miscellany nor come into collision with a hurrying passenger. He even, compliant as a Boy Scout, helped an old lady with her half-score of packages, convoying her to the cab-rank, shutting her in with her property, and giving the address clearly to the cabman. Not a few noticed the neat, alert soldier go to the old lady's rescue, and to these mid-English folk, distant from ships and the voice of guns booming in anger, the "Canada" on his shoulder conveyed a distinct sense of the Empire's world-embrace.

But Jim Brigstock had no thoughts just now for England, or war, or the reasons of war. He was watching that distant curve in the line where the motor-train from Deephollow was to be first sighted. Though he knew it couldn't possibly be expected yet—and he was such a practical man!

Up and down among the porters' barrows, the damp pedestrians, the automatic machines—most impudent profiteers!—he paced in a fever of impatience. Yet to outward appearance he was calmness itself. More than one country girl shot a not very shy glance at him, but there was no response. His thoughts were following the line from Deephollow Halt to Ironville. Yet they should not have been! For was she not another's?

Suppose she didn't come? Suppose, at prudence's bidding, she turned back at the last moment, in the way women have? For the impulse that says "Yes" recklessly will as hastily say "No." What would he do then, stranded, disappointed, *left!* Wait for the next train and the next, and then give it up? Give it up. And turn back into the town the loneliest man in the world.

By Arthur Lee

"Did you ever see the Kaiser when you were in France?"

"Well, no, mum, I can't say I did. But I saw some horrible sights out there all the same!"

At the far end of the platform a garrulous old gentleman accosts him. "And how do you like Old England, sir?" Hang the old buffer! But he must be polite. He just loves Old England, and greatly admires the fine buildings of Ironville. The old gentleman is an Ironville enthusiast. He discourses eloquently on the opulence, the progressiveness of Ironville. Take the police! Was there ever a better organised body?

Jim's eyes wandered ominously towards a hefty woodman's axe that was propped against a seat. *How* could he get rid of this well-meaning bore! What time was it? *Three minutes past twelve!* Suppose, arriving and not seeing him, she took fright and popped back into the motor-train——

"Oh! *Here* you are!"

The old gentleman smiled benignly and understandingly as Jim, forgetting him com-

By H. M. Bateman

AWFUL FATE OF THE MAN WHO ATE HIS IRON RATIONS

pletely, turned to find Joan at his elbow. He stared at her—she looked so different. She was transmogrified. Become a wagoner for war-time, she was changed again to a woman. None could have taken exception to her smart hat, her well-shaped boots, her trim raincoat, her kid gloves. Jim took in the *ensemble* quickly—and the blush on her face. He held out his hands, but she, very properly, accepted only one of them.

"Fancy making me hunt for you!"

"I'm real sorry."

He was a little thunderstruck by the change in her appearance, and she was not displeased by that. But how awkward these men were! She would have to take command of the expedition, Jim following her like an obedient collie. She didn't altogether like this.

"Well, come on," she said, slipping her gloved finger-tips round his arm.

And then Jim woke up. She was here—in the flesh and blood. His elbow closed on his side, imprisoning her hand.

"This is good," he breathed, and piloting her out into the station-yard he hailed a taxi.

"Oh, I'll walk, Jim," she said, with a thought for his soldier's purse.

"Not a step," he replied, holding the door open for her. He gave an address to the driver, and got in. As the taxi wheeled off he seized her hand and kissed it through the glove.

"Jim, you must not! Or I'll be sorry I've come."

He smiled. If she objected to *that*——

Through the crowded streets they spun, and lo! the taxi stopped at the gates of a big, grey building.

"Here we are," quoth Jim.

She peeped out. "Where?"

He alighted, and held out his hand. They were outside a church.

"Wait," said Jim to the driver, and led her within the gates. It was drizzling, and nobody bothered about them.

"Jim," she said in a scared way, "what does this mean?"

"You know," he said. "You are going to do me the honour of marrying me."

"Oh, Jim, I can't. I'm pledged."

"To a man you don't love. Pledged to go through a ceremony that will be a mockery. Think of that!"

"But—father!"

"*I'll* see him through."

"Jim, it's not right." But she was yielding, and he was filled with an intoxicating sense of triumph.

"I love you, Joan," he said, "and you love me. If you didn't, you wouldn't have kept Matthews off. You were waiting for me—and didn't know it. I was in love with you when I stole for you. You were meant for me, and if you marry any other man, before God it would be a sin. . . . And now, the gentleman is waiting. He's been obliging. They manage these things quickly for soldiers."

Tenderly but firmly he took her hand—and rejoiced. It was *his*.

"And now," she said, as she stood again with him within the railings, while the two soldier friends who had been in attendance chatted light-heartedly with the taxi-man, "I suppose we've got to face—father."

She felt like a bather swept off his feet by an irresistible wave. But the gold emblem on her finger was very real.

"No," he said, "I'll wire before we start for London. We'll just have time to give these boys some lunch at the Grand before we catch our train."

"But, clothes, Jim, clothes! I'm a woman."

"You *are*," he said admiringly. "Well, while they have their coffee we'll slip out and buy some."

"'Grand'—'buy some.' But it'll all be a great expense, Jim."

He laughed. "I've a ranch as big as this county. I've made good, Joan. Do you mind very much my being rather—rich? But I thought I'd steal you before I told you."

She sighed. "You're worse than when you went away, Jim!"

"I think I'll begin to turn over a new leaf—after this."

And there, within the grim railings, in the drizzle, he stole his first husband's kiss.

By Snaffles

"THE CANUCK"

LIEUT.-GENL. SIR R. E. W. TURNER, V.C., C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O.,
Commanding Canadian Forces in the British Isles
Canadian Official Photograph

WE ARE WINNING—BUT SEND US MORE MEN!

By LIEUT.-GENL. SIR R. E. W. TURNER, V.C., C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O.

TO the last day of history, Canada will be proud and glad that when the sudden and unlooked for call came in 1914, she did not hesitate to throw herself into the struggle.

Even when war was declared, however, the great majority of the people of Canada did not understand that for Germany it was indeed a war of "World-Power or Downfall," which had been long and deliberately planned and prepared. It was the common instinct for the truth and the right, rather than any reasoned argument, which drew Canada to the side of Great Britain in the struggle.

But the truth was soon revealed. Germany's shameless disregard for treaties and honour, her creed that "necessity knows no law," and the immediate self-revelation of the Hun as butcher and bully in Belgium, were quick to open eyes which had been shut and to shatter illusions which had been cherished as to Germany's civilisation.

Now, every day it becomes more and more apparent that it is a War of Humanity against a nation of Ishmaelites. Every day it becomes more apparent how complete would be the enslavement of the world if the Germans triumphed. Every day it becomes more apparent, in the words of Sir Robert Borden, that "Canada's first line of defence is in the trenches in Flanders."

There are no uncertainties in the world so great as the uncertainties of war. After three years of bitter struggle, the Allies seem to be slowly gaining the ascendancy. But one never can tell. No man can yet say when this war will end. It is impossible to say whether sudden collapse on the part of the enemy may bring the war to a speedy and unlooked-for end. It is impossible to say whether the war is well nigh over, whether we are half-way through it, or only at the beginning of it. We only know, as General Smuts, that great Empire soldier and statesman, has told us—we are bound to win.

But whether we are nearly at the end of the war, or half-way through it, or only at the beginning of it, we know that Canada will be in it to the end.

Of this we are certain, though the people of Canada are not a militarist race. They knew indeed so little of war that our young men, when they rushed to the colours, had an idea that they would be in the fighting line within a few weeks. And that, to their lasting honour, was their dearest wish. It was a terrible disappointment when, dumped on to Salisbury Plain, they found the period of training barring their path, as it were, to the Field of Glory Overseas.

It was a sobering check. But not a man who fought at Ypres was not thankful for the hard, grinding training and discipline to which he was subjected, before he was thrown into battle with the Kaiser's troops. To rigid discipline and careful training, combined with the valour of our men, are due also our later successes on the Somme, Vimy Ridge, and before Lens.

Nothing can ever detract from the glory of the men who stopped the gap at Ypres. But they were, in spite of their training, as raw and untrained troops in comparison to the reinforcements we are now sending Overseas.

We, in Canada, hate war, detest its science, and are irked by the gruelling training which is necessary for so damnable a trade. But we are quick, we are adaptable, and we are thorough; and although we may be an army of civilians and are proud of it—and are determined that if we must fight, we shall still remain an army of civilians—our men in

France to-day are veterans trained as severely and as thoroughly as any levies of the Kaiser's.

But the spirits of the two Armies are, of course, as wide apart as the poles. In the German troops we faced at first an astonishingly virile and determined Army borne onwards by the tradition of Victory and the lust of conquest. But those Divisions have melted, as, alas! have melted the English Divisions of the First Expeditionary Force. To-day, we have opposite us men who know that the bubble of World-Conquest has been pricked, and lads who are steeped in the spirit of revolt against the order of things in the Fatherland, before they are hurled into the ranks.

The end cannot be doubted, but it can only be achieved by hard training, and hard fighting inspired by high thinking. It is dogged does it. But there is a long way to go yet.

That is why we must, in the words of Kitchener, "have men, and still more men, until the enemy is crushed."

That is why, at the present moment, the men in France are looking so anxiously towards home. Reinforcements are still the need of the hour. Guns we have, and ammunition we have, such as Sir John French said the other day he never even dreamed of. But still we need more men.

To the men in the trenches, it seems incredible that any man at home should lag behind.

This is not a question that should be regarded as politics at all. It is a question of National, of Imperial Necessity. It is a question of life or death, victory or defeat.

That is why I hope that, as surely as this book will reach Canada, the voices of the men in the Field will reach Canada, too, and in such an insistent chorus that they cannot be drowned.

We all feel confident that our need for men, and still more men from the land of our birth, has only properly to be understood for the need to be supplied.

The prospect of reinforcements may look black for the moment, but neither I, nor any soldier in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, knowing what Canada has already done, can believe that our Motherland will fail us now.

Nothing has so impressed itself on my mind as the overwhelming welcome which has been given to the Canadians in England, and the utterly unselfish and chivalrous way in which the English blazon forth whatever we may do for the admiration of our Allies. And this welcome never grows less warm, and the chorus of praise never slackens, although per head of the population, we have not contributed so many men as have the British themselves.

Thus, in addition to the duty to our men in the Field, we have also a duty to the Motherland which is fighting our battle every whit as much as she is her own.

Whether the Editor of CANADA IN KHAKI intended me to devote the space which he offered to me in this manner, I cannot tell, but I am sure he will forgive me when I say that I seized this opportunity only because I knew that I should be filling a very wide pulpit from which to appeal to my countrymen to sink their differences and *to send us more men!*

HARVEST SONG

By H. SMALLEY SARSON

"'Tis harvest time, 'tis harvest time,
The corn lies stooked on the stubbled plain."
Scythe and sickle sing their song,
In tune and time as they move along;
"'Tis harvest time, 'tis harvest time,
We gather the golden grain."

"'Tis harvest time, 'tis harvest time,
Red is the harvest we must reap."
In the whine of shrapnel overhead
The guns sing loud to the live and dead:
"'Tis harvest time, 'tis harvest time,
We gather that you shall weep."

By C. E. Brock

ECLIPSED!

"GONE WEST"

By F. A. McKENZIE

IN a corner of my desk there is a little bundle of letters, ever growing bigger, from parents and wives overseas asking me if I can obtain news of their missing sons and husbands at the front. They are letters written in agony of soul. All one has been able to do in most cases has been to shatter the last vestige of hope that remained. I avoid, when I can, opening the drawer that contains them.

The heaviest blow of this war has fallen, not on the soldier who is killed, but on the parents, wives and children left behind. You have met the old father whose only son disappeared, and who is eating his heart out with anxiety because all that he can learn is that his boy is missing. "If I could only get some definite news," he cries. Alas! in most cases he never will. We all know the mother whose life has come to a sudden stop because her only boy has gone. What can we say to people such as these? To talk of courage, submission and patience to them sounds the merest mockery, at least, until the first passion of grief has exhausted itself.

The waste of it! we cry. These men who have gone were the very pick of our nation, trained leaders of the rising generation. War gave the final touch to their great qualities. It taught them endurance, it tested their unselfishness, it developed their manhood to the full. These were the men fitted, if ever men were fitted, to create a new and greater Empire. The waste of it!

And yet is it wholly waste? Have all their great qualities really gone for nothing?

A father known to me, himself a world-famous man, lost his favourite son on the Western Front. The boy died splendidly when going to the rescue of others. He had cut short a brilliant college career to take up a commission. His friends had already, in the days before the war, detected the touch of genius in him, and not without cause.

A woman friend approached the father. "What a waste!" she said pitifully, "that all his genius should have been thrown away." The father turned on her fiercely. "Waste!" he said, with great emphasis. "What do you mean by waste? If I believed that my son's life and sacrifice had been lost for nothing, I would go mad. Thank God I know better than that! Do you think that all his bigness and all his goodness came to an end when a sniper's bullet struck him? No! No!! No!!! These things can't die!"

There are times when death seems glorious even to the man who wants least to die. I remember on one occasion being asked to go on patrol in a warship in a mine and submarine haunted area. "It's not likely they'll get us," said one Naval officer before we started. "But if they do, can there be a more glorious death?"

He spoke simply, naturally, and as a matter of course. That is the spirit of the Navy. That is the spirit of the Army.

No soldier wants death. No soldier wants wounds. It is the hope and prayer of every man that he may come back, and come back whole to home and kin. But if this is not to be, "Can there be a more glorious death?"

A young soldier came one night to my rooms in London in great bitterness of spirit, and as we sat together over the fire he told me of his troubles. "They are threatening to send me home," he said. "I'm a crock. A medical board has reported that I am not fit to go to the Front. Fancy having come this far, and then being obliged to go back home overseas a failure, to have one's friends think of one as a man not fit to fight."

And then his voice rose a bit. "I shan't do it!" he cried. "I will get across the Channel somehow! There is a big fight coming on. I'll sneak out and join my battalion and go over the top with them. Maybe

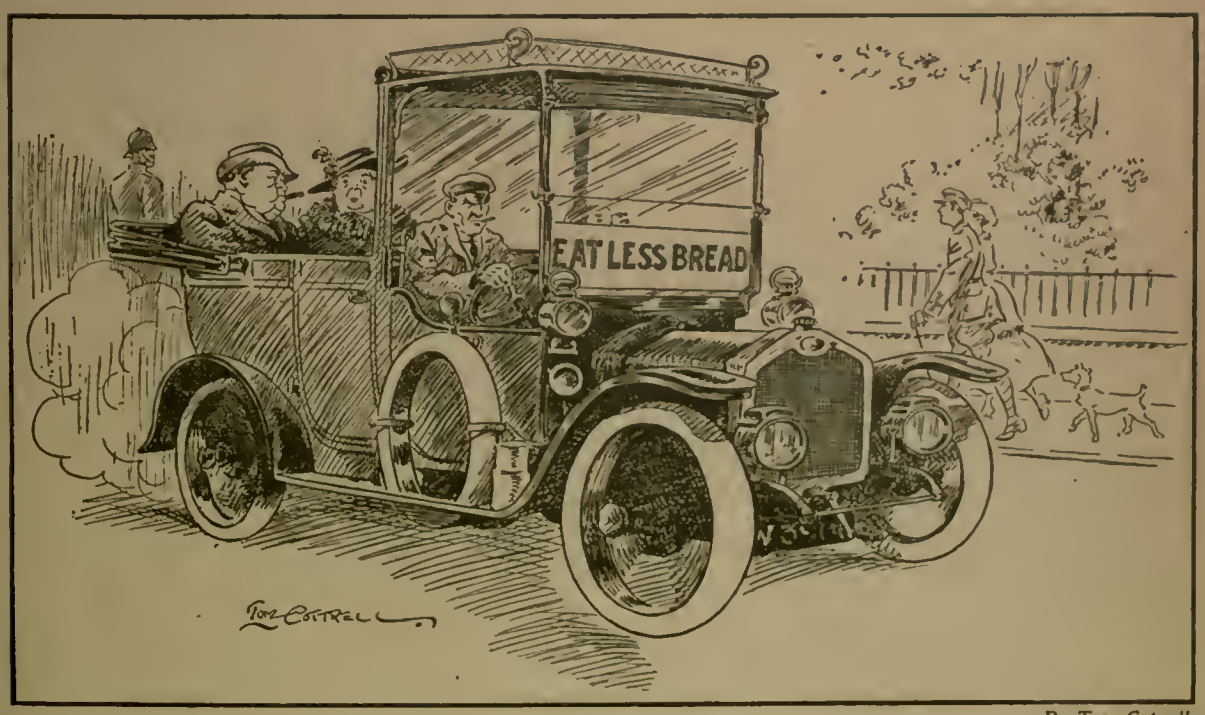
I'll get killed. That would be a fine finish! But to go back home a failure—I can't do it. Wouldn't it be lucky," he talked on, "if I got knocked out leading my platoon? I don't know much about religion, but I'm sure that no man could go into the other world better than when he is strung up to the best that is in him, as you must be when you are going forward under fire."

All along the line of the Western Front one sees graves, sometimes solitary graves, sometimes little groups, sometimes vast cemeteries with neat lines of wooden crosses—crosses, incidentally, largely made by German prisoners in England. British graves, French graves, German graves, lie close together. Most of the crosses have names, sometimes many names on them. Others have the simple inscription, "Sacred to the memory of an unknown British soldier," or "Here rests unknown French comrades."

Then we come to the German graves. "Hier ruht in Gott" ("Here rests in God"). We leave the inscriptions, the faded flowers, the laudations of our enemies untouched. May they do the same over the graves of our boys!

Yet for every grave that is marked, a score and more have no sign. In one valley known to me, close on 200,000 French and Germans are said to lie dead beneath the soil in lines and swathes and packed trenches. There are few crosses there as yet.

Some day, when fighting is over, we will go back and erect, outside Ypres, on the great ridges of Messines and Vimy, on the undulating lands of the Somme, and in the mud bogs of Belgium, splendid memorials to our lads to mark our remembrance. But their memories need no such token to keep them green. Dead, their work lives. The very sacrifice of their lives is bringing a new era of liberty and justice to the whole world. We mourn for them, but even in mourning let us remember to rejoice and be proud. For if the grief is ours, the glory of great accomplishments is theirs. Youth cut off in its prime has accomplished more than most lives that have stretched out to three score and ten years of self-centred existence.



By Tom Cottrell

JUST A REMINDER

By W. F. Thomas

Jack (acting as amanuensis): "What shall I say, Tom?"

Tom: "Durned if I know. Let's see—er—'My dear wife—er—I'm all right—er—an' you're all right—er—so that's all right, as it leaves me at present. . . . Your loving husband.'"

CHEERO!

By PRIVATE F. W. DAGLISH.

When it's raining cats and dogs and you're feeling kind of glum,
And your dug-out's full of water and your billet's on the bum;
With mud up to your eyebrows, you go marching through the street,
And then you drag and push along two weary things called feet,
With iron rations at the end, your hungry face to greet;
Tighten up your belt, my lad, you're not a "fed-up" hero.
Put on that British bull-dog smile
And Cheero! Cheero! Cheero!

When you're going "O'er the top" and your stomach's kind of queer,
And you try to put on "Brave face" to conquer so-called fear,
But somehow lumps keep rising and a-sticking in your throat,
And your pal politely tells you this time they've got your goat,
And you wish you were a sailor, with just a chance to float,
Buck up, my lad, don't worry, your heart is not at zero.
Pull off that British bull-dog stunt
And Cheero! Cheero! Cheero!

When your "Kurnel" is a rotter and very hard to please,
Who makes you always work like hell and never stand at ease,
Inspecting rifles every day, brass buttons all galore;
When going the rounds finds trouble and always looks for more,
And makes your comrades quarrelsome and N.C.O.'s quite sore;
Come, brace yourself together and never have a fearo.
Pull off that good "old soldier" stunt
And Cheero! Cheero! Cheero!

When you're travelling to Blighty in a dreamy kind of way,
Just peppered full of shrapnel and not feeling very gay;
The bed it seems as hard as wood, your muscles kind o' weak,
Your life just hanging by a thread! 'Sh! Such a narrow squeak.
Say! There's lots of life left in you yet, for Blighty is a dearo,
There's music-halls and theatres, wine women, glorious beero,
You'll "swing the lead" in Leicester Square,
Eh! Cheero! Cheero! Cheero!

THE STAFF CLERK

By SERGEANT W. T. KNIGHT.

It's the soldier's right to grumble,
When in billet or in line,
When the raid becomes a fumble,
Or when things are going fine.
But you've heard so many stories
Of their life where dangers lurk,
So for once we'll hear the wailings
Of a poor Staff Clerk.

We have heard about the sniper,
Calling down the heavies' wrath,
Of the bomber and the piper,
Making fun of Heinie's Staff;
Yet these heroes all do tremble
When Lieutenants act the "Turk,"
But it's cursings of a General
On a poor Staff Clerk.

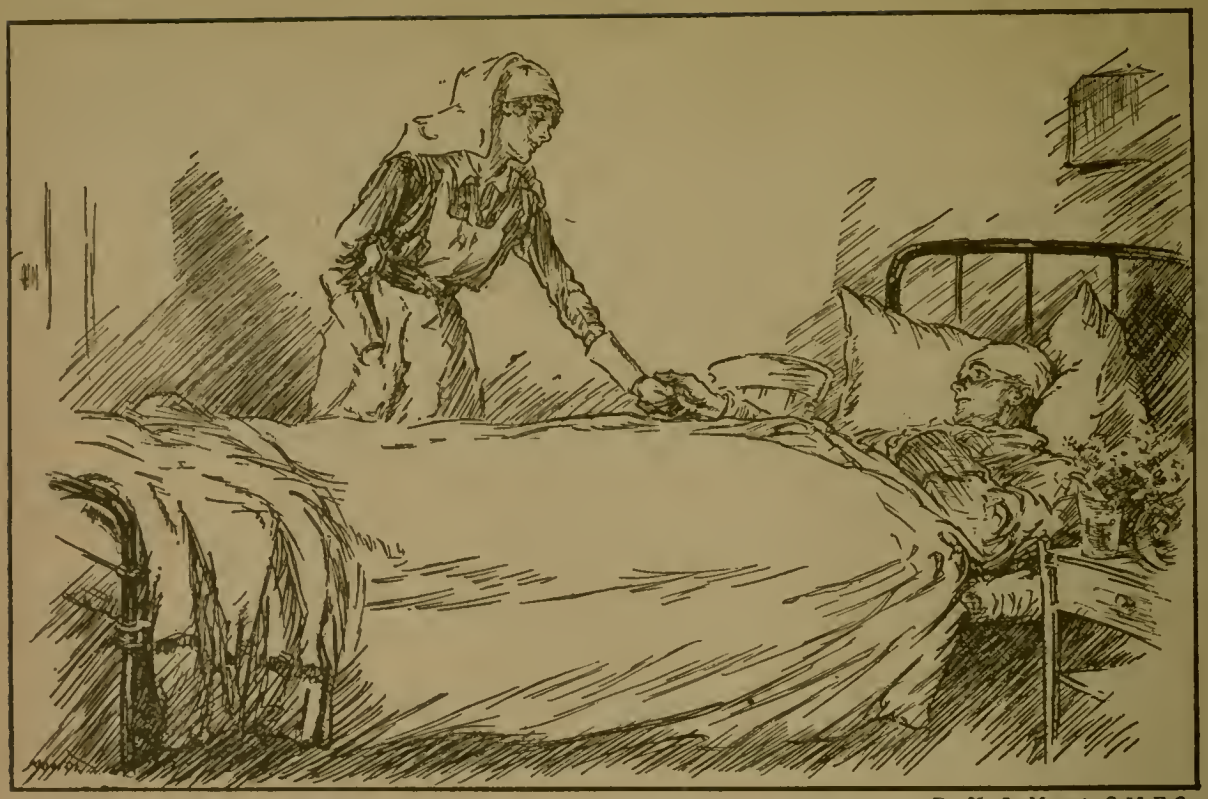
Though the C.T. may be narrow,
And each shell-hole filled with rain,
Yet the narrowness of Redcaps
Sends a Staff Clerk quite insane.
For it's "Type this," "Check my figures,"
"What's the strength of men at kirk?"
"Order bombs," "Phone Signals," "Dam'it,
You're a poor Staff Clerk."

While they never take Staff courses,
They must know the Martial Law,
Quote K.R. and O. on horses,
And ten thousand items more.
G.R.O.'s and ancient history
They can tell you with a jerk,
For the *modus operandi*
Ask a poor Staff Clerk.

When the guns have ceased to thunder
And the front line is no more;
When the Kaiser sees his blunder
And they stop this bloody war;
What a life will be the private's—
Lots of fun and little work;
But they'll still be wanting statements
From the poor Staff Clerk.

When we've gained the last objective
Of this life and get above,
Where the soldiers stop their scrapping,
And do nought but sing of love,
Then their faithfulness to duty,
And the jobs they did not shirk,
Will be entered in the Good Book
By the poor Staff Clerk.

In the Field. W. T. KNIGHT.



By H. J. Mowat, O.M.F.C.

"He held her hand with the grip of one who never meant to let it go again"

THE *LUSITANIA* BEGAN IT

A Short Story by MAX PEMBERTON

Illustrated by H. J. Mowat

CHAPTER I

I SHALL call the man Anthony just because that was not his name. And I shall speak of the City just because that was the place in which he did not live. Yet for all that this is a true narration, and there are some who will be able to lift the veil and to cry "That is he!"

Now, Anthony is a very good name, and here was an Anthony who was heard of in a little matter connected with a bush. But this was not the kind of Anthony of whom I am writing. He, quoting the dramatist, would have told you that he could resist everything but temptation. In the American City he was the "horrid example" at whom parsons pointed the finger, while prigs thanked God they were not Anthony. A hard hitter with a fine punch in the right. But somehow or other the poor devil was always turning to the left.

Anthony would have liked to marry Nance Oldfield, but Papa of that ilk was not taking any. He had a ridiculous aversion to keeping a son-in-law whose future was behind him. A man of affairs, he spoke of dividends and investments and the sweat of the brow and other trifles. Also he objected to four aces when four kings looked so much better.

By H. J. Mowat, O.M.F.C.

"They were toasting the sinking of the 'Lusitania.' Good God! and he must listen to it! If ever a man saw red, it was Anthony Viner that night"

"THE 'LUSITANIA' BEGAN IT"

BACK TO THE DAYS OF ARMOUR: GERMAN SNIPER'S HELMET

Vizor down: the protection given to the head is complete

Vizor up: worn thus the helmet has a Cromwellian appearance

This helmet shows the care of the Germans for their snipers. The cut-out on the right allows the rifle to be held in proper position

Canadian Official Photographs

In vain did Nance point out that there was not a better horseman nor a finer shot for ten miles round than the particular person in question. Papa Oldfield did not like pistols, and horses were prehistoric. He shut the door in Anthony's face, and said, "There, my darling," when Nance shed a tear. But Anthony was not there. Most probably he had gone off to a billiard saloon.

One night Anthony had a rare old row in that paternal mansion and for ever shook off the dust from his heels upon a mat which welcomed him with a *salve*. Nance was out at a party and that riled him to begin with. Then Papa Oldfield had talked about the *Lusitania* and had stammered excuses for the Hun. Anthony could not stand that at any price. He told the Old Man off, threw in what he knew about Whited Sepulchres, and handed out certain gems of speech which caused prayers to be offered for him next Sunday. Then he clapped his "broad-brimmed sombrero" upon his agitated forehead and, as the novelists say, he set out into the night—a soft and balmy night and redolent of stars. Would you believe that such a man was something of a poet? 'Tis true nevertheless. Despite that wonderful "right" and the bad habit of saying "hell" upon unnecessary occasions, Anthony had read Shelley and Keats and would have quoted you more than one line of Omar Khayyám incorrectly. The few who knew him would swear he was as tender-hearted as a spring chicken. He was even a dreamer sometimes and would walk alone upon the prairie.

Anthony left Papa Oldfield's house that night in a state of indignation which might fairly be called righteous. His girl had gone to a party, perhaps with that dirty rotter Oscar Helferich; the Old Man had dared him to cross his threshold for ever and ever, amen, and his best pal Willy Playton had gone down in the *Lusitania*. Enough to make a man drink anything that was handy, especially when the other man paid for it. Fortunately Anthony was in no mood for the bars, and he turned instead to the meadows—those wide meadows of the lakeside where the poets should have dreamed and the marigold made merry.

The City now lay behind him and the wide world of waters was his horizon. He had passed from mean streets to a park and from a park to a river drive. All kinds of wild ideas were in his head, but one idea was paramount—he would see Nance Oldfield no more, and his best friend was dead. Tragic indeed that this war so far away should have killed the one man who understood him. He had never thought much about it hitherto, but the sinking of the *Lusitania* had come like a vision in the dark. What human devils were these who sent women and children to their death in the great Atlantic Ocean which man had conquered so proudly? And what Cause could be right which needed such weapons? Oh, he could depict it all—the great steamer and the still sea and the periscopes above the swell; the roar of the explosion; the cries of the doomed; the heeling and sinking of the giant ship; women's hair spread upon the waves and their eyes looking upward to the heavens. An awful scene—it gripped him like a nightmare.

Remember, he walked by the lakeside and his hallucination will not surprise you. It was a dark night with a wonderful heaven of stars above. He stood alone gazing over the waters, and while he stood he saw the *Lusitania* sink for the second time. Yes, there she was, rising like a splendid castle above the still sea; her lights all glowing; her passengers thinking of home or the old country. And then he saw her heel suddenly as clearly as ever he saw anything in his life—down she went amid terrible sounds which left nothing but that echo of human sorrow most weird to hear. Oh, those cries of the living, how awful they were! They rang in his ears like a very dirge of death. He staggered on and still he heard them. If he could but save the women and the children. Helpless, he clenched his hands and cursed the men who had done this thing. No longer conscious of direction, he walked to and fro like a man distracted. His only desire was to avenge the dead—to wring the very life out of the men who had done this thing.

All this time, mark you, the cries continued. Anthony came to himself presently, and a measure of sober reason returned to

him. It was odd, surely, that he still heard the doleful sounds which had come to him from a phantom ship. Yet they were real enough, and when he had convinced himself of the fact, he stood and asked himself where he was. By the lakeside certainly, but also in front of a considerable house. He looked at it closely and thought that he recognised it. Was it not the house of Oscar Helferich, that slobbering German whose name he could hardly repeat with patience. He was sure of it, and now he convinced himself that the cries did not come from any phantom ship at all but from this very mansion. As true as the Gospel it was.

He went into the garden and up to one of the open windows, and looking in he saw a banquet spread and men and women about it, and they were lifting their glasses—to what? To the very tragedy which had shaken the civilised world to its foundations. They were toasting the sinking of the *Lusitania*—those d——d Huns. Good God, and he must listen to it. If ever a man saw red in his life it was Anthony Viner that night.

CHAPTER II

They hurried back to the City together—Nance Oldfield in the shelter of his bruised arm and her tears upon his cheek.

"You must go," she would say from time to time; "if Oscar is dead they will bring it in murder. Oh, Tony, you know what they are. For God's sake, do not let them take you. Go to-night, because I ask it."

He was quite dazed; his clothes were mangled and torn and there was blood on his face. His one desire was to know what he had done in the room, and of that she could give him no clear account.

"I know that I did their supper in and threw Oscar over the table," said he; "the big fellow caught me one on the top, but he might have been an accordion when the wind came out of him. If the dark-faced man says his jaw is broken, he's a liar, for I heard him talking afterwards. There's four of 'em on the police council, and that's as good as hemp for me if Oscar's really gone for ever. Guess I'll have to go, Nance—but I'm not sorry, and so help me God, I'd do it every night if I met another party like that."

She did not reprove him, telling him instead how she had come to go to the party, her father wishing it and she not understanding at all what kind of an affair it was. Her whole anxiety was to get him out of the City quickly, before the police could act, and here she proved herself a woman of decision and device beyond all he had imagined. Money, clothes—he must have the former, but the latter did not matter. His qualms were silenced with an insistence and an authority which seemed ridiculous coming from so fragile a person. He would never see her again, perchance, yet here she was promising him that she would never forget, and imploring him for God's sake to leave her. And in the end he went off like a robber that is hunted, into the woods and the by-ways—swearing that Helferich, anyway, should not have the satisfaction of taking him, and without a thought of that future he must now face alone.

He was over the frontier by the following afternoon and in the good city of Montreal a few days afterwards. When somebody suggested to him that he should go and fight Germans, the words came as a revelation from on high. Why had he never thought of it? He could stop the singing of some of them, surely; and that way lay redemption. Anthony put on his uniform gladly. When the good ship sailed for the East at last, there was no man aboard as musical as he.

"Going to toast them in Flanders," he wrote to Nance. It was a true saying.

CHAPTER III

One night, after many days, he stood in an observation post and looked across the wilderness beyond.

It was black dark and a cold wind blowing. From time to time a big gun boomed ominously and there was the occasional rattle of the trench mortar or the blast of the Minnie which declared the Hun to be at work.

By Arthur Moreland

"It's all right, Hans, don't get scared. *We* ain't short of glycerine"

Anthony, however, was not thinking of No Man's Land at all. His mind was back to the City and the lake. Again he heard the Hun singing; once more looked in through the open window and saw Nance at the table and the uplifted glasses of the Germans who toasted the *Lusitania's* dead.

What was Nance doing this night, and why had he not heard from her these many weeks? Was she still going to parties, and would they have music there? Anyway, he thought that she might have found an hour to write to him, and he remembered in the same breath all that the poets had said about women—fickle jades, and God help the man who trusted them. Yet for all that, he was not quite sure that he would put Nance Oldfield in that category, and he began to make excuses for her, saying that she might have written after all and her letter be at the bottom of the sea. That would mean the sinking of another big ship, and the champagne corks popping and more music from the Huns. Why, they were always opening their dirty throats, and even as he stood there he could hear them across the wilderness.

Anthony listened a long time and then he became quite sure of it. Somewhere in the void a group of Huns were carolling, just as they had done on the night the *Lusitania* sank; and "By God," said he, "it's the same song that I heard by the lakeside."

He could not stand this at all and the longer he listened to it, the less had he the will to suffer it patiently.

When he called his new pal Bill Barnard to him and told him the story, they agreed it was damnable, and arranged a surprise party upon the spot. What was to prevent them going over together? "Regimental orders," you say, and all that sort of thing.

But Anthony did not give thirty cents for regimental or any other orders to-night. An idea had come to him and had remained an obsession.

"Bill," says he, "we ought to be at that party."

Bill agreed with a grim nod.

"Say, Bill, what do folks take to parties? Crackers and things, I've heard. Guess we'll fill our pockets all right. Are you ready for a sortie among the Alleymans, Bill? Those that are in favour, hold up their hands."

Bill did not hold up his hand, but he was in favour nevertheless.

Presently they were over and out and crawling like the parson's snake in the grass, away towards the music which had so charmed them.

In Bill's report next morning he remarked that he had "bombed the creator at nine o'clock"—but this was merely his way of spelling it, and what he meant to say was that he had thrown a grenade into the musical hole and that, as he remarked tersely, "groans were heard."

Anthony, however, made no report at all, and for reasons which were obvious. If he could have told you anything which was useful about it, he would have said that he looked into a deep hole beyond a hummock and saw a doorway and stanchions of wood and sandbags, and beyond it the red glow of a coke fire in a crazy grate.

The light showed him three dead Germans, and one of them he recognised. He was Oscar Helferich, the man who had toasted the sinking of the *Lusitania* in the house by the lakeside.

All this he would have told you, we say, if he could have given any coherent account of it.

As a matter of fact, the crackers which he and Bill tossed down as a lively accompaniment to the carolling raised the devil's own row along that particular front and set the guns barking with a vengeance. Soon star lights were glowing in the sky above and machine-guns rattling on the earth below. They hooked it with expedition, the pair of them, as Bill remarked, and it was real bad luck which put a bullet through Tony's back at the very moment he was about to say "Cheer-oh" to his comrades in the trench. Nevertheless, these are the facts, and down he went in a heap and soon the stretcher bearers were trotting him to the base hospital and apologising for their haste on the score of danger.

"The worst piece of land in Flanders,"

THE KING'S VISIT TO THE CANADIANS AT THE FRONT

His Majesty was deeply interested in the battleground of Vimy Ridge, which he is here seen crossing. General Currie is immediately following the King

His Majesty is presented with a souvenir of the battle and is well pleased

His Majesty listens to the tale of a man who fought at Vimy Ridge

Canadian Official Photographs

DOMINION DAY WAS CELEBRATED BY SERVICES IN THE FIELD

Is it a Boche? An aeroplane creates a diversion during the sermon

The Staff faced the Chaplain at the drumhead service

Masses of steel-helmeted men listened with close attention to the brief address

Canadian Official Photographs

CORPS COMMANDER WATCHES THE VICTORS OF HILL 70

Lt.-Gen. Sir Arthur Currie, who directed the Canadians' lightning and brilliant attack on the "Key to Lens," stands in a village street to watch his victorious troops file past

Pipers of a Canadian kilted regiment with their veteran goat led the proud march back to a well-earned rest in billets after some of the stiffest fighting they had known

Canadian Official Photographs

LATEST MODES IN GERMAN GAS MASKS

These gas masks, taken from the Germans by Canadians, show that, owing to shortage of rubber, the flexible parts are now made of leather

These gas masks, also captured from the Germans, have no protection for the eyes. They are used by runners in the trenches where progress would be impeded by goggles

Canadian Official Photographs

they said. Tony accepted the excuse, but did not care a dump either way.

Despite the pain of it, he was still thinking of that amazing apparition in the dug-out—Oscar Helferich lying dead there. Miracles, then, were happening, in this ancient universe after all.

CHAPTER IV

In the hospital Tony dreamed many dreams, but they were not wholly unpleasant. His wound was awkward but not dangerous, the doctor said, and he spent his time in reading stories about impossible people and wondering when the beautiful hospital train would take him back to Blighty. What he was going to do afterwards he knew no more than the dead.

Nance had not written to him, and since she had not written, he determined that he would not return to Canada even should they invalid him out. Perhaps he thought he ought to have got the Military Medal or something for heaving crackers into Oscar Helferich's pleasant little party; but his officers merely seemed to think that he had been a fool, while his friend Bill had been severely told off by the Colonel. So it seemed that things were all wrong for him now, and he really began to wonder if it would not be better to set off for the East and teach card games to the heathen Chinee.

In this mood he fell asleep one night and actually dreamed that Nance had married Helferich. He saw the whole thing as clearly as possible—the big church in the City he knew so well; smart autos dashing up to the door; bridesmaids in flummery, and a wedding-cake as big as a barrel. When they got back to the house again they opened the champagne bottles and drank once more that cursed toast which had sent him across to Europe in search of the Hun. How plainly he heard it and how clearly he saw Nance herself—yet not dressed as a bride, but, oddly enough, in the uniform of the Canadian Red Cross—that uniform he had seen so often and admired so much since he had come to France.

This he could not understand, and he felt inclined to remonstrate with her about it. Even to marry Helferich she ought to have worn something more suitable, and he told her so emphatically, rising at the breakfast table to make a speech, to which nobody apparently desired to listen, Helferich least of all. When they pulled him down, a strong hand upon his shoulder, he resisted actively and there was very nearly another scene such as there had been in the old house by the lakeside. Fortunately, however, this did not come to be, and with a last violent protest expressed in no measured terms, Master Tony opened his eyes and saw Nance at his bedside.

"Hallo," says he, "I thought you were married."

She smiled, but begged him to be quiet.

"You have had a horrid dream," she said; "I had to wake you up."

He told her that he liked being waked in that way and held her hand with the grip of one who never meant to let it go again.

"Say, Nance," said he, "I dreamed that you had married Helferich—but that could not be, could it? We killed him in the trench over yonder; I saw him dead myself."

She shook her head.

"He was in America three weeks ago," she said. "I have had a letter to say so. But I know that his son is fighting here."

Tony opened his eyes very wide at that.

"His son, good God! He had a son fighting?"

She repeated the words. Helferich had told her so himself.

Tony turned half over and sighed.

"It's a rum world," he said, "but justice is still knocking about somewhere. Don't let go my hand, Nance, I guess I want to think."

By MacMichael

Officer: "Surely you are the man I pulled up this morning for being improperly dressed—and now you fail to salute."

Recruit: "Yes, sir—but I thought you might still be cross with me."

A CINEMA AT THE FRONT

By MAJOR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE long, deep-shadowed hall was packed with dim forms, their glimmering faces all upturned toward the pictures on the lighted screen. It was an intent audience, silent except for snatches of muttered comment, an occasional shuffle of heavy boots, and the creaking of equipment. Here and there, spotting the gloom vividly for a moment, a resolute face would be lit up in the fleeting flare of a match. The air was thick with the smell of cigarette smoke and wet leather.

The cinema-hall was in a side street of shell-shattered Albert. Outside, under the glassy, blue-white flooding of the November moon, the great falling statue of the Virgin and Child, arrested midway in its dizzy plunge from the top of the Cathedral tower, looked down upon the jumble of broken roofs and windowless walls, and on the ceaseless procession of ambulances, lorries, limbers, and tramping battalions which thronged the Bapaume road.

The lower sky all round to east and north was continually stabbed with jets of flame, so savagely intense that even the unclouded moonlight could not drown them. The windless air quivered and shrank under the shocks of our nearer guns—the 6-inch, the 9.2's and the 11-inch high-nosing giants. It wailed or whined or whimpered to the soaring passage of the shells, as they streamed outwards toward the German lines. Every now and then the fierce wailing in the sky, instead of dying off into the distance, drew nearer, rose into a venomous scream, and ended with a nerve-shattering crash which jarred Albert to her deep cellars; for the ruined town, being crowded with troops, was the object of ceaseless attention from the German batteries along the yet unconquered heights of the Ancre. In the pauses of the bombardment would be heard, now and again, the waspish drone of an aeroplane questing and quartering the sky far overhead.

But to all these outer sounds and befallings the packed spectators in the cinema-hall gave not a thought. They were engrossed in the moving pictures which passed before them on the screen. And what were the pictures that could so rivet their attention while swift death roared and screamed all about them? They were scenes of an earlier portion of the tremendous conflict going on even now just beyond their walls. For the film was the great battle-film of the fighting on the Somme.

It was all theirs. The naked rises swept with shell-bursts, the fire-scourged roads leading straight into the hell of the locked struggle, the cratered and tortured rolling fields, the ghastly pale patches of wreckage which had been La Boiselle, Ovillers, Con-

By G. E. Studdy

THE SOLDIER'S BULLY-BEEF NIGHTMARE

The Apparition: "'Alas, my poor brother,' indeed! I'll learn 'em!"

talmaison, the half-obliterated white lines of trenches for the capture of which the best blood of the Empire had been so lavishly and so splendidly outpoured—all this they knew to every hallowed acre of it. They had marched over it, endured over it, many of them fought over it.

But now, here in the shadowed hall, they were getting really acquainted with the magnificence of their own achievement. They were learning to apprehend the Battle of the Somme. As he who is in the forest cannot see the forest for the trees, he who is in the thickest of the fight sees least of it as a whole. His senses are absorbed in the immediate details which mean life or death to him, and what his fellows in the next ditch are doing he must take on faith. Here, however, before the flickering film, he feels himself on a watch-tower high above the gasping fury of the battle. He sees now what he looked like— and perhaps he remembers what he felt like—as he plunged forward with the attacking wave, and followed the barrage, and broke with reddening bayonet into the German trenches. As the film rolls on it grows more and more realistic; for as the pictured shell-bursts crowd upon the screen, the spectators not only see them but hear them. The walls of the hall are shaking under what seem to be those pictured explosions. And at any moment one of those great shells, instead of bursting on the crest of yonder ridge, may swoop down through the roof above their heads, and blow the whole audience into eternity. It is not strange, therefore, if the breathing of the audience grows deeper as the show goes on, and for some the line between picture and reality becomes confused; for never before was pictured story brought to such close grips with life and death as in this turn in the cinema hall at ruined Albert on the Somme.

By Geo. S. Dixon

Recruit (on sentry duty for the first time): "Who goes there?"
Voice: "Officer of the day."
Recruit: "Then what are ye doing out at night?"

KNIGHTHOOD

By CANON SCOTT

In honour, chivalrous;
In duty, valorous;
In all things, noble;
To the heart's core, clean.

ZOO—LOGIC

By Poy

Rocky Mountain Explorer: "Great Cæsar! I had no idea there were such creatures in Canada!"

The Creature: "Well, I didn't draw this picture. You must blame it on Poy!"

CHANCE OR DESTINY?

By A. B. TUCKER

Author of "The Battle Glory of Canada"

THE men at the front are becoming fatalists. They see a shell burst and kill perhaps two out of a little group of half a dozen and leave the other four unhurt—the wo hit not being close together, but one on he near side of the group and the other on the far.

Frequent experiences of such wonderful escapes on the one side and such unaccountable bad luck on the other have made them believe in destiny. They argue, "If that shell that is coming towards us is meant for me, it will have me anyway, and if it is not for me, I shan't get hit; so it's no good worrying."

Having arrived at this conclusion, they cease to take much notice of bullets flying near them. To their own satisfaction they have solved the problem whether it is chance or luck, or what is variously called destiny, the finger of Providence, or Fate that decides what is to be their own particular lot in an engagement. They do not express their feelings quite in Swinburnian language, but when that master of musical diction wrote those beautiful lines:

"Unto each man his fate,
Unto each as He saith,
In Whose fingers the weight
Of the world is a breath,"

he summed up the soldiers' attitude to-day.

In ordinary life, we are less prone to believe that our fate is mapped out for us, and are more inclined to talk of good or bad luck. But even with us at home there are times when the chain of events in our lives makes us think whether it is all just chance that brought them about.

There is immense satisfaction when we feel that justice has at length been done, or a wrong righted after many years; and it is curious how strong and how common the belief is that injustice, or wrong done, will inevitably be righted some day.

The following story, which seems to suggest this much-discussed problem, is absolutely true in all essentials, though if it formed part of a novelist's plot, it would be criticised as being so highly improbable as to demand too much credulity from the reader. The names in the narrative are for obvious reasons fictitious.

Some twenty-four years ago, Tom Richardson, a young fellow not much more than a lad, left a little village in the South of England for Canada. He left his home not because he wished to seek adventures or a fortune in the New World, but because he was sore and bitter with life as he found it in his native village.

The trouble was a girl. One of the prettiest girls in the village was Mary Wells, and though there were several young men anxious to pay attentions to her, she would have nothing to do with any of them, for her heart was given to Tom Richardson. He was devoted to her, and they looked forward to being married when he was in a position to provide a home for her.

But—it is the "buts" in life that change our whole outlook and make our futures very different from what we anticipated—in this case the course of true love, which is said never to run smoothly, quickly ran among the rocks.

Mary's parents were ambitious for their handsome daughter, and Tom's prospects were not such as to make him in their eyes an acceptable suitor. Mary was forbidden to have any more to do with him; and being very young, fond of her parents, and accustomed to obey them in everything, she gave way and said good-bye to Tom. He, deeming her compliance with her parents' wishes to

mean that her love for him was not worthy of his whole-hearted love for her, left the village, angry and bitter with the world generally and with a mean opinion of women's constancy.

Nothing was heard of him again in the village. He dropped out of people's ken and was soon forgotten. In the meantime he had taken kindly to life in his adopted country, and, being steady and industrious, he became fairly prosperous. But he never married. No other woman but Mary Wells had any attraction for him, and he was regarded as a confirmed bachelor.

When war broke out, Tom Richardson, like most of the old countrymen in Canada, enlisted, though, according to regulations in his country, he was over military age. He came to this country in due course, and then went with his unit to the front. While serving there he, one day, found himself in the company of a man who had come from his own native village. Of course, he asked after old friends, and by and by spoke of Mary Wells. His new companion, who seemed astonished that anyone who had belonged to the village had not heard of her, then told him the following story:

By Thomas Henry

Short-sighted Old Dame: "Aye, it do seem wunnerful, Garge, as these men can fly over us for all the world *like birds*."

Mary, many years ago, had married a man of the parents' choice, solely to please them, for she had no love for him. Her married life was most unhappy, and when a child was born of the marriage, her unhappiness became melancholic, and in an insane moment she killed the baby. Tried for murder and found to be insane, she was committed to a criminal lunatic asylum, where she had been ever since.

Tom Richardson, when he heard of the terrible fate of the girl he had loved, and still loved, at once determined that when he got leave, he would go to the asylum and ask to be allowed to see her. He had already learnt from his new-found friend that Mary's husband had died some years ago, and that her parents were dead.

He got leave a month or so after hearing all this sad story, and made his way at once to the asylum, where he was told that for some time Mary had been regarded as perfectly sane, and that recently she was to have been re-

leased, but that she begged to be allowed to stay in the asylum, as she had no home to which to go. Like the caged bird, she had grown so accustomed to captivity that she had no desire for liberty. Richardson explained his relations with Mary, and asked if he might see her. The doctor said that he did not think any harm would come of the meeting. "You shall see her quite alone," he said; "I do not think that she will have any relapse through seeing you."

Mary had already been told that there was "someone" to see her, and had been conducted to a waiting-room, wondering who that someone could be. The door opened and in walked Tom. Without a moment's hesitation she flew into his arms. It might have been only yesterday that these two parted. For an hour they talked, and then Tom was told that it was time to go. Before he left he promised Mary that he would come back when he next got leave. After parting with her he saw the doctor again and told him that he wanted to marry Mary if she might be released. It was then agreed that arrangements should be made for her release when he next came back from the front.

So Tom went back to the front happier than he had been for years. Let us hope that he will get his leave soon and that he will be spared to return to his old sweetheart. Surely, after such a happy reunion after so many years of grief, nothing will happen to spoil the end of the story. The prospect of happiness held out to the poor woman who has been dead to the world for years seems like poetic justice.

We may each have our own opinion as to what it was that brought these two old lovers together again, but in Mary's mind there is no doubt whether it was chance or destiny.

S. R. D.

(The mystic letters sometimes seen on jars containing rum for soldiers.)

THERE is a jar we love to see,
Which bears the letters S.R.D.;
Of all the rations in the cart,
It's dearest to the soldier's heart.

When e'er you're dreaming in a trench,
And rains your weary limbs do drench,
With what wild glee you hail the jar
Which holds that nectar from afar.

Let the old whizz-bangs shriek and roar,
And Heine's H.E. o'er us pour,
We reck them not, when we can see
Those mystic letters, S.R.D.

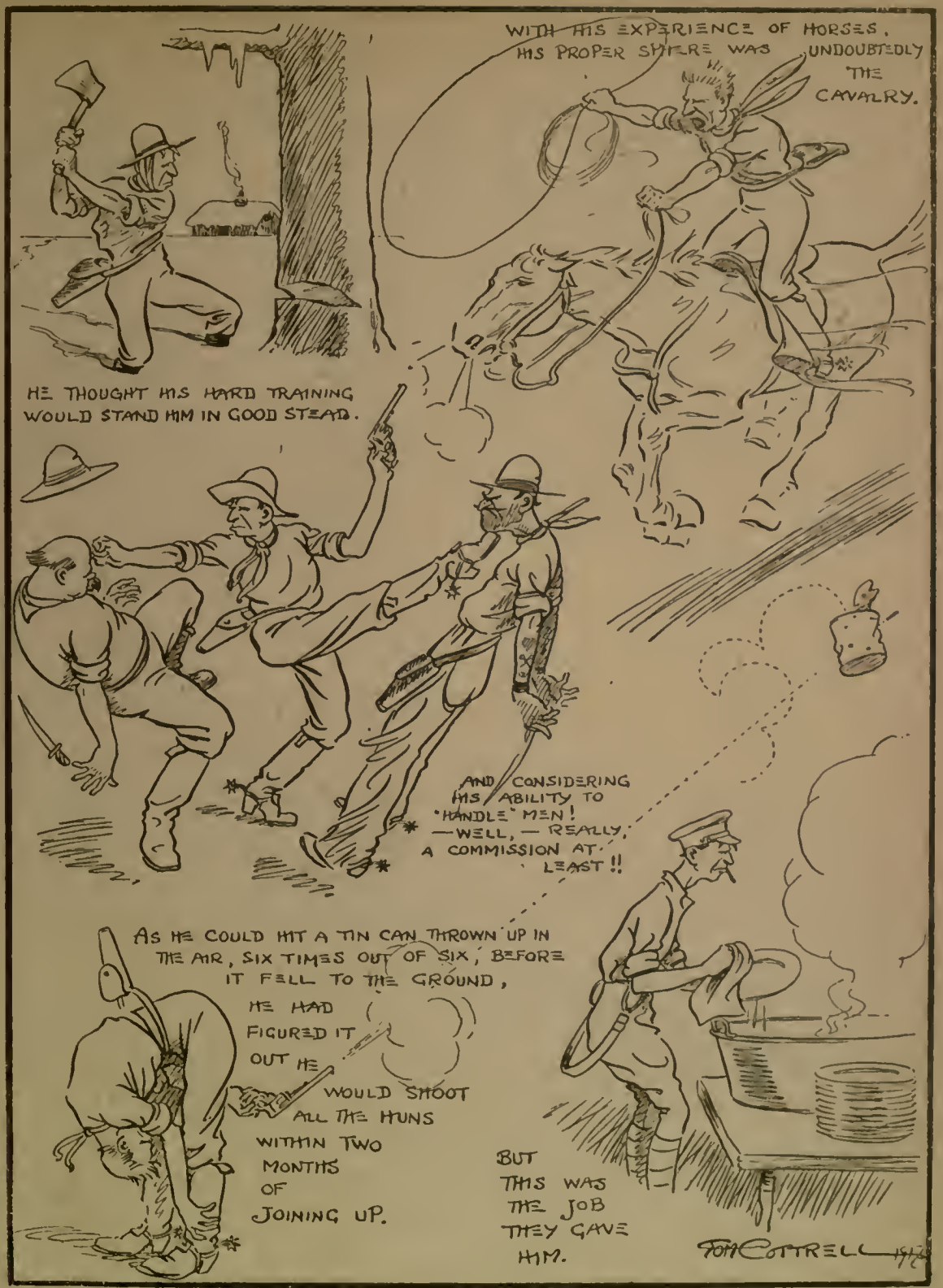
Old Omar in his palmy days
Sang of his jug in Persian lays,
And he'd sing more if he could see
The jar that's labell'd S.R.D.

So when you sit in chairs of ease,
And drink your waters and your teas,
Don't you worry, or yet get glum
Because the "soldat" likes his rum.

He doesn't get a healthy swig,
For, be assured, his share's not big;
But even so that little tot
To us poor chaps means quite a lot.

The prim old maids may agitate,
And 'gainst rum sing a hymn of hate;
Let them rave on—for what care we?
We watch and wait for S.R.D.

I. GORDON SMITH, O.M.F.C.


WITH HIS EXPERIENCE OF HORSES, HIS PROPER SPHERE WAS UNDOUBTEDLY THE CAVALRY.
HE THOUGHT HIS HARD TRAINING WOULD STAND HIM IN GOOD STEAD.
AND CONSIDERING HIS ABILITY TO "HANDLE" MEN! —WELL, — REALLY, A COMMISSION AT LEAST !!
AS HE COULD HIT A TIN CAN THROWN UP IN THE AIR, SIX TIMES OUT OF SIX, BEFORE IT FELL TO THE GROUND,
HE HAD FIGURED IT OUT HE WOULD SHOOT ALL THE HUNS WITHIN TWO MONTHS OF JOINING UP.
BUT THIS WAS THE JOB THEY GAVE HIM.
TOM COTTRELL 1917

By Tom Cottrell

WHEN STEVE'S PARD JOINED UP

By MacMichael

THE UNPOLISHED BUTTON

ODES TO ARMY FORMS

TO MY INVENTORY OF KIT (A.F.B.253)

Oh, let me have a glimpse at you, my Invent'ry of Kit,
My list of necessaries for a guy that's done his bit.
I haven't got no Bible left, I haven't got no blacking,
I haven't got no braces; my brushes, tooth, is lacking;
I haven't got no blinkin' tin of min'ral jelly mixture,
One only of my titles with its plate and pin's a fixture;
My housewife, who has stuck to me the whole of this campaign,
Is positively empty and wants filling up again;
And here it's down in black and white on Form B two five three,
I've almost got a whole trousseau a-comin' clear to me!

Here, just a whisper in your ear, my Invent'ry of Kit;
I'm a very modest feller, but I've got to mention it:
My flannel shirt is on the rocks, and I ain't got a cotton;
As for my socks—well, I'm the gink that Sister Sue's forgotten;
And I'm entitled to some trousers—serge—one pair, of Khaki,
And here am I paradin' like a Caribbean darkie,
And on my Sam, I tell you straight, altho' I guess it's rude,
If the Guv'ment don't help soon, I'll be posin' in the nude;
Yes—*moi qui parle*—a hero of a half a dozen fights,
With an option on a whole layette if I could get my rights!

Now get a wriggle on you, please, my
Invent'ry of Kit,
I can't believe you have at heart my real
benefit;
As long as I've my bayonet, my pull-through,
and my rifle,
Tho' I possess no puttees, it don't worry you
a trifle;
As long as my equipment's fixed with carriers
or pouches,
You do not give a tuppenny for my sartorial
grouches;
As long as of accoutrements and arms I have
my whack,
You don't care if I have no vest, grey flannel,
to my back;
I ought to be arrayed in all my pomp and
panoplee,
Now the blinkin' lilies of the field have sure
got one on me!

Driftin' away from common talk, my
Invent'ry of Kit,
I've got a heart that's been condemned, a
soul that doesn't fit;
I've got a line on higher things that's lost its
true perspective,
I've got a sense of humour that is cruelly
non-effective;
I've got a brain that will not work, a mind
that never grapples
With facts (as once it used to do) for nuts or
sour apples;
All of those heav'nly gifts were once my
private propertee,
And now I have part-worn them in this
blinkin' Infantree—
Before I lose my self-respect, oh, *do* be
sportsmanlike,
Cover my awful nakedness—please—for the
love of Mike!

R. M. E.

TO A CLEAN CONDUCT SHEET (A.F.B.122)

Oh, testimony to three blameless years!
Unsullied witness of avoided clink,
And abstinence from those belated beers,
That blacken to incriminating ink
And mark the downward courses of careers!

Proof negative that naught to me befel
In rumpuses and wrongdoings and crime;
How thy blank lines of spurned temptation
tell,
Thy virgin columns of the place and time
Where nothing happened when it might have
well.

If I committed fault the spot's not mapped,
Nor is the date I did it calendared;
No witnesses were present an it happed,
No punishment awarded an I erred,
The incident with no "remarks" is capped.

Oh, resumé of righteousness unwrit,
Oh, happy tale of heeded p's and q's;
Gaze on those unfilled spaces and admit
The speechless proof how nobly did I choose
Strictly and soberly to do my bit.

Oh, count me not a hypocrite and smug
Because I have tiptoed the paths of sin,
Nor turned when tempters gave my sleeve a
tug;
Often less brave a "mention" 'tis to win
Than pass the bottle and escape the jug.

Record of rectitude! Her marriage lines
Were not more treasured by the cast-off
bride,
Nor by the saint the halo that defines
The spice of sanctity in which he died,
Than thee on whom my untold virtue shines.

The characters that plain good cooks present,
The reference the sober butler brings
In answer to the *Times* advertisement;
How much more true of honest virtue rings
My conduct sheet of stain all innocent.

When it's in Orders, and my turn I wait
To be paraded 'fore the O. i/c,
And halt at ease outside the seventh gate,
"If you've done little right," they'll say
to me,
"Pass—you've done nothing wrong at any
rate."

R. M. E.

HOW KLONDYKE BILL JOINED UP

(According to the artists, and according to fact)

"How'd that happen, chum—shrapnel?" By A. E. Horne

CHRISTMAS DAY ON VIMY RIDGE

By F. A. McKENZIE,
The Famous Canadian War Correspondent

ON Christmas Day, 1914, the British and Germans, after months of fierce fighting, fraternised freely. The spirit of Christmas was too strong for the spirit of war. Both sides met together between the lines. They exchanged drinks, joined in mutual choruses, shook each other by the hand and offered each other smokes. It was one of the most ironic and one of the most human touches of this great war.

On Christmas Day, 1915, there was very little commingling. Bitter memories acted as a barrier, memories of murdered wounded, memories of tortured prisoners, memories of poison gas. Strict orders had been issued from Headquarters that there was to be no *rapprochement*. According to the accounts published immediately afterwards this order was strictly obeyed. But as a matter of fact, here and there men did exchange greetings in half-hearted manner. They sat openly on the trenches, chaffing one another. A waiter from Montreal serving in a German regiment shouted inquiries after some old friends. Grim jokes were hurled from side to side until the Company officers, uneasy lest treachery might be intended, ordered the men down again.

On Christmas Day, 1916, Canadians and Germans remained strictly apart. The time for even half-hearted Christmas greeting had gone by. Along most of our line the order was issued that if the Germans did nothing, we would do nothing; if the German guns

did not fire, we would not fire either. Even this regulation, however, was not universal, for, at one point of the line an enterprising Nova Scotian battalion had a raid in the early morning, and brought back a little bunch of German prisoners. "We knew they wouldn't expect us, so we paid them a surprise visit," my old friend the Major in charge told me. And a very successful surprise visit, too. At another point the Germans occupied themselves in the afternoon by throwing "rum jars" on our front trenches. But, generally speaking, actual fighting ceased from daylight to dusk on the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace.

The weather had been abominable, rain, sleet and snow. The countryside, far behind the lines, was a picture of dreary desolation. Passing through the quiet French villages to the rear, I came at noon to a village where two battalions were resting, straight from the trenches. They had had a hard time, and only two days before they had marched back to the village almost worn out. But two days do a lot. They had washed the mud off their faces and scraped some of it off their clothes. They had had a good long sleep, and they were ready for all the fun of the day.

Christmas began with church services. Our Anglican padre held an early communion service in the foremost dug-out. Church service over, every man's mind turned to Christmas dinner. The officers had sent out scouts for days before to buy up turkeys and all the good things available. Many of the Christmas parcels from home had not arrived. The Santa Claus ship had gone aground right in the entrance of Boulogne Harbour, blocking the passage way. Most of the Christmas letters and messages from home were not yet to hand.

The French village in which we were staying was typical of its kind. It consisted mainly of several large farms, each constructed on the good old plan of the midden and the dung heap in the courtyard; of ponds that were virtually cesspools just by, and of the farmhouse and farm buildings built around. These barns had been taken over by the Army. Their long attics were turned into dormitories. They were very dark, for there were no windows and the only illumination came from faint candles. They were very draughty, for the tiles were loosely laid, with no under covering, so that the wind and the rain beat and poured through. On either side of the roof were the roughly made bunks. In the centre was a long table. Outside, in the passage way, the cooks stood with their great tins and monster baking dishes full of cut up turkey and bacon, dishes of boiled corn, potatoes and greenstuffs, apple sauce and gravy.

The men filed along, holding their tin canteens in their hands. As they passed, the canteens were heaped up with turkey, vegetables and savouries, all in one great pile. One wise man had obtained a wash-hand basin. He was greeted with a roar of laughter, but it enabled his food to be well spread out. It is impossible on active service to carry plates. An attempt had been made to secure paper plates for that day, but it failed. However, no one was in a mood to grumble. After a man has had a spell in the trenches, a dinner of turkey and sweet corn with plum pudding to follow sounds so good that he cares nothing about the way it is served.

Outside in the yard, another Company, housed on the lower floors, was being served from its travelling kitchen. Every face wore a happy grin. "Gee!" said one boy, "all I want is for Christmas to come twice a week." A young McGill man was opening with hearty goodwill a big case that had arrived from England in time. It contained smokes and other good things for every man.

At each point the Colonel tasted the food in orthodox fashion and wished one and all "A Merry Christmas." "Men," he said, "may this be the last Christmas in the trenches. May our job be done and well done before next Christmas comes round, and may we share it with our own loved ones at home." There was a sudden response, a stir as though a wave of emotion had swept over the crowd.

He called on me to say a word. I have spoken to many assemblies in many lands, from vast mobs of striking Eastern European miners in Pennsylvanian coalfields to the select audience of a Royal Society in London.

WINTER

The snow lies white in the field,
All barren and bare,
Whilst kites and ravens fly
In the winter air;
For Death, the drunken reaper, has passed by
And bloody is the toll that blood must yield.

The snow lies white on the ground,
Yet the soil is red
Under the falling shroud,
For Youth lies dead,
Whilst Honour chants a requiem aloud
And Pity shivers at the awful sound.

H. SMALLEY SARSON

Border design by Lieut. C. H. Barraud, O.M.F.C.

But as I looked in front of me at the cheering soldiers, with their worn, weather-beaten faces, their trench-stained garments, their air of resolution, endurance and confidence, I felt that this was no moment for oratory. For a few brief seconds I told them of the messages the dear ones at home had sent through me to them. "What word shall I send back?" I asked. "Shall I say that to-day your hearts are with them and that you are dwelling on the memories of the old folk, and the waiting wife?" "You bet your life!" shouted one man from the corner. There was no need for me to say more, and I would have found it difficult to go on.

By A. Moreland

Tommy: "I think you'd better walk sideways, Fritz, or you'll be too much for my sense of humour"

I am tired of the convention which always represents the soldier at the front with a grin on his face. Of course, he makes a brave show of it; of course, he keeps a specially stiff upper lip when visitors are by. Yet the life of the man in the fighting lines is anything but a time of laughter. It is a life where human energy is taxed to the full. It is a life with its hours of great loneliness, its constant spells of almost incredible endurance. That it has its splendid compensations no one would deny, the soldier least of all. But it would be well if the civilian could sometimes realise more its hardness and the supreme test of body and soul that it involves.

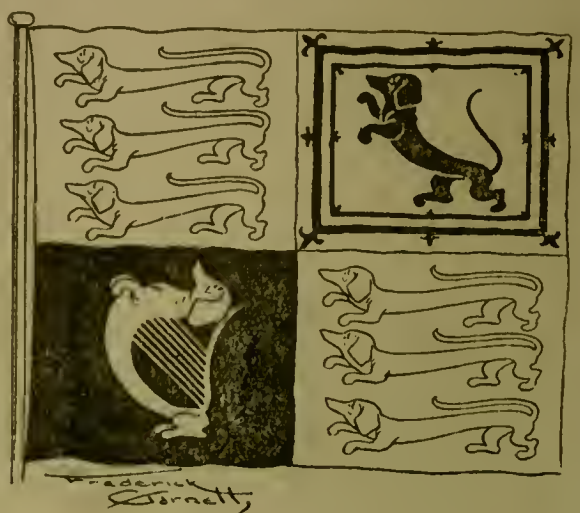
In the village itself there were notices up about Christmas entertainments. At 2 p.m. there was to be a Band Concert; at 2.45 there was a show in the Cinema Hall, led by Captain Plunkett and a quartet. The Scots—trust them for that—were not neglected, and Captain W. A. Cameron, of Toronto, was going to lecture on "An Hour wi' Burns." The sun had now come out. I could not stay to see the afternoon in the villages, for I was already due in the trenches. The communicating lines up to the front were very long at this point. At first they were well laid with bath mats, but as one got near the front, the mud grew thicker and thicker. Darkness was already creeping in by the time we reached the Colonel's dug-out. He was just having tea, and he opened as a Christmas treat a little packet of short-

bread. You cannot get Christmas fare in the front lines, whatever imaginative chroniclers may say. He was in the best of spirits, for only a few days before his battalion had conducted a successful raid against the enemy. He told me the story over again, how they had swept through the German lines, destroyed hundreds of yards of defences and come back in safety. Leaving him, I went on to the outposts.

The mud was now almost impassable. "We had better not go round this way," said my guide. "Three men got stuck in here yesterday and had to be dug out. Let's try the other way." We passed by a detour out into No Man's Land. We were now wading through mud. Go as quickly as one could, it was impossible to avoid splashing. We slipped through our own wires; we moved along, crouching low. "We are just under the German wires now," my friend said. "Move a little to our left and we will come to our advance post." And there we found them. They were soaked, for they were standing almost up to their middles in mud. The parts of their clothes that were visible were all covered with mud. Their steel helmets were mud splashed; their gas helmets were wet. The clouds had gathered again, the rain was beginning to come on. But their bombs were dry and their rifles ready for business. They were listening intently. At any moment the enemy might be on them.

Again I looked at them. I started to offer the conventional Christmas greeting, "A merry Christmas," but the words died away on my lips. It was quite dark by the time we left the front lines, and the journey back was by no means easy. Horses were to have been waiting for us when we got out of the communicating trenches, but, by some misunderstanding, they had not arrived. My companion made his way to a field telephone station and I waited outside. It was a strange Christmas evening. A bitterly cold wind was blowing. There was beating rain, hardening to sleet. All along an immense arc, away behind to the left, away behind to the right, away in front, great flares were constantly showing. These were the flares sent up on the enemy front, for the Germans were on three sides of where we now stood. This very road could be, and was at times, swept by their guns from behind. From the distance there came the occasional sound of an exploding shell. Apart from that, the countryside seemed wrapped in the stillness of death.

My companion came out and we walked on. The horses soon met us, and then came a sharp ride through a heavy hailstorm to the officers' mess of a friendly battalion. We were much later than was expected. Christmas dinner was almost over, but our shares had been saved and kept hot. "Take those wet things off," said the Colonel, "and get warm. You have nothing to change? Well, come down in your pyjamas if you like, so long as you come." But the Major lent me a tunic, someone lent me something else, and very soon I was sitting at the table. Everyone was in high spirits. The Brigade had done well in the fight during the last month. It was to do better still in the future. Big plans were ahead and victory was before us. There were the old toasts to be drunk, the old songs to be sung. And then we gathered our chairs around the fire and exchanged experiences of other days and other climes. But gazing in the firelight there came again before my mind the vision of the men I had been with a few hours before, standing even then in the sea of mud in No Man's Land, soaked, worn, half frozen—and yet ready.



If the Kaiser were King!

By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Their Christmas don't seem to fall on the same day as ours, does it, Bert?"

By A. Moreland

THE RULING PASSION

"Say it again, George dear; the guns are making such a noise that I didn't hear"

"Hello, Alf! I thought you were right up the line."
"No, they sent me down here for a rest."

CANADA'S THREE YEARS OF WAR

By MAJOR F. DAVY

CANADIANS cannot look back over the past three years of world history without much fullness of heart and great depth of thought and feeling. None who have taken an active part in the great struggle can review the war without a multitude of reminiscences —some picturesque, some gay and bright, many fraught with sadness, but all interesting and all tempered with the gratification that Canada in the freshness of her national youth has taken a high-souled part in the war. In the valour of her fighting men and the national sincerity of her people Canada stands always in the front rank.

Of those who still remain of the first thirty-three thousand—Canada's counterpart of Britain's original Expeditonary Force—none will forget that majestic journey of the Canadian Expeditionary Force fleet across the Atlantic. Not many such transport fleet formations have been seen during the war, and none such are likely to be seen again as long as the war lasts. The activities of those busy little cruisers and the great stretch of the three long lines of ships, the large expanse of ocean covered, and the lights and shades of the glorious weather will never fade from the memories of those who witnessed them.

Salisbury Plain came next, and it was almost as severe a trial as war itself. Canadians well earned the soubriquet "Mudlarks," and incidentally fought colds, influenza, sore throat, cerebro-spinal meningitis, and scores of other ills that flesh is heir to. But after that nightmare the mud of Flanders carried no threatening terrors for Canadians. As far as mud was concerned, they had experienced the superlative. Nothing in future could be worse.

The first trenches entered by the Canadians were in the locality of Armentières and Ploegsteert. There they were distributed among some of the original British Expeditionary Force units which were holding the line at that point. They chatted under the silent stars with men whose units had fought brigades, whose brigades had fought divisions, and whose divisions had fought armies; and as they chatted they absorbed some of the spirit of those heroic veterans of the darker days in the campaign in 1914.

Strange old days of war they seem now, those days when no communication trenches existed, and reliefs and rations went in overland under cover of the darkness. Pill-boxes and tunnelling companies were then unknown, and in most cases a single ditch formed what was called the front-line trench. The line of guns then was thin indeed. To some extent, perhaps, archaic drill-book ideas determined their distribution, but even when more had been asked for they were not forthcoming, for they had not been made.

Next, the Canadian Division—at that time a mobile force sometimes belonging to one Army, sometimes to another—moved to the vicinity of Fleurbaix, Bac St. Maur and Sailly-sur-la-Lys, and some time in March, 1915, the little gatherings in divisional and brigade messes drank a toast to "The Day"—the day Canadians first held a bit of the line all on their own. On that day the New World rejoined the Old, and henceforth Canadians were to be for ever linked in the chain of European history.

Not long afterwards the Canadian Division supported the left flank in the attack on Neuve Chapelle, the first big concentration of artillery in the war, a concentration so well planned and executed that it blew the enemy's front line trench out of existence, demoralised his line at that point, and resulted in the capture of a large number of prisoners and material. It was in that battle that Britain first used her newly designed 15-inch howitzers.

Then came a short period of rest, and the Canadian Division was moved to Ypres, where in the well-remembered second battle of that ill-fated place it earned undying fame. Then it moved to Givenchy and Festubert, in the vicinity of Bethune, then back to Ploegsteert and Neuve Eglise. Meanwhile the Second Division arrived, and the Canadian Corps came into existence. For a long time the two divisions valiantly held the line in the Ypres sector and portions to the south, such as Neuve Eglise and Ploegsteert Wood.

The Third Division arrived a few months after the Second, and troops of each of the three divisions had their share of the fighting in front of Kemmel, at St. Eloi, at Hooge, at Sanctuary Wood and other points in the fatal salient. After its long service in Flanders it was with great joy that all ranks of the Canadian Corps in the late summer of 1916 received orders to proceed to the Somme. Just as the Corps was leaving Ypres the Fourth Canadian Division arrived and took over a portion of the line. It rejoined the Corps later when it took over the Vimy sector.

The work of the Canadians on the Somme wrote more glorious pages of history for them, and culminated in the capture of Courcelette (when tanks were first used) and in the heroic defence of the territory beyond it. Moving with great facility, the British Divisions went in and out of the Somme valley; and the Canadian Corps' next duty was in the Loos and Vimy sectors, where, after nine months' study of the positions, the Canadians, with the technical exactness of veterans and with unfailing valour, captured the ridge that for so long had dominated the British positions in the coalfields of France. Then followed persistent and heroic work about Lens, a position of tremendous technical difficulties, and in October, 1917, the Canadians found themselves again on the ground of their early

sacrifices, the salient of Ypres, where they again distinguished themselves on the heights of Passchendaele.

Ypres, Givenchy, Festubert, St. Eloi, Sanctuary Wood, Hooge, Courcelette, Vimy, Lens, Passchendaele—what prouder record could a military force desire?

As an American paper said: "It is an epic which Homer might have been proud to tell."

The Canadian Corps, through its magnificent service, has made it a proud and honourable thing to be called a Canadian.

Canadians have gone forth to the war with lightheartedness and gaiety. In their conversation and in their little trench journals they have carried into the battle line the terms of the Canadian mining camps, Canadian lumber woods, Canadian prairies, and the picturesque slang of city streets, of lacrosse fields, hockey rinks and baseball grounds. But in England, in France, or at home they have never let their gaiety of heart turn them aside from a serious view of the war, its responsibilities or its dangers, and Canada's recently accomplished Union Government and adoption of conscription bear incontestable proof of her determination to stay in the game to the finish and to let her full weight be felt to the end.

By Thomas Henry

IRONY!

A pathetic sketch from life

A FIGHT WITH A SUBMARINE

Tale of a Newfoundland Skipper

By WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON

Author of "The House on the Borderland," "The Ghost Pirates," etc.

YOU don't believe in miracles, don't you? Well, I do, and I'll tell you why, if you care to listen. A miracle happened to me this last October, out in the North Sea. Oh, I'm not telling you whereabout, nor where we were bound for; but I don't mind telling you we got the shock of our lives when a darned brute of a German submarine came alongside of us, shoved up a quick-firer out of a sort of hatch foreside of the conning-tower, and batted a shell bang across our bows.

Not being either a hero or a man-of-war, but just an average aggregate of flesh and blood and bones born and bred in the ways of common sense in the port of St. John's, Newfoundland, I rang the telegraph to stop, pretty smart; and when our way was off us, she slid alongside near enough to talk, and the officer in command, a snorty sort of person, sung out to me to lower our dinghy, with a couple of men, and pull across to her,

"Do you want me?" I asked.

"No!" he said in English good enough to go down anywhere. "Stay where you are, Cap'n, and keep order. If anyone starts any funny business, just understand I'll sink you before you can say your prayers. Be smart with that boat, I want it!"

Well, of course, I sent the boat, and she came back in about ten minutes with three thumping, greasy, great Germans, and a cute little dumpling of an officer, partly gold lace, and the rest bad manners and thirst.

First thing he did was to go for the manifest, and the second was a bottle of "Black and White." The third thing was to start in on my own special brand of cigars, and the fourth was *to tell me to keep out of my own cabin!* Suffering Jehoshaphat! But the little brute was nearer Kingdom Come that same moment than ever he'll guess, till he gets there! They say there's something in the blood of Newfoundlanders that makes it boil at the thought of the most tepid insult. And this wasn't an affront of the brand marked "extra mild."

However, I kept the stopper on, and shoved my gear into the first mate's room, and he went into the second's and pushed poor old Welby into the bottom bunk. I felt sorry for Welby, but I guess we all had our troubles!

They were busy all day—the German thieves, I mean—carting stuff across in the boat. They took charge entirely, and I was told if I showed on deck they'd shove daylight through me. The same with the two mates. And I understood from the steward, who was allowed to go along the decks to the galley, that the men had been told to keep in the fo'c'sle.

I couldn't quite twig what the whole game was. It was something more than stocking their larder and filling up with oil from the engineers' store-room. They kept us going at about quarter speed, I judge, and from the tell-tale in the saloon I could see they'd altered the course a couple of points more to the norrard. There was something ugly in view, and I'd have given a whole lot to shove a spoke in their wheel and mess up their little plans.

Well, after thinking it over I began to get the beginnings of a plan in the back of my mind that would start something on the

Copyright in the United States of America.

By Chas. Pears

"It came for us. Then 'cr-rash' again, and the whole top of the engine-room skylight seemed to fly up in a shower of glass splinters"

"A Fight with a Submarine"

CANADIAN FACES ONLY KNOW THE SMILE OF VICTORY

There is no such thing as a gloomy Canadian soldier. These snapshots, taken in the front line, should convert the worst pessimist

Canadian Official Photographs

enemy, and I went to call the mate to talk things over with me.

"Come into my room, Mister Belston," I said. "I've been thinking this confounded business over, and I've got an idea."

The mate climbed out of the top bunk, and the second mate, Mister Welby, shoved his head out of the bottom one.

"Not you, Mister Welby," I told him. "If we have a crowd in my room that fat German hog 'll get smelling seven kinds of rats, and that won't do. The mate will tell you what I've got to say when he comes back."

I went back to my room, and the mate followed me in his shirt and trousers.

And then, you know, I'd no more got the business opened up to Mister Belston when the steward knocked gently on the door and shoved his head in.

"Sir, they're talking German. The submarine's right alongside, an' him"—he jerked his thumb over his shoulder to mean the officer who had been put in charge of my ship—"he's gassing back. I been listening through the pantry port-hole, only I don't know no German. You do, don't you, sir? It's dark in there, an' maybe you'd hear something as would be useful——"

Good man, steward," I said, interrupting him. "Get along and keep cave for me. Mister Belston, you stay here, quiet. I'll be back in a minute."

I went across to the pantry, which was dark, and told the steward to get out and keep watch in the hood companionway, and let me know the moment he saw anyone coming along to come below. Then I shut myself into the pantry so that the light from the saloon would not show me through the port. After that I got close up to the port-hole, and started to listen for all I was worth.

The submarine was lying within two fathoms of our side, and the conning-tower was almost level with my face. The night was absolutely still and calm, and I could hear every word. What was more to the point, I'd picked up enough German in my schooling days in St. John's to be able to understand all that was said; and what they were saying was just plain life and death to every man aboard, and to others as well.

Of all the cold-blooded brutes that ever sailed God's seas, they were the—well, judge for yourself, then you'll realise just how much chance any of us had got of being alive the following night, unless I could start in and work a small miracle.

The officer in the mouth of the conning-tower did the bulk of the talking. He was the boss. What he said I can put briefly. Here's the point. They were planning to use the old *Narcissus* as a stalking-horse. They'd got inside information from some darned traitor who traded into Hartlepool, so it seemed, and was the mate of a small coaling steamer in the Dutch trade. He gets hold of information from a German bum "agency" ashore, and peddles it round to those beggars on the trip to Holland. My oath! I swore if ever I came out alive there'd be a new mate to that steamer, and he'd make a hole in the sea just big enough to hold him through Eternity!

They'd got the news from this chap that a Battle Squadron was going North, and they were aiming to take my ship right across their track and lie hid under our lee until the squadron was quite close up to us. Then they were going to slip out and bust off all the torpedoes they'd got into the middle of the fleet; and they reckoned they were absolutely certain to get at least a couple of our Dreadnoughts. They simply gloated about it, until I was ready to let loose with my automatic and make one less, at any rate, of that little lot. And then came the final thing—the limit—— The *it* of German milk of human kindness and decency!

Listen! As soon as the English Battle Fleet was sighted, *we* were to be shot, so as to ensure that there would be no danger of our giving any sort of warning signal at the crucial moment. Wasn't that just German! Efficiency gone mad! And, as all extremes are bound to do, defeating its own ends; for that last detail, when I told it to the mates, made them ready to go right slam down into hell and pluck the Kaiser himself by the moustache out of the biggest pot of brimstone there. I guess when men know they've got to die they ain't exactly particular what risks they run to get a chance of living and

By R. H. Brock

American: "A darned good suit, but not gas-tight."

getting even. That may be Irish; but, by the Lord, it's like a lot of Irishisms I've heard from Paddys toiling in the mists on the Great Newfoundland Banks; it's plain sense!

Of course, all this fresh news altered my half-cooked plans, and I just loaded the mate up with all I'd learnt, and sent him back into his room to prime the second mate, and make him as ready for murder and sudden death as the two of us were already!

Well, we held a War Council later and settled something that meant quick death or sudden delivery for the whole lot of us.

First of all I told the steward to keep on the watch, and to start coughing the moment he heard anyone coming. Then I went over the whole plan again, and told the mates exactly what to do.

They were to lash me up in my bunk and gag me. As soon as I heard the other officer come below with the man who seemed always to attend him wherever he went, I would groan in such a way as to call their attention. They'd come to see what was the matter, and the two mates who would be waiting were to bash them on the head with a couple of bootjacks (excellent "bashers" are bootjacks too!) and tie them up. The bashing was not meant to break anything, but just to daze them a bit and make them easy to handle.

Then they would haul the dinghy alongside, shove some grub and water into her, and take the German officer and one or two of his men and "get."

"You see," I finished up, "the submarine will be bound to go searching for you as soon as she finds you're gone; otherwise, if you get ashore with your men, or reach a patrol, it'll be all U.P. with her little plan to use us to stalk our ships. And while she's gone, why I guess we'll coax our old engines to take us away out of this before she gets back. And she'll never sink us *before* going, because

she'll look to catch you and be back in three or four hours, and if we're sunk, well, we'd be no use as a stalking-horse—eh?"

The whole thing worked excellently next day. I heard the officer and his companion (a sort of senior seaman, I fancy, who was apparently dry-nursing him!) come down into the saloon. Then I groaned, and I heard them stand a moment to listen. I groaned again, and they came to my cabin door which was opened and looked in over each other's shoulder, as you might say.

"Mein Gott!" said the officer.

"Mein Gott!" said the man. Then I saw my two mates behind them, and the two boot-jacks got in a useful thump apiece on their thick German heads.

Exactly ten minutes later the two of them were lashed up solidly and gagged, and laid on the floor of my cabin to groan in unison with me. We all groaned.

My two mates and the steward went on deck in search for the two other men. One was at the wheel, and the other was sleeping in my chart-house. Both got bashed, and lashed up and gagged. Then the second mate took the wheel, while the mate went forrard and routed out a man to steer, whilst he and the second mate got busy on other things.

The dinghy was towing astern. They hauled her up quietly and shoved Armours' tinned beef, water, whisky, hard biscuit, Dutch cheese and other etceteras into her. Then they came below and carried the German officer on deck and lowered him quietly into the dinghy. They collared also the two German sailormen and lowered them on top of their officer.

Then they came down and told me that they were going, and just how many sorts of a fool I had been to refuse to come with them and to threaten to prevent them from leaving the ship. They said they would steer west-sou'-west, which should take them into the Firth, and there hand their prisoners over and start a warship off to us. After that they elevated thumbs of insolence to their separate noses and therewith departed, leaving the German leading seaman on the floor of the cabin to keep me company.

Seven hours and a half later the people in the submarine came aboard. They must have smelled a rat. Perhaps they hailed us and got no answer; and then, when they sang out for the dinghy, well, there was no dinghy. Result, I guess they came right in alongside of us, and shoved half a dozen men aboard with rifles.

When they found the German leading seaman and me they cut us both loose, and then started to rough-house me; but the German who had been lying on my cabin floor explained all *he* knew, and they had no excuse to keep on taking it out of me. All the same, they were pretty beastly! I guess it's just in the blood, and they can't help it.

Well, as soon as they'd got all the details they put a hustle on. They shoved a handy-billy tackle down through the engine-room skylight, and what do you think the cunning devils did! They lifted off the lead of the high-pressure cylinder and lowered it aboard their own craft.

"Good Lord!" I thought to myself, "that snuffs out the cut-and-run plan!" But naturally I said nothing.

They weren't more than half an hour on this job, and after that they rummaged the flag locker and took every bit of our bunting. It was pretty plain that they meant that we should have no chance to fly signals during the few hours they expected to be away in chase of the boat. I got hoping that these signs meant they would leave no one aboard on guard; but I soon saw I was mistaken; for after holding a bit of a pow-wow on my poop the commanding officer cleared off and left two armed Germans aboard under the control of the man who had been lying on the floor of my cabin.

"Cap'n," sang out the Commander of the submarine, after he'd got aboard his own craft again, "I'm trusting you to keep order while I'm gone. If you don't, well, my men know what to do, and there'll not be one of you left alive by the time I get back. So, I'd be wise, if I were you, Cap'n."

"I'll be wise, right enough," I told him. "I guess wisdom's best policy just now!"

"At a premium, Cap'n," he said, and called down the speaking-tube to go ahead.

I could hear him laughing for a minute afterwards as the submarine glided like a fish into the darkness.

I leant over the poop rail and watched her for a bit. She was evidently not going more than half speed, and I guessed the German officer was anxious not to get too far before daylight lest he should overshoot the boat in the dark.

You see, he'd got the course the boat would steer from the German sailorman who had been on the floor of my cabin when my two mates made so many unnecessary explanations!

I grinned to myself; but all the same, I was deuced anxious; for unless I could bottle up those three armed Germans, and unless Mac could see some way to do the impossible, and unless I could carry out another notion or two of mine, why, I couldn't see anything but a mess, and a bad mess, inside the next twelve hours or so, with good-bye to all hopes of ever seeing the good port of St. John's again at the end of it. For whether the submarine found the boat or not we could expect her back before the day was half through. You see, she'd never miss a chance to get her torpedoes off at the ships she was laying for.

Anyway, the first problem was how to get rid of those three big Germans.

Six hours later I went on deck, but the leading seaman person wanted to show he was Lord of Creation and ordered me below without bothering to be polite about it. And because I didn't exactly jump to do his bidding he gave me a poke in the ribs with the butt of his rifle just to make his meaning clear. It was! And I went!

In a way I was rather pleased. I felt more like killing a man or two than I did. I never was much good at the cold-blooded act. But now! Well, you try a German rifle-butt in your ribs if you want the edge taken off some of your finer scruples! It's effective!

I sat a bit in the saloon and smoked, then I thought I would risk going through the alleyway to Mac's room and have a word with him. When I got there, however, Mac was not in his bunk, and I knew he must be down in the engine-room. So I thought I'd risk a bit more and follow him there. I did.

But on the fiddley I stopped; for things were happening, right there before me.

Mac was up at the open head of the high-pressure cylinder, with his rule and a pair of dividers in one hand and a piece of chalk in the other. At the moment, however, he was not taking measurements, but looking up at the engine-room skylight. As I looked up also I heard someone say from the engine-room below:

"Vat yoous do mit dat cylingder. Come away dis von momengt, or tead I shood yoous!"

"Two of 'em, begowb!" I heard Mac mutter as he stared down now into the engine-room below.

There were certainly two of them! One, the leading seaman, with his head shoved in under the leaf of the open skylight, and the other, a big brute, who must have gone down the engine-room stairway and entered through the stokehold doorway.

"Get away from that cylinder," said the German in the skylight, speaking such perfect enough English, or rather American, that it seemed to carry me straight back home. "Get away right now, or I'll sure lead you up solid so you'd sink a thousand miles. I will, by Josh!"

He began to pass his rifle in through the opening of the skylight; and right then Mac acted.

"Ye'll do phwat!" he said; for he's an Irish Mac, not a Scottie. "Ye'll do phwat!'

He said never another word, but let fly with one of the big holding-down nuts from the cylinder-head. The nut took the German in the chest with a thump like a drum, and the man went white and gasped a moment. Then, deliberately, and before I could conceive he would really do such a thing, he shot poor old Mac through the middle of his forehead, and Mac flopped a moment soft and quiet over the edge of the cylinder. Then rolled with a dull, sickening thump to the floor of the engine-room.

Then I was awake, as you might say. There's one thing in favour of an automatic, it's quicker in the change-speed gear, and I

THEIR "LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST"

A billet known as "Our Flat," just behind the Lines

Canadian Official Photographs

ARRAS IS A VAST MONUMENT TO THE HORRORS OF INVASION

Not a house escaped the enemy's shells

The wreck of what once were quiet homes

The Grand Place was the most stately spot in France's beautiful old city

Broken shell of the Cathedral's glory

Only ruins remain of the Hotel de Ville

Canadian Official Photographs

drilled the German's forehead with two 38 holes, one above each eye—one for payment and the other for good measure.

He hung there, dead; half of him one side of the skylight-coaming, and the other half the other. But I'd no time to think about him; for something split away a great piece out of the peak of my cap, and the same moment the engine-room loomed again to a rifle-shot. The German down below had loosed off at me.

However, I'd no need to bother about him. The second engineer and two of the stokers got him on the run, and what they did to him was sufficient and a bit over. Only, of course, Mac was a good boss and well liked, and I can't say *I* blame them.

I heard someone running along the after well-deck then, and I stepped out with my automatic in my fist. It was the third German, and the moment he saw me with the automatic in my hand he let drive. So did I. It was a draw, I should fancy, for we both missed!

Before he could work the bolt I let drive again, and got him through the right forearm. But he was plucky, right enough. He snapped the bolt back and forward and fired from his hip. The bullet took away the whole of my right coat-pocket without touching me. It's queer what tricks a bullet will play at times.

I fired again, and got him in the left hand, and at that he ran all the way aft to the poop, crying aloud with the pain of it. I was sorry for the beggar; but he was still dangerous, for he had taken his rifle with him; and the next thing I knew, he snapped off a shot at me from behind one of the after ventilators.

He missed me by a mile. I guessed he was shaking too much, and I felt he couldn't

By Owen Aves

LIBEL

Fancy sketch of a meeting of educated savages to emphatically object to the libellous statement that Hun outrages are acts of primitive savages.

hit me now, except by a fluke; so I just rushed him, for I was sick of the killing, though I knew the brutes would not have hesitated to shoot the whole crowd if we hadn't got them going right from the first.

He managed another shot as I ran at him, which was the best he made, for it nicked the left side of my neck, and I bled like a pig; but it was nothing more than a shallow gouge; and the following instant I'd taken the rifle from him and was sitting on his head.

Afterwards I whistled for the steward, and the two of us bandaged him up and carried him down and locked him in the spare cabin on the starboard side. Then I got busy.

I had poor old Mac put in his berth, and the two Germans were shoved on the fore-hatch under some canvas. Then I went for the second and third engineers and told them what I wanted doing.

It seems there is an old high-pressure cover in the store-room that has been there for many a voyage, and Mac had been planning to make a try at fitting it on in place of the other, so that we could get up steam and be away before the submarine returned.

We got the cover out of the store-room, and while the engineers tried it for the fit, I had all my deck hands running around on a special job of my own. The old packet fairly hummed with energy let loose.

"Well?" I asked a bit later when I went back to the engine-room. "How is it, you two? Can it be made to fit?"

"Yes, sir," said the second. "All the bolt holes don't come into the same places, and we'll have to drill four new ones, and we'll have to pack her up, but I reckon we can do it, only it'll take time."

I nodded, and left them to get at it; for they are good men, both of them, and I knew they'd do their darndest. But, as you can guess, I was as anxious as a maggot on a hot brick. However, I'd business of my own to do, and I did it, and between whiles I paid visits to the engine-room, and I'll own to a prayer or two; for there would be no sort of mercy shown us once the submarine came back, as I jolly well knew.

Two hours passed, and I'd paid three visits to the engine-room. The donkey-man and two stokers were taking one-minute spells at a geared hand-drill which the two engineers were tending in a pretty earnest sort of way.

The fourth time I went they'd got the four holes drilled out by hand, and a weary job it had been with the poor tools they'd got, and the cylinder cover, of course, proving to be extra hard stuff, just for sheer cussedness.

The sixth time I went along all hands were busy, working like madmen, with sheet copper and cold chisels cutting out packing to raise the cylinder head which was not enough domed to give sufficient clearance to the newer-pattern piston.

"Mister Melbray," I said to the second engineer, "it's four hours and twenty minutes since that darned submarine went away looking for the dinghy. I guess we can look for her back any time inside the next hour or so; an' if she finds us here like this it'll be bye-bye for all of us. How long do you reckon you'll be now before you can put steam through your gadgets?"

"Another half-hour, maybe, Cap'n," he told me; "an' even then, it's God help us, I'm thinking, if we can't make a good steam-tight job of this. She'll have to do all she knows to get anywhere before that darned submarine be on top of us, if we don't get shifting before she gets near us. What do you reckon those U submarines can do on the surface, sir?"

"The Lord knows," I told him. "No one knows, really; but I understand they're supposed to run up to fifteen knots in fine weather, that is."

He shrugged his shoulders in a sort of hopeless fashion, but he never stopped working for a moment.

"Give us another twenty or thirty minutes, Cap'n," he said at last. "I'll try her then; and I guess we'll blow something adrift before we let them come up on us."

I went away again. I had sent a man aloft to keep a look out all round, but there were no signs of the submarine; though, as a bit of a breeze had sprung up, she wouldn't

Canadian Official Photograph

SIR ROBERT BORDEN TAKES THE SALUTE OF CANADIANS AT THE FRONT

be so easy to see in the broken water if she were running with only her periscope out.

I walked the poop, pretty anxiously for the next ten minutes; then I got more philosophical, and decided the whole job wasn't worth indigestion. So I came below and had a smoke. At the end of the half-hour I walked forrard to the engine-room and shoved my head in the skylight.

"Well?" I asked.

"Just going to put the steam through her, Cap'n," said the second engineer.

He was sweating, and he and the third engineer and the donkey-man were heaving away pretty fierce on a four-foot spanner, compressing the sheets of copper packing to a steam-tight "consistency."

And then, from my man aloft, came the yelp of:

"Submarine on the port beam, sir! Submarine on the port beam. She's dead on the beam, sir; about four miles off, I reck'n. . . . *She ain't got the boat!*" He yelled that out with triumph. Then, in a different voice: "'Less they've sunk her!"

"That's all right, my lad!" I said to myself. "Don't worry!"

You see, when the two mates explained their proposed course with such exact detail in my cabin, well—they were remembering that they were going to leave one German behind just for the one purpose of passing on that bit of information. I need hardly say that the boat steered a very different course indeed! That would have been one comfort whatever else happened.

I shoved my head in the engine-room again to see how they were managing. As I did so the engine began to turn over slowly. The third was at the main steam-valve giving her steam gently, and the second and the donkey-man were standing anxiously by the high-pressure to see how the packing held the steam. It held fine, and the second grinned up at me as pleased as Punch.

"Good man," I said, and pulled out my head and bellowed for a man to go to the wheel; for the old *Narcissus* had started to forge slowly ahead.

I went to the side and grinned down like a delighted maniac at the water moving past our side as our speed increased. Then there was a yell from the man aloft.

"They'm shootin', sir! They'm shootin'!"

As he yelled I heard the scream of a high-velocity shell from the submarine's six-pounder, and cr-rash, a regular hole was bust in our steel bulwarks on the port side about thirty feet foreside of me, for the shell struck there and, burst, the bits cracking and thudding viciously all over the place. I should never have imagined that six pounds of iron would have gone so far in the spreading line. It sounded like half a hundredweight.

No one was hurt, and I made one jump for the bridge and rang the telephone for full speed ahead.

"Shove your helm over hard-a-port!" I shouted at the man at the wheel.

As the old *Narcissus* started to pay off I saw a flash aboard the submarine, now about two and a half miles away, or perhaps a bit less. And then, almost in the same instant, the queer, beastly "meeee" whine of the high-velocity shell crowding the wide miles into a couple of seconds. "Meee-owww," it went, changing its note in a queer fashion as it came for us. Then "cr-rash" again, and the whole top of the engine-room skylight seemed to fly up in a shower of glass splinters.

I grabbed the speaking-tube to the engine-room.

"Anyone hurt?" I called.

After a few moments the third engineer's voice answered:

"It got the second, sir. He's dead. The engine's all right, though," he said. He sounded calm enough, and I sent a man for the steward to go down the engine-room and see if the second was quite knocked out. Then I turned and looked for the submarine again. She was right astern now and seemed to be gaining only slowly. As I stared I saw the flash of the gun again, and then once more came the beastly whine of the shell.

"Bang!" it struck the middle steel bridge-stanchion which supports the centre of the

By Tom Arthur

Professional Guardian of the Peace (who knows where the sergeant is): "Evening, gentlemen. Nasty night for your job."

bridge. This is a stout three-inch stanchion of solid steel. The shell gouged away a piece as easily as if it had been putty and burst with a stunning crash directly under the bridge. Two of the middle planks were blown up on end, and in three places fragments of shell struck clean up through the deck of the bridge penetrating right through the heavy planks. One of these fragments killed the man at the wheel, and I jumped to steady the helm, while I sung out for another man to come aft.

I looked round with a feeling of despair. The whole sea was empty of shipping from horizon to horizon, and I didn't pretend to hide the fact that nothing short of a miracle could save us; for the German wasn't out to coddle us, I could bet on that!

The steward came up on the bridge and reported that the second engineer was headless and therefore unmistakably dead. I told him to give a hand to carry the dead helmsman down on to the main deck hatch, and then bring a flag and cover him. I guessed we'd be gone inside twenty minutes; but we might as well be decent.

I was just beginning to get sentimental over the old folks at home and saying a last farewell, as it were, to all my pals in Newfoundland I should never see again, when I caught suddenly the "meeee" scream of another shell coming. "Meeee-oww, cr-rash!" . . . It ripped a monstrous great chunk out of the funnel, about half of it; and it seemed to me I felt our speed drop right then in that same moment.

Then one, two, three, four . . . one after the other they loosed off at us as fast as they could work the quick-firer. The air seemed one whining scream as the four shells came "Cr-rash! Cr-rash! Cr-rash! Cr-rash!" The rest of the funnel vanished. The wheel, and the man at it, went in a flying cloud of spokes and torn flesh and clothing, and the after mast was punched clean through, and the chart-house was wrecked. My steward was wounded, and I saw one of the deck boys limping along the main deck.

BURIED TREASURE AT SOUCHEZ THE BOCHES NEVER FOUND

Canadians dug up the money which the officials of the recovered town had hidden two years before when they were compelled to fly before the enemy

The Alderman, with the Mayor on his right, finds the cash correct, and is delighted

Canadian Official Photograph

A THILLING PASTIME: "SNAPPING" SHELL-FIRE AT THE FRONT

The Canadian photographer was well to the front when he "took" this portion of the German barrage at the Somme offensive

Three remarkably interesting "studies" of trench-mortar shells bursting

Cluster of shells bursting on Vimy Ridge

A mine exploding on Vimy Ridge

Canadian Official Photographs

WONDERFUL SNAPSHOT STUDIES OF BURSTING SHRAPNEL

A picture taken close up. The shell killed several men near the photographer

Smoke from bursting shrapnel frequently assumes fascinating and fantastic shapes

A view from Vimy Ridge. Enemy shrapnel bursting over advanced positions to which the Canadians had pushed towards Lens after the victory

Canadian Official Photographs

BRINGING THE WOUNDED FROM THE BATTLE OF HILL 70

Fierce as was this engagement the casualties were remarkably light

German prisoners, as usual, were glad to help carry in their own wounded

Canadian Official Photographs

"Jehoshaphat!" I said; "we're done!" . . . I didn't even know I was bleeding all down my face where a shell-splinter had cut me.

Two more shells came Thud! Thud!—dull ugly thumps away aft in the stern of her that told me the Germans had started now to sink us in real earnest. You never saw such deliberate murder!

"Cr-rash!" came another shell, higher this time, and killed the boy who was limping along the deck.

I stared round and round the horizon in despair. I sung out to the man aloft to know whether he could see anything. He simply shook his head in a hopeless, silent sort of way.

I found myself praying aloud in a fierce sort of fashion for a miracle to happen; for nothing but a miracle could save us now.

And suddenly, like the voice of God:

B-A-N-G!

It was coming from somewhere ahead of us on the starboard bow, but precious close.

I raced across to the starboard end of the bridge:

B-A-N-G!

The miracle had happened. A long grey shape was tearing through the sea, firing as she went.

It was one of our latest submarines that had just bobbed up:

B-A-N-G!

I whipped round with my binoculars and stared at that murdering brute astern.

"Flash!"

I was just in time to see her go straight down into hades with all her devils aboard of her. The shell from the submarine ahead had hit her slap at the base of the conning-tower, and she just simply vanished—went!

No, there was no miracle about it; not if you want to argue. But I don't!

The dinghy was overhauled and my two mates and the greaser taken aboard by the submarine, one of our latest type on patrol duty. The poor old *Narcissus* foundered inside of half an hour.

But, by the Lord, I'm a believer in miracles from now onwards.

By A. Moreland

Sergeant (who has exhausted his vocabulary): "*Would* you like me to say 'please' to you?"

YE OLDE MESS TIN SPEAKETHE!

By Private F. W. DAGLISH

Illustrated by DUDLEY HARDY

NEARLY every item in the Army has been "Mentioned in Dispatches." Even my unworthy friend the Ross Rifle has received write-ups galore, but never a word about me. Yet I'll wager that I've been of more service to Tommy than any rifle.

I distinctly remember being born. That is much more than some of you can do.

How proud I felt, the day they piled me up with hundreds more, shining in my newly tinned glory. But those nursery days were short.

I was soon hustled into the world to finally attach myself like a faithful dog to Tommy; to be blest, curst, kicked and dented around the battlefield.

I understood that my duties were to carry and hold food and drink for Tommy; I never thought of being brought so low down as to become a "wash-bowl" and "hand basin." I have also been used for a shaving mug.

"I ha been used for a shaving-mug"

I cried so much at this injustice that the tears salted down the outside, and I rusted. No gentle hand or dry cloth was used to wipe my face. Eventually when on parade an officer bawled Tommy out for my sickly looking condition.

The result of this interview was my being scrubbed and scoured most mercilessly, with threats and curses about being thrown on the scrap pile.

During my career I have been a "Loving Cup" to many thirsty mouths; I was originally intended for the "Tea-total" service, but was soon torn away from those moral paths.

I have often visited the estaminet, and been brought back home foaming at the mouth; getting gleeful satisfaction in the morn watching the grimace made by Tommy as he tasted his tea mixed with the dregs from the debauchery of the night before.

I have even in a small way attempted to compete with the big Stone Jar. Many a time has Tommy stolen away with me at night, with an exploited portion of "Neat stuff" filched from that jar.

My internal discolourings would turn the inside of a black teapot green with envy. You may laugh when I say I have even saved Tommy's life on more than one occasion. Yes, this little thin crescent-shaped piece o' tin has sufficed to turn aside many a deadly piece of shrapnel.

My career nearly came to an end one bright moonlight night when going "over the top." Poor Tommy, he "Went West," and Fritz

"I have often visited the estaminet"

pounced upon me with many guttural exclamations. How I hated that German; he was like all the rest of them, "souvenir-hunting," I suppose.

I will admit he polished me up, and for a while he seemed quite proud of me. But soon the novelty of my capture wore off, and I was torn from my pedestal to administer to his gluttonous appetite.

How I longed to be under the British flag once more, to carry a D.C.M. (Decent Canadian Meal) to some hungry Tommy.

My breath soon reeked with the taste and smell of mysterious sausages, while fats and oils of a doubtful character sickened me.

One night after supper, when lying on the shelf, I heard great excitement outside. My German friends "beat it," leaving me all alone. A bomb hurled down the steps blew me clean off the shelf; I sure thought my last day had come.

Then down those steps came a bunch of Tommies, flashing lights everywhere. How glad I was to hear an English voice once more. Then I thought, "Suppose they miss me, or think me of no consequence." My heart froze within me when one fellow kicked me into the corner.

But one of them grabbed me, saying, "Just what I want! Fancy raising a Billy Can in Fritz's lines, after hollering my head off at the Q.M. two months for nothing." He then looked me over and saw poor Tommy's name scratched on the bottom. His face hardened as I heard him say, "Belonged to some poor devil that's 'Gone West,' I guess."

For a time I was cared for much better by this fellow than before; perhaps he had learnt from experience the value of a Mess Tin.

Eventually I was thrown on the scrap pile to make way for one of those new "Draft tins." Having done my duty, I desired to "Rest in Peace," but such was not my lot.

"Just what I want!"

I was salvaged with many other things, shipped to the Base Hospital, and there retinned and soldered, and shipped up the line again, just like new.

No; my career is not ended, I'm here for the Duration, if not a little longer.

PTE. F. W. DALGLISH, O.M.F.C.

WHAT'S WHAT

By CAPTAIN A. ROCKE ROBERTSON, C.A.M.C.

WHEN you've done your bit in Flanders, that amazing muddy spot,
It starts one cogitating and a-wondering what's what—
Why you left the plough, the ink-pot, or some other "cushy" job
For the slushy, shivering trenches with a vermin-stricken mob?
'Cause a Tommy is but human after all, and prone to doubt
What the devil all the killing and the murdering's about.

Ever since I came to Blighty I've been reading up a bit
How the world was ever fighting; had to have a martial fit
In the Bowery or the Balkans or some Asiatic zoo,
Where a martyr may be Tartar, Mongol, Malay, or Hindoo.
E'en the pre-historic cave man was as happy as could be
As he slew his sleeping bride with nasty, neolithic glee!

By J. Hassall

Then the Jews and 'Gyptians also were a mighty martial lot—
Slew each other with a shin-bone, ass's jaw, or drinking-pot.
Interference with longevity was their besetting sin;
They were fairly nuts on brevity—unless it's mentionin'
Methuselah, the good old scout, who lived a life so long
That he rivals Johnnie Walker in the art of "going strong."

And as for Greeks and Romans, well, they made a mess of it,
'Twas a scandal such as Vandal, Hun or Goth would ne'er commit—
So civilised and legalised! Ach Gott! it's all the same,
Only "Kultur" is a vulture, eau-Cologned and slightly tame.
It's no use reading history; the riddle or the plot
That the sages of all ages couldn't solve remains—what's what.

By Thomas Henry

A WAR-TIME WARNING

By Frank Styche

Cheerful Pal (to weary Tommy on his first route march, with Main Body half a mile ahead): "What are yer laughing at, Charlie?"

THE COCKNEY TELLS THE CANADIAN SOMETHING

A Veracious Account of an Actual Conversation

"IN the days before the war," said the Cockney with emphasis, "I should have been paying for that drink of yours, and I shouldn't have allowed you to pay for this drink of mine——"

"You don't say," remarked the Canadian. He had his doubts evidently, but the Cockney was not disturbed.

"We should have had these cocktails together, and then we should have dined," he continued. "Our dinner would have consisted of caviare, soup, fish, entrée, joint, game, two hundred sweets and a savoury. We should have drunk champagne, and brandy that came over with William the Conqueror. The waiters would have put two pounds of our change under the bill and taken five bob out of the eight and fourpence they brought to us. We should have lighted cigars which now cost three shillings, and they would have cost us two. The girls would have taken crême de menthe, and twelve pence would have bought it. But, of course, we should have laboured under the disadvantage of not seeing their ankles, and that has to be remembered."

The Canadian became reflective.

"Say," he exclaimed, "it almost makes the war worth while, doesn't it? Do you mean to tell me that they dressed differently then?"

"Differently," said the Cockney, "is hardly the word for it. The best of them resembled Charles Lamb in that they began late, but they differed from him in that they did not leave off early. The best dresses were under the table most of the time. We had not reached the stage when the more a woman took off, the more she got on. There was a thing called a hobble skirt, which, looked at sideways, had its consolations. A woman leaped from the pavement to the platform of the omnibus with both feet together and a prayer upon her lips. When the Kaiser saw her doing it he mobilised his army. That was the real cause of the war."

The Canadian said, "Have another," and then put the Cockney's shilling dreamily into his own pocket.

"Is that what the Bishops have been talking about?" he asked.

"It is, sir," said the Cockney; "war has brought great good and great evil in its train. If it had not been for the war, sir, I should have been a plus two man at golf by this time and might have won the Amateur Championship at Sandwich. We played games in those days, and a million people lost half their wages at football every Saturday. Lawn tennis absorbed the greatest intellects, and the card game of Patience had somehow put whiskers on the memory of William Shakespeare."

The Canadian said, "Gee," but did not quite get it. He wanted to know about those girls.

"Plenty of 'em about before the war?" he asked. The Cockney worked out the sum like lightning, remembering that two shillings and fivepence plus one old brandy stood for ten shillings sterling—as the waiter at the hotel had taught him.

"There were girls," he said, "but not enough to catch the eye of the Bishops. Mostly they had primitive notions, and the soldier in mufti was often a back number. Phyllis behind the footlights was quick in discovering exactly how much moss had been gathered by Abraham, and the attentions of Isaac were soon derided when they became unremitting. War has changed all that. A soldier, who is not honoured of Cox, could sup with half a dozen of the major and the minor constellations every night if the champagne and the supper were to be found. In the old days he was very lucky if he could hand out Phyllis at the door of the Savoy and find her table ready. He would have gone there through a blaze of lights in the streets and have read divers illuminated advertisements of pills worth a guinea a box. These he could have pointed out to her for lack of any other common topic of conversation, and possibly he would have declared that she was worth very much more. In the hotel itself, somebody might have danced the Tango as a profession of Western civilisation, and a first-rate orchestra would have grappled with the technicalities and the absorbing difficulties of that intricate score, 'You Made Me Love You.' It is true that at half-past twelve the lights would have played monkey tricks as an intimation to you to 'get.' But you had only to move on a street or two to find a night club where you sat in a box and drank, or barged into other people who had been sitting in boxes and drinking. This was the very last word in cosmopolitan debauchery. You might have another word with the policeman outside if you asked him whether it was Bond Street or Thursday—but that was a minor affair. A dinner, a rollicking show, brightly lighted street, London awake all night, golf tomorrow if you could see the ball, racing, football, cricket—all gone into limbo, sir. Do you wonder that I am proposing that we should refill these glasses."

The Canadian offered no objection.

"Look here," he said, "are you really saying that it wasn't until the year 1915 that they took two reefs in the mainsail, so to speak, and let you see their ankles?"

"It was not," replied the Cockney with a sob in his voice.

"Then the war is all right," said the Canadian, and he laid down two shillings with the dexterity of a practised hand.

THE ASSISTED JOURNEY

"Thank Gawd fer that bit o' rest, Bill!"

THE SWORED

By H. SMALLEY SARSON

(A very dramatic sketch It may be acted without fee or licence by anyone applying for a commission.)

TIME.—Three years, or the duration.

PLACE.—The ancestral home of young subaltern, who, having been granted fourteen days' leave for the purposes of buying kit preparatory to leaving on draft, has just invested four pounds odd in a sword.

Curtain discovers LIEUT. X. *standing in front of large mirror struggling with obstinate buckles. Sings:*

A Captain Courageous of sixty odd blades,
All ready to fight
By day or by night,
I leave every rival in love in the shades,
To fret and to fume
In perpetual gloom,
Whilst I steal the hearts of the prettiest maids.

CHORUS.

O, I am a soldier exalted and fierce,
I can parry in quatre, I can parry in tierce,
And leave every rival in love in the shades
As Captain Courageous of sixty odd blades.

Having extricated the weapon from between his legs, LIEUT. X. *continues:*

I can handle my man with the veriest ease,
A lightning twist
Of my elegant wrist—
So; I've skewered his heart and he drops to his knees;
One moment to feel
The keen edge of my steel,
Then I sever him close to the waist, if you please.

Chorus again with vigour.

My noble Excalibur clasped in my hand,
With *vivre* and *aplomb*,
With gun and with bomb,
Then I'll marshal my men; at the word of command,
We'll scatter poor Fritz
To a million bits;
Or, point at his throat, on his carcass I'll stand.

Sings final chorus, making violent lunges at washstand.

O, I am a soldier exalted and fierce,
I can parry in quatre, I can parry in tierce;
Whether one against fifty or leading in raids,
I'll be Captain Courageous of sixty odd blades.

SCENE TWO.

TIME.—Some two months later in trench 321B.S.

LIEUT. X. *discovered groping at 3 a.m. in two feet of water.*

LIEUT. X.: Where the . . . did I leave my stick? We're due to go over in seven minutes!

Slow curtain.

By Frederick Garnett.

"TRUMPS!"

WITHIN THE SUBURBS OF LENS

Battered Shelter of water tanks

Peep of ruined Willerval

In spite of desperate German resistance the Canadians pushed into Lens. Here are the remains of a Boche barricade

Canadian Official Photographs

THE MORE THE HUNS CALL ON THEIR "GOOD OLD GERMAN GOD"—

A violated sanctuary

Shell-smashed church within the Canadian lines

A church which the Germans pulverized beyond recognition. They still shell the ruins

Canadian Official Photographs

—THE MORE THEY SHATTER THE HOUSES OF GOD OF OUR ALLIES

Desolation of Albert Cathedral

Another desecrated fane

Not the Huns' fault the walls still stand

Pitiful is the wreck of this church which the Huns shelled viciously for months

Canadian Official Photographs

By Norah Schlegel

"See here," said Winter, putting his arm around Mollie's waist, "this is where you quit. You're not on in this act."

"THE KNIGHT-ERRANT FROM SASKATCHEWAN."

THE KNIGHT-ERRANT FROM SASKATCHEWAN

A Short Story by DONOVAN BAYLEY

Illustrated by Norah Schlegel

ONE of the most disturbing things about the campaign of Destiny against the little plans of men is its cat-footedness.

Telefer Smaithe looked out of his window at the highway up the hill past his house, and saw a man in khaki coming slowly along, stopping every now and then to admire the vivid gorse on the common on each side of the rambling road.

"This place is becoming crowded, Mollie," he said to his secretary. "As soon as I feel I can work, that very moment when ideas begin to come, my attention's distracted like this! This is the third time this morning it's happened."

"What's the matter?"

"What's the matter? Look out, and you'll see. Why doesn't the ass get on, instead of fluttering about in front of my windows to destroy my ability to work?"

The girl came to the window, and stood beside him to see what was happening.

"He's not making a noise," she said, "so why look at him? If you don't look outside, you won't——"

"If I don't look out! Mollie, you know how much better I write when I turn my eyes to the stimulating spaces. Just now the editors want passionate love scenes. How can I write passionate love scenes with that man out there behaving like a weak-minded moth?"

He sagged back in his chair.

"I came to this place to be quiet. Everybody told me it was quiet. Everybody—as usual—lied."

He looked out of the window again.

"Oh, lord, he's sitting down! He'll be here for hours."

"Don't think of him. Get on with the story. You've broken off just when I was all wrought up and excited. Do go on."

"How can I go on? Look at him. Lying on his back, waving his great feet in the air."

He sat up, put his hand under her elbow, and pulled her down until she was sitting on the arm of his chair.

"My head's tired—baffled," he said. "Let me rest it. Tell me when that gambolling crusader has gone. Watch for me, Mollie. At least, I can rest."

As a matter of fact, the idea bag was nearly empty to-day, and he was glad of an excuse to postpone the remaining two thousand three hundred words to finish the passionate love story upon which he should have been busy.

There was silence for a while. Mollie watched the distant soldier, and Telefer Smaithe dozed, his head against her shoulder, and all the lines on his forehead smoothed out. He was one of those men who look best asleep.

She sat thinking over all the stories she had helped him to write, and wondering what the end of this one would be. She liked the idea of it, the originality that he managed to get into it.

The real—though unconscious—reason for her approval was that the plot was her own. Telefer Smaithe, however, was very well aware of it.

He got many ideas from her. Until she had come to work for him he had been one of the authors with about a dozen plots, who make their living by dolling them up in turn in fresh clothes. That is why he was intensely afraid she would go, and leave him back again in his rut.

"What's he doing now?" he asked suddenly.

"Bowling big stones at a gorse bush. He can throw well. He hits it every time."

"A schoolboy could do that."

"It looks to me as if he's practising bombing."

She got up, and stood at the window, interested.

"I would like to know how many men he's killed. I wish I were a man."

"And if you were——?"

"I'd kill Germans. See! He's going now, I think. Look at the decisive way he's lighting his pipe."

She was right. The pipe drawing well, he went, leaving the common, the highway, and the whole world to the author.

"Now we can get on," she said merrily.

"If the writing mood hasn't gone. You've no idea, Mollie, how devastatingly these interruptions frustrate me."

"Authors should be hermits," she said soothingly. "They should live in caves in the mountains."

"Well, let's get to work," he said, newly brightened and made cheerful, for his quick brain had seen a practical setting for another rustic love story, the tale of an author who fled to the hills to get on uninterruptedly with an overdue serial, and of the mountain maid who discovered and commandeered him. That was the way in which Mollie habitually helped. That one remark meant, counting British and American serial rights, at least fifty pounds, and she was always dropping such precious gems.

"We're rather lucky, you and I, Mollie," he said. "It isn't everybody in this crabbed world able to work with someone so in sympathy as you and I are with each other."

"I love the work, I love it. I think I should go mad if I had to do dry business letters."

He put his hand on her shoulder. "Well, well," he said, "let's get on. Where were we?"

She smiled at him happily, glad to be of so much use to a man in his creative art. He, for his part, had a difficult game to play. He wished her to believe he cared for her, but it was all policy on his part, for he was too selfish to be really in love, and for the next couple of hours he kept up the output of modern English literature.

And next day the soldier was there again, just as lonely and energetic. Telefer Smaithe took one look at him, groaned, went downstairs, put on his hat, and fumed up the hill; nor did he come back until he was physically too tired to work.

And, moreover, on the next day, which was also fine, the soldier was there again; and this time he was at his most distracting, for he made himself a fire and cooked by it. Now, that is not done in England.

"This is becoming persecution," Telefer Smaithe said.

"Persecution? He's probably never heard of you," said Mollie.

The author looked at her bleakly.

"Please," she said, "I'm awfully sorry; but I don't suppose he knows he's annoying you."

"I want sympathy, Mollie, and you give me logic."

Once more Telefer Smaithe departed for the day. Besides, he had not worked out the hermit story yet in all its details.

Mollie put her note-book away with a sigh, thinking of two editors who were worrying him for overdue manuscript. She peered at the soldier from behind the curtain.

Then one of her brightest ideas glinted into her mind. She went to the looking-glass, preened her hair, thoughtfully pulled one—only one—little piece of it across her cheek, and happened on to the common.

Lured by her idea, she went straight up to the soldier, intending to explain that a great writer lived in the red house confronting him—a great writer whose delicate thoughts were shattered by these continued activities under his study window.

The soldier, who had ideas of his own, seeing that she was coming towards him, stood up, saluted, and said:

"When I came to this morning I had a hunch it was going to be my lucky day."

What was a girl to say to that? She stood and looked at him.

"Say," he said, "do you want rescuing from an ogre, or is there a dragon of your acquaintance would be better for a little H.E.?"

"A little H.E.?"

"That's what I said. H.E.—High Explosive. Sit down right now, and tell me what I can do for you."

"You can go right away," said Mollie, "and never come back. You'd make me very happy. I live in that house there."

She was a little confused. The man's eyes were so very direct.

"Gee! Am I as fierce as that?"

"You're not fierce; I didn't say you were fierce."

"Then why in thunder——"

"Oh, I can't explain. It isn't for my sake——"

For it had become apparent to her that she could not ask this man to give up his enjoyment of a public common for the sake of anybody at all, even Telefer Smaithe.

"If you really mean it," he said, "I'll quit, and I'll stay quit."

"No, no, I didn't mean it."

"I see," he said; "you were just making conversation. May I say it's a gift with you? Won't you sit down and hand me out some more? It's sure the goods."

Mollie began to laugh. So did he. They stood opposite to each other, laughing.

"Now we're getting on," he said. "But we'd enjoy it much better if we sat down."

She sat down with her back to a little bay in the gorse bushes, and he lay strategically at her feet.

"You're a Canadian?" she said, for he had not spoken again.

"You must be little Miss Guesser from Guessville."

By W. F. Thomas

". . . And is it true that two shells never hit the same place twice?" "Never!"
"Er—curious! How do you account for that?"
"Well, if one of our heavies hits a place once, there ain't any place for the second to hit!"

"But it's written all over you in brass letters."

"That's so as we won't be too modest to own up where we come from. Now, say: you came straight over to me to tell me something, and I was hoping you wanted me to be of use some way. If there's anything at all I can do, I will."

"Well, I did mean to tell you something, but now, I'm afraid you'll be offended."

"Well, if you're afraid of offending me, it's unperjured evidence that you don't want to do it."

"Of course, I don't want to."

"Then you can say what you like, and I'll keep as calm as a clam in a can of bromide."

"You see that window?" she said, pointing up the common to the house.

"Yes, I can see that window."

"Have you heard of Telefer Smaithe, the author?"

"I've even read some of his stories, and still I wish him no harm. I'm a forgiving man. My chums say it's my worst vice. What about the window? Did one of his readers throw him through it?"

"No," she said; "it's his study window, and I work for him."

"I'm real sorry if I've offended you. For those who like his sort of writing, he's a very great author. I'm told he's a best seller. This world is wonderful."

"What do you mean?"

"I was thinking of a wild night way back in Canada, when it was blowing all of a blizzard, and then a bit over, and I sat at the red-hot stove, with icicles on the back of my neck, in a railroad hut, reading one of his stories."

"Yes?"

"I little thought the day was coming I'd talk to anybody who knew him like you must."

"Oh, I see. Well, when he's working, the least thing distracts him."

She stopped, and he waited.

"Don't you think," she went on, "that you could have just as good a time on this common if you kept out of sight of that window?"

"It's become part of my religion."

"Then that simplifies it tremendously. Would you think it very impertinent of me if I asked you to do so? I know anybody may go anywhere on this common, but he writes so beautifully. And you've put him quite off work for the last three days."

"Does that make it any worse for you?"

"I wasn't thinking of myself at all," she said. "If it were for myself, I'd never have spoken about it."

"I beg your pardon. Of course you wouldn't. Whereabouts do you think I ought to put myself not to scare his muse?"

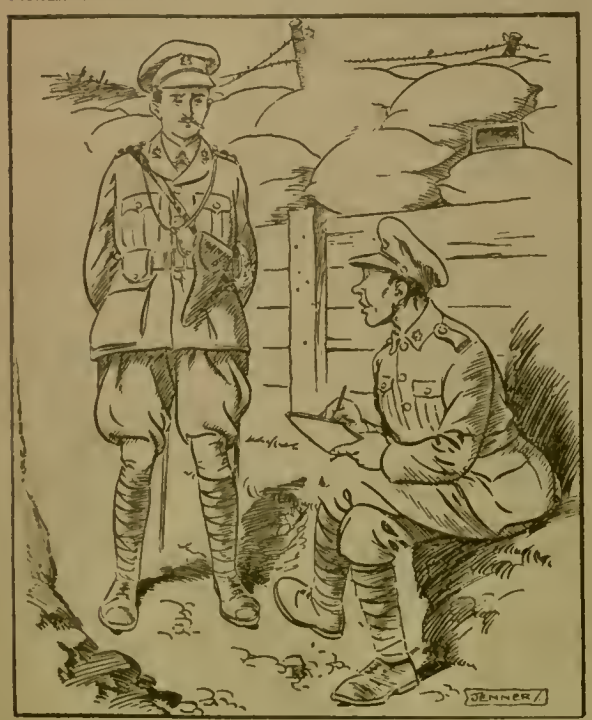
"Oh, it's awful of me!" she said. "You've come all this way to fight for England, and then——"

"I didn't. I came to fight for Canada, and because I couldn't tolerate the Kaiser. Where would I shock your man least?"

She blushed.

"I shall never forgive myself. I oughtn't to have asked you."

"But why not? It's a very little thing to do. I didn't come over all the land and sea between here and Saskatchewan to annoy



By Jenner

Officer (to Irish Tommy): "But why are you writing such a large hand, Murphy?"

Private Murphy: "Because me ould mother is deaf, and when she reads it out loud she can hear it better."

Mr. Telefer Smaithe; and now I'm here I don't propose to do it."

"Anywhere, where he can't see you from the window."

"Can he see us now?"

"Oh, I hope not!"

He smiled. "I'm quite civilised."

"I didn't mean that. I meant he'd be fearfully annoyed if he knew I'd asked you."

"I guess you know him better than I do," said the Canadian. "Let's move camp before I've hurt his sensitive mind irreparably."

Wherefore, upon the next day when Smaithe, feeling that he ought to work, looked out across the common in search of a reason why he should not, he failed to find one.

"He won't worry you again," said Mollie.

"Oh! How's that?"

She told him how she had gone out, and had pleaded with the Canadian to efface himself.

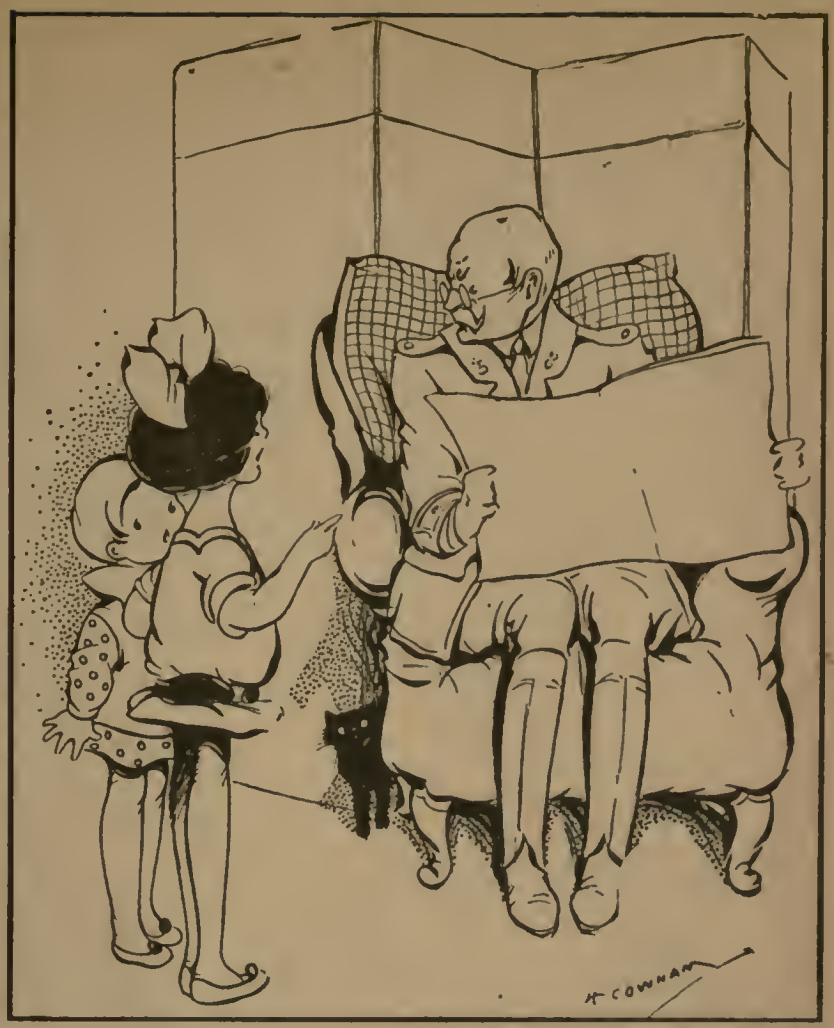
"I wish you'd spoken to me first," said the great author. "Had you consulted me first——"

"You'd have stopped me. I know. I didn't want to be stopped, so I didn't tell you."

"I don't desire to preach. There's nothing I hate more than preaching, as you know; but if I were you, I wouldn't do that sort of thing, Mollie. In nine cases out of ten it may be all right; but it's the tenth that counts."

"But I did it to make things more comfortable for you."

"I know that. It was very good of you. But I'd rather have put up with any inconvenience——"



By Hilda Cowham

"Were you born on an allotment, grandpa?"
"I don't think so; why?"
"Oh, cos Jackie Brown says you're a dug-out."

"Well, it's done now. We ought to be able to get in a lot of work this morning."

He lay back in his chair and gave her great deal of advice, pointing out how unwise it is to trust oneself with unknown men, however gallant and brave. She listened demurely, but he saw that he had not convinced her, felt that he was losing his hold upon her to that extent, and allowed his mind to get into a fussy condition. She, to her own astonishment, discovered that she was amused at him, and sat looking at the spot on the top of his head where the hair was beginning to become discouraged.

At last he settled down to dictate the story of the hermit. After lunch he went for a walk, because he found, by sour experience, that physical exercise was necessary to his brain. Mollie settled down to type her shorthand notes, and then, when that was done, took a book into the garden.

"Everything comes to him who waits," said a voice from nowhere. She looked about her and saw no one.

"Don't be scared any. It's your little white conscience talking."

"Where are you?"

"Where I belong. Right here, at your feet, amongst the green truck."

She looked down then, and saw the face of the Canadian smiling out at her from between a couple of cabbages.

"What on earth are you doing there?" she asked.

"Keeping myself to myself, to show I'm learning English ways. Do you mind?"

"No, I suppose not, if you like it. You're not doing any harm."

"Not any. I'm too old a scout for that. Say, was that lad who went scudding past a while back the Telefer Smaithe?"

"Have you been here all that time?"

"Longer than that."

"But why?"

"Because I wanted to see you. Now talk to me. I shall get as morose as an Injun if someone doesn't hand out some talk to me soon."

"Well, come and sit down beside me like a rational being," she said.

After all, soldier-men, particularly from the Dominions, have privileges.

"No, thanks; I guess I'm better here. If the great syllable mechanic happened back, and found me lolling around, he'd want explanations. I'm quite happy here, camouflaged among the savoys."

"For goodness' sake, come out! How can I talk to a head in a cabbage-patch?"

"Please don't make me," he said. "I'm playing a game with myself, pretending that you're in the power of an ogre. I don't want anyone to know of me, except you. Now tell me all about the ogre, and I'll see best how to rescue you."

"There isn't any ogre," she said.

"This is some fairy story," he answered. "Not only is the maiden in the power of an ogre, but she's enchanted too. It's up to me to dissimulate. Maiden, let me admire all his excellences."

"You're rather impossible," she answered. "The want of reasonable conversation, perhaps?"

"That's it," he confessed. "Talk to me about how literature is manufactured these days, and my parlour tricks will all come back to me, glad to be home again."

"First, get up out of the cabbage-bed."

"What must be, must be, though the ground's quite dry," he said, rising to his feet, though he took great care not to be seen from the house. She noticed that, and smiled.

"You're nothing but an overgrown boy. Why did you hide like this?"

"Call it a play game, and let it go at that. Now talk to me about yourself. It's seven and a half centuries since I had any real talk from a girl."

With that, they got on quite well together, until Telefer Smaithe came in at the gate. For a moment she wondered how she would explain the Canadian. Then: "Why shouldn't I talk to him if I want to?" she thought. She stood resolutely up to face the author, who strode over to her.

"Sunning yourself?" he asked, dropping one hand over hers on the back of the chair.

"I've been——"

She looked round, and found that she was alone with him. The Canadian had vanished as soundlessly as would have faded the old "Injun" who had taught him his scouting.

She did not see him again until the end of the week, when Telefer Smaithe went to town to interview editors, for he believed in the personal touch, and, by inference, in his own charm. She took a book out on to the common, for she had nothing to do, looking suspiciously at the cabbages as she passed by them, but no voice came from amongst them. She went to a little patch of bracken, stretched out among its cool, green fronds, and opened her book.

Soon the voice came again, once more invisible.

By S. Seymour

"Come on, mine kamerads! Ledt us encourage ourselves mit der conversation about der mighty conquests of der Vaterland, until ve can get a shanst to bunck oudt und surrender to der British."

"I began to think you were ill," it said. "Where's the pawing ogre, the monster who keeps you on the treadmill?"

She did not look up from her book.

"You mustn't talk like that," she said. "He isn't a monster, and I love working for 'm. Nothing makes me happier."

The ferns parted, and he slipped through them, until he was lying face to face with her.

"I guess he can't see me here," he said, grinning like a boy.

"No, I suppose not. He's in London."

"Since you haven't asked me," said the Canadian, "I'll tell you my secret. My name's Billy Winter, and my home is Saskatchewan."

"You're quite wrong," she answered. "It's Puck, and you live in a cavern under the hills. That's why you come and go so mysteriously."

"I'm sure exposed. Can you forgive, or are you one of those hard, good women who'd hunt a gnome into the never-never, because he didn't carry visiting cards?"

"Who can banish Puck?"

"It's a difficult proposition. Now, tell me what you do with yourself all day."

He made her talk about her work, listening analytically to all she had to say, and putting innocent questions from time to time, until, before she had finished, he had a clear enough, and true enough, impression of the exact position.

"She's on the way to falling in love with that wordsmith," he thought; "and it won't do. She'd fit my home like a coat of paint."

"Now tell me about yourself," she said. "From the first day I saw you I've been curious about one thing."

"And what is this thing?"

"How many Germans have you killed?"

"I've never used a weapon in this war."

"Do you mean you haven't been in Flanders yet?"

"I don't. I mean I'm an engineer. That's my profession, and it seemed to me I'd be more use where I belonged than in the infantry."

"Oh, I see. What do you do?"

"Make and repair all sorts of communications."

"Oh, you've been under fire, then?"

"Frequently, and liked it less each time."

"I begin to understand. You make bridges and railways, and roads on the battlefield. You must have been the means of killing many Germans, indirectly."

"That's what I tell myself, when I'm down in the mouth."

"You were wounded at the front, then?"

He nodded.

"It's my work in Canada that I like to think about most. It's just as big a fight there, and it's all to the good, unrolling railways in the backwoods; and after me homes grow up, with contented, happy people in them, and, as I go up and down the line in the construction trains, I can see them. When God made the world He saw that His work was good. Well, that's how I feel, sometimes, at my real work."

"But what you're doing in France is splendid too."

"I sure wonder," he said. "Sometimes I feel I'm asleep in a ghastly nightmare, but I've always got the notion that the morning's certainly coming when I'll wake to a good, clean job, pushing a bridge out over a white, tumbling river, so that the wheat cars can roll safely along the trestles, hundreds of feet up over the roaring, broken water. Now, that's man's work. Just that one bridge for a gateway into new lands as big as England. Then we'll clear the timber, and let in the miles of corn to help feed all the world. That's work for a white man. Say, you're laughing at me."

"No, I wasn't. I was interested."

"I don't often let off speeches," he said; "but that work is all of me, and nothing else I do matters. The world hasn't begun to get a hint of what Canada's going to be. Well, that's what I was at. And then this lop-sided Kaiser creature, with his uniforms, and his posturings, and his terrible earnestness about himself, interfered. Do you wonder I can't tolerate him? Can you tell me what came over Europe that it let him happen?"

But that was a question that neither she nor anyone else could answer.

When she met him again he brought her photographs to see. He showed them to her hesitatingly, unreasonably afraid that she would find them dull, when they meant so much to him, for they were records of things he himself had done. He kept side-glancing at her delicate profile as she bent her head over them, like a nymph delightfully puzzled by scale drawings.

"Look at that," he said, showing her a picture of a single track line running through conifer forests. "Doesn't look much, does it?"

"Perhaps not. What's the history of it?" Her eyes dwelt on his face, reading behind its level impassivity the spirit that had made his life one great fight for mankind against the sullen primitive.

"It's the highest bit of track I've ever laid," he said; "and it meant, amongst many other things, eight bridges, and four hundred charges of blasting powder to get it there. Now, look at this."

And he showed her a clean, new town, with a church and schools and a market place and broad, level roads.

"I made that possible," he said. "Five years back that was prairie. And now see that."

"But that isn't Canada? That's a destroyed town at the Front."

"Yes. That's the Kaiser's work. If you were a man, which would you rather be? Me, or the Kaiser?"

"Why, you!" The flush on her face and the glow in her eyes showed him how little doubt there was of that.

"And that's what keeps me a sane man in this nightmare. See here."

He handed her a photograph of one of the great, new graveyards "Somewhere in France."

"That's the German Mountebank's work

too." He shuffled the prints and took out another for her, showing ripening corn from horizon to horizon. "And that's my work. It's certainly odd when a plain man can weigh himself against an Emperor, and find the Emperor shucks in the balance. We're going to get a new conception of manhood out of this war."

"We've got it," she said. "Were you badly wounded?"

"Not enough to hinder my real work. Does it appeal to you?"

"Tremendously," she said. "When do you think you'll get back to it?"

"When Germany's whipped and yelping. If they won't let me back to France, I can sure be of some use over here, if it's only as a mechanic in an aircraft shop. Whipping the Kaiser's a rush job just now. I don't care what I do, so long as I help that on. Then we can get back to sanity. What are you thinking of?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just thoughts." She blushed.

Really, she was contrasting him with Smaithe, and wondering why she had ever thought that the "wordsmith," or his work, mattered so vastly. She was in a new mood, and not, perhaps, a very just one—at any rate, as far as the necessity for his work was concerned. Shakespeare, it might be argued, was a bigger event than even this war. On the other hand, Smaithe was not Shakespeare.

"You seem fond of this common," she said, the next time he met her upon it.

"The doctors tell me that moderate exercise, and all the open air there is, are good for me. Besides, I met you here. Do you remember I called you an enchanted maiden?"

"Yes, I think I do. Why?"

"Oh, because that's how you looked to me. That's all the why I know. You live here, remote and lonely. I came, bored from the spinal cord to the skin, not expecting to meet a friendly soul, and, by the grace of God, I happened on you, you who lived in another world, familiar spirit to a wizard of make-believe. It got into my bones that your wordsmith was a wizard."

She laughed.

"He's really an ordinary man," she said, "except that he writes splendidly. He cut himself this morning when he was shaving, and I'm sure a wizard wouldn't do that. He'd draw a magic circle, say 'Hey, presto!' and his beard would be gone."

"I don't care," he said. "The house looks as if it were inhabited by a wizard. Where's he now?"

"He's gone to London. He'll be away for the day."

"Will he? He'll sure get rattled, then."

"Oh! How's that?"

"One of the men on the gun told me as I came along there was an air raid getting up. In this haze, if it's got half the spunk of a may-bug, it'll reach London."

"Oh, the odds are very much against his getting hurt," she said. "He'll be all right.

By Lieut. Howard Penton

Sentry (to Tommy who on his way up to the front line is singing, "Garden of Eden just made for two"): "You're going the wrong way for that, mate."

He'll probably be in the Tube when it happens."

"Yes; there's nothing much to worry about. Would you be very sorry if he got killed?"

"Naturally. I like him tremendously."

"Because he's himself, or because you admire his work?"

"Lately I've wondered about everything connected with him," she said. "I think a girl really admires most in a man the most forceful kind of labour."

"Then you'd be tickled to death by some of our gunners at the front," he said. "They move slices of countryside with one blow. Why wasn't I a gunner?"

"Malign fate, I suppose," she said, pretending seriousness. "Is it too late to change?"

"Yes, the tide in my affairs has passed the flood, as far as this war is concerned. I shall never be a gunner. I couldn't heave shells about now."

"Oh, I'm so sorry."

"Still, I made roads for the guns to move along. That was something."

"I didn't mean that. I meant I was sorry because of your wound."

"Say, you needn't be. If it hadn't been for that I shouldn't have met you; and that counts a whole heap with me. Hallo!"

"What?"

"Here's the wordsmith coming."

He shaded his eyes and watched him. "He's about as happy as a polar bear in a bakehouse. What's eating him?"

Mollie stood at gaze, with her hand on her bosom, breathing rapidly through parted lips.

"So-oh! Then you haven't told him you know me?"

"No, I haven't. He knows I spoke to you once, but——"

"Kid, do you mean you're afraid of that?"

"No, I'm not afraid of him; but——"

"By my mother's bones!" said Billy Winter. "He'd better be careful, or he'll get a whole heap handed out to him that he can't carry."

Telefer Smaithe halted about twenty yards from them.

"Mollie!" he shouted.

"You're stone deaf and otherwise occupied," said Winter. "Can't he see you're talking to someone?"

She hesitated.

"That's it," he said quietly. "If he's got to speak to you, let him come here. I don't allow my friends to be shouted for."

"Mollie!"

"He's put his manners away in cold storage. I'm not used to being interrupted by somebody shouting across the landscape. It doesn't go."

"I think I'd better go."

"You stay right here, dear. If that's how he treats you, it's time he learnt where he belongs in creation."

"I've never known him to be so rude before," she said.

"And he won't know himself to be so rude again," Winter snapped.

Telefer Smaithe, finding that she did not reply, strode towards her, most evidently in a very bad temper. Winter saw that she trembled a little. She had reason. She had a humorously grim man beside her, and an excitable, angry man coming towards her.

"I returned home. They told me at the station that the air-raid warning had been given. I decided to come back and work."

"I see."

Her tone was as cold as his own, and he instantly changed his manner, sensing that it would not do this time, and half realising why.

"May I offer you the shelter of my house until this affair has blown over?" he said to Winter. Then, without waiting for a reply, he put his hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Mollie, you'd be safer——"

What seemed like a mechanical claw closed about his wrist and moved his arm back to his side.

"That's where that belongs," said Winter, with all the snows of the Northern trapping country in his tone. "As to the raid, it's been driven back, or we should have heard it by now."

"Who are you?" Smaithe asked.

"I'm a real stranger to you."

"Oh! Well, whoever you are, you ought to know better than to behave as you're

By Fred Pegram

THE ROSE AND THE MAPLE LEAF

doing. Mollie, where did you meet this man?"

"She met me right here, where we're standing now, and it's all of a pretty place. You're her employer, aren't you?"

"And her friend too."

"You don't say! Tell me, does that make you her chaperon?"

"You see the sort of person he really is, Mollie."

"She's had many opportunities of seeing that," said Winter, "and I think she's formed her judgment. What I'm asking you is this: Do you claim to choose her friends for her because you've hired her to type your love-mongering output?"

"Really, I don't——"

"Do you, or don't you, claim that?"

Telefer Smaithe turned to Mollie.

"This is becoming impossible," he said. "Surely, when you know I want you, you're not hesitating whether to send him about his business or not, are you?"

Mollie's head went up, and Winter saw it. He caught her eye.

"Mollie, you must choose now," said Telefer Smaithe, turning on the deep notes to show he was moved. "It's come to that. Do you prefer this man, this stranger, to me?"

She did not answer. She resented his putting it upon such a basis. The Canadian, for the first time during the interview, smiled—a broad, humorous smile that was more chilling, more enervating to Smaithe than the grimmest scowl could have been.

"See here," said Winter, putting his hand upon Mollie's shoulder, "this is where you quit. You're not on in this act."

And the arm slid about her waist.

A CANADIAN

By JESSIE POPE

CALM-EYED, well-seasoned to endure,
  Straight as a sapling, not too tall,
He is the lad who answered, "Sure!"
  When England gave a call.

Easy in manner, self-contained,
  Quick-witted, picturesque of speech;
By risk or danger unrestrained,
  Gripping his share of each.

Gay, but heroic to the end,
  Fierce and unshaken in a "show,"
Loyal and solid as a friend,
  A relentless foe.

Taking his turn at many parts,
  A soldier and a man complete—
He is the lad who warms our hearts
  And freezes Fritz's feet.

By G. S. Dixon

Affable British Tommy: "Changeable weather you get here!"
Canuck: "Changeable, do you call it! If it only was, you bet we'd have changed it long ago."

THE CHUMP'S IDEA

By EDWIN PUGH

I DON'T think much of this war," said the Chump.

We call him the Chump because his name—beginning with Cholmondeley and ending with Higgins—is far too gorgeous for every-day wear and tear. He is a sunny-faced, bright-eyed lad of thirteen or so, and I am one of his favourite uncles.

"That so?" said I. "Well, I don't know whether I'm sorry or glad to hear that you disapprove of this little European fuss we've got mixed up in. At the same time I must confess that I am curious to know why you do."

"It's so muddly," said he. "So slow and monotonous. So deadly dull. It wants gingering up. A bit of excitement. If only——" He paused.

"If only what?" I prompted him.

"If only it were a cricket-match," said he. "On the lines of England *v.* Australia, say, with a thrill in every minute of it, and a

definite finish to look forward to before you were dead. England *v.* Germany, or The Allies *v.* The Central Powers, with picked sides and a shilling gate, and so on."

"But that wouldn't be fair," I objected. "England, with her Colonies, and America and India thrown in, have practically a monopoly of cricket. The Central Powers wouldn't stand an outside chance. And, besides, what would our Allies be doing? Neither France, Italy, Russia, Belgium, Rumania, Serbia, Portugal, Japan, nor any other country on our side plays cricket to any extent that I am aware of. You must think of something else, Chump."

"Ah, you're so beastly literal," said he. "I mentioned cricket merely because it came first to my mind. But it needn't be only cricket. We could have a regular International Sports Carnival. Sort of Olympian Games, don't you know, like we had some years ago, only on a far larger scale. Do you follow me?"

"To the final goal," said I.

"Yes, of course, there'd be football," he rejoined. "Surely the Germans or the Hungarians or somebody play a sort of football? And even if they didn't it would be up to them to learn it, so as to be ready for the next rumpus, just as it would be up to us to train some of our wrestlers against those Terrible Turks and chaps. And, to pass from great things to small, there are games like chess and coddam, and dominoes and spellicans. We'd have to hold our own in those as well. And noughts and crosses. For all you know, the Bulgars may be frightful swells at noughts and crosses."

"It's quite possible, quite possible," I admitted. "Indeed, your idea simply bristles with possibilities."

"Yes, and I've only given you hints of it up to now," said the Chump. "If I went into details—if I laid the whole scheme before you——"

"I wish you would."

"If you really mean that, I will. At any rate, I'll do my rotten best."

I signified my gratification in the usual way. For some seconds there was silence whilst the Chump brooded heavily.

"I don't want anybody to think I'm trying to be funny," he said, "or guying the war in any way. I know it's jolly serious, and all that. That's why—in the words of the guv'nor—I say once for all: Don't let it occur again. I want everybody to understand that next time there's an international row there needn't be any slaughter. When this war is over and peace is declared, let everybody agree on a general disarmament. By all means let us go on raising armies, but let them be armies of sportsmen. Every country must have some sport it's good at. Even Germany. What's that cheek-slashing game their students go in for, for instance?"

"I forget the name of it," I replied. "But I should say that's a bit too Kultured——"

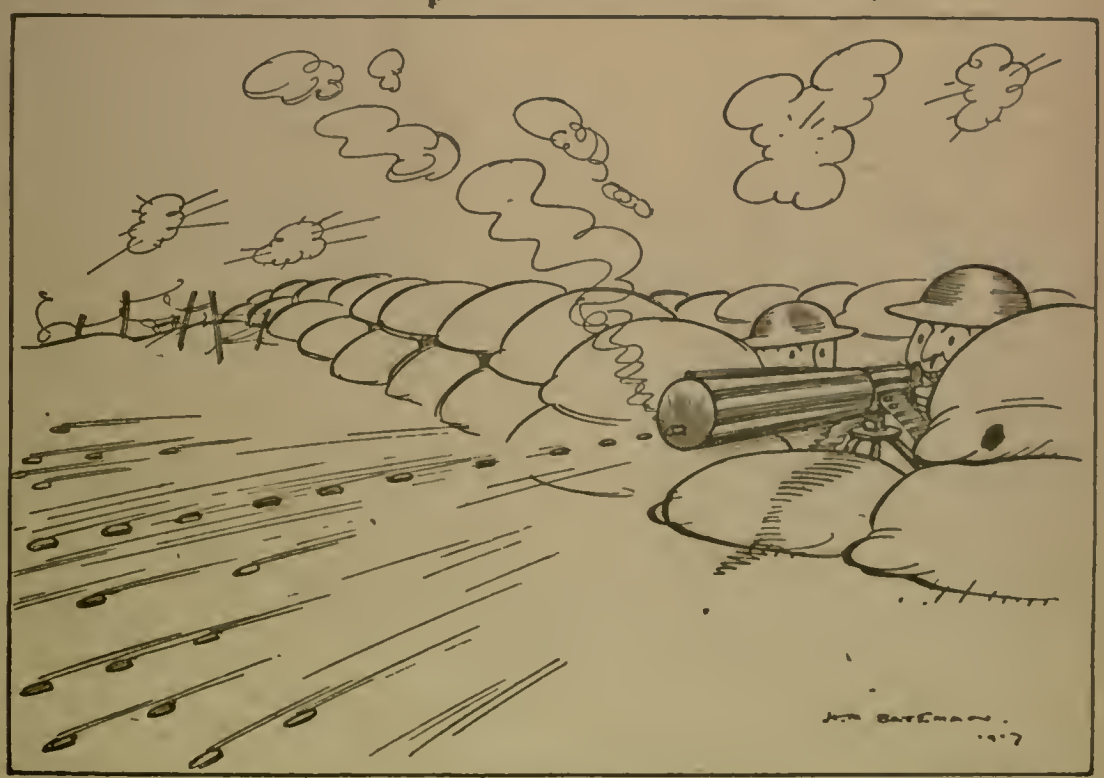
"Yes, perhaps we ought to bar that. Still, there used to be a German Gym. in London once upon a time, and they couldn't all have been duds there. So they must be dabs at something—if it's only sitting on a patent walking-stick and shooting pigs. However, we won't go into minutiæ. We'd all have to have some sport of some kind—or go out. I didn't mean to mention it again, but—there's cricket, to begin with. We thought we British could whack the world at that—until India gave us Ranji. And boxing, which I understand the ancient Greeks invented and the Romans improved upon, until somehow it drifted to England, and for centuries we were the absolute topnotchers at it. Other nations we despised—niggers and trash of that sort—and especially Frenchmen. Until France went crazy over the game, and in less than no time raised a champion who knocked our own champion out, not by a fluke, but twice running, and each time giving away tons of weight. So you see, uncle, if every nation took up every kind of sport played by every other nation in the world, and practised it and trained for it, there wouldn't be any unfairness, after all, when the next war broke out."

"Your idea, then——?"

"I am just coming to it. We'll say war is declared. Very well. There's a general pow-wow between the heads of all the nations that can't somehow hit it any longer. They draw up a programme. Each one puts down

BAD BILL OF LAME DOG GULCH—

Thought there was nothing in the world to equal his six-shooter—



—Till he found something better.

By H. M. Bateman.

the games that his fellow-countrymen excel in. It would be a long list, and it would take a long time to get through all the items. But not so long as this war is taking. And it wouldn't cost a farthing either, because the gates would easily pay for the expenses. And nobody would be killed, though a few might get knocked about a bit. And the excitement! Just imagine the excitement, if you can. Almost every five minutes there would be the 'Latest Results' for the papers to publish. Every day the points would fluctuate, just as they do even now in the football tables. There'd be disputes and arguments and bets, and all manner of fun. And always something to talk about, and always something to buck you up instead of giving you the pip. You'd always be counting points, and working out the figures to the last recurring decimal. Now England would be on top, now Canada, now France, now Bonnie Scotland, now Italy, now Japan, now Salvador on a foul, now England again, now Italy, and then some wild outsider like Cambodia might butt in. And, I suppose, Germany and Austria and Turkey and Bulgaria would be pegging away all the time, and, if they never topped the list, be always spoiling other nations' chances.

"And when the last game was played, the last goal kicked, the last wicket taken, the last Himalaya climbed, and the first of ten thousand Channel swimmers safely landed, then we could tot up all the totals and find out just where we all were. And there wouldn't be any win, tie, or wrangle about it. There wouldn't be any bad blood. We'd all have scored at something or other. We'd all have our victories to balance our defeats. We shouldn't have wasted thousands of millions of pounds, not to speak of lives. We'd all have had a clinking good time, we'd all be better friends, and keen for another war so as to get our own back."

"And you think that would settle all our racial, economic and political differences, our trade disputes, and the rest of it, Chump?"

Chump laughed me to scorn. "By the time the crowd had done clapping," said he, "there wouldn't be any of that silly rot left to settle."

THE CANADIAN ALPHABET

A is for the Army we're with Overseas;
B is for the Boys just as busy as bees;
C is for the Corps commanded by Currie;
D is for the Deutschers coming in in a hurry;
E is for Old England; we mean to see through;
F is for the Frenchies who speak "*Parlez-vous*";
G is for the Guns; how we love their old barks!
H is Headquarters, which won't stand no larks.
I is for Intelligence, up to Boche tricks;
J is for the "Junk" that sometimes we nicks:
K is for the Kamerad, too full of love;
L is for the Lorries we have to help shove;
M is for the Mud of most evil repute;
N is for the N.C.O., none dare dispute;
O is for Officers—wish 'em good luck!
P is for Plugstreet and Pill-box and Pluck;
Q is for "Quarters" housewife in the Field;
R is for Rupprecht, whose fancy troops yield;
S is for Smiles, which will never come off;
T is for the Tanks, to which we caps doff;
U is for *U* and the Maid and Occasion;
V is for Vaterland, marked for invasion;
W is for Wilhelm, the Kaiser so gory;
X doesn't count; **Y** is Wypers and Glory;
Z (thank the Lord!) is the end of my story.

By Alfred Leete

Canadian Tommy (bringing in well-fed prisoner): "Look 'ere, Bill, I believe I've copped the Boche Food Controller"

By W. Heath Robinson

The Cat: "Thank 'evins I was born in the Isle of Man!"

By H. J. Mowat

"I cannot be happy here—not even with you."

EVERYTHING OR NOTHING!

A Complete Story

By EDWARD CECIL

Illustrated by H. J. Mowat

PEACE had come suddenly. There had been hints that it was coming in Monday's morning papers, broader hints in the evening papers of that day. The same sort of thing on Tuesday. On Wednesday the French papers were reported to have definitely stated that Peace was only a matter of hours. On Wednesday night the evening papers sold in hundreds of thousands.

The first indication to Londoners that the rumours really were true was that sudden reappearance of the placards. The *Star* and the *Evening News* both threw official regulations to the winds with their Noon Edition, and the rest of the evening papers, with the exception of the *Westminster Gazette*, followed suit.

Mr. Edward Cecil.

"I really think there must be something in it," was a remark made by thousands of Londoners that night when they reached their suburban homes. "The placards have come out again."

The next morning, Thursday, a curt official announcement appeared in all the morning papers. An armistice had been signed, practically simultaneously, on all the fronts.

It was now Friday night. Save for, perhaps, a few solitary shepherds in the Highlands, some isolated dwellers in very remote parts of the West of Ireland, a few fishermen still at sea, everyone now knew that Peace had come.

Who can describe the joy, the wonder, the amazement, the

excitement, which welcomed this sudden and wellnigh unbelievable news? In Cannon Town, that district of mean streets, warehouses and factories at the foot of the hill on which the suburb was built, people wellnigh lost their heads.

Here and there a woman's heart ached for a man whose body lay somewhere in France, but whose spirit lived, and always would live, somewhere in England; here and there a mother's heart was glad because her son's life would be standing no longer in jeopardy every hour. And sober men and sober women were thankful silently, in house after house, in street after street, because now, at long last, Victory had been won.

There was a general feeling of mutual good will. It was not Christmas time, but a sort of immensely magnified Christmas feeling permeated the minds of all.

In the suburb there was the same sort of thing differently expressed, with this difference—people were much more self-conscious. In the suburb people did not let themselves go. They could not have sung or shouted in the streets had they tried. They sedately talked to each other in the terms of the newspaper articles they had read that eventful Friday morning. It is astonishing how many people there are who, though they often allow themselves to be wholly miserable, never permit themselves to be wholly glad.

We will now pass from the general to the particular, and enter the home of Edward Draycott, Esq., East Indian Merchant, of Leadenhall Street, E.C., in the City of London, and 26, Bessborough Gardens, in the suburb which looked down on Cannon Town, on the night of the day after the day on which the Great War ceased.

* * * * *

"Pass the port, dad."

Jack Draycott was expected to say something, and that was all he said.

For the first time since his return home from Canada to fight in the War reference had been made to the reason why he had ever gone to Canada. And his answer to the very pointed opening was: "Pass the port, dad," and for the rest—silence.

Jack Draycott had a clear-cut face and a determined mouth. Despite the strength of his face, however, his father considered him weak. It sometimes happens that the squarest-jawed man is a weak fool, but it also sometimes happens that strong will gains for its possessor the furious attacks of those who are not themselves strong-willed. And one of the stones of abuse thrown by the weak man is to allege weakness in his superior. We are always ready to accuse others of the faults we have ourselves. It is the easiest short cut in abuse imaginable.

Now, Jack Draycott and his father held widely different opinions on many things. Each thought the other weak. But Jack Draycott never said he thought his father a weak man, though, in his heart of hearts, he did. On the contrary, Edward Draycott had frequently expressed the opinion, first of all that Canada would "strengthen Jack's character," and latterly that the War would. Edward Draycott belonged to that type of man who reckons himself to be strong for no better reason than because he feels himself to be strongly entrenched in a strong position.

"It's kill or cure," had been Mrs. Draycott's comment, made with wifely resignation, when Jack had been sent out to Canada. She had been brought up to accept her husband's ruling in all things. Jack was her favourite son, however, and in her opinion there was not much fault in his character to cure. She used the same words, "It's kill or cure," when her husband talked pompously about the strengthening process on a man's character worked by fighting in Flanders. But she then used them bitterly. As he was now sitting at his father's dinner-table on the evening of the day after Peace had come, the two great experiences of life—Canada and the War—had not killed Jack. Had they "cured" him? Mrs. Draycott's own private opinion was that her dear old boy remained just exactly the "same as ever."

And now, almost the very minute the War was over—when he might have observed a decent interval before reviving topics decently buried during the War—her dear, respectable husband had opened up the past.

"Did you say you could hear the shouting

in Cannon Town up here, Herbert?" he asked. "I'm afraid there will be a good deal of drinking down there. The public-houses ought to be shut till things are normal again. Peace celebrations will become an orgy — of drinking."

And he had looked straight at Jack, and Jack had looked straight back at him. The young man's answer, his straight look unwavering, his lips curling in a smile, had been deadly.

"Pass the port, dad."

Reluctantly and without comment Edward Draycott had passed it.

Jack had been sent out to Canada because he had been too fond of Cannon Town, even to the extent of falling in love with a remarkably pretty girl whose home was in one of the mean streets of that infamous district so despised by the suburb; and finally, supremely, inevitably and irrevocably, because on one never-to-be-forgotten night he had come home drunk.

"Why, neither I nor your brother Herbert have ever been drunk in our lives!" exclaimed the outraged Edward Draycott that memorable night. It may be mentioned that Edward Draycott was vicar's churchwarden at the suburb's parish church. Jack Draycott never went to church at all unless expressly asked by his mother to do so.

"I am not—incapable," the poor boy had protested.

"No; but you are drunk."

"I am not—speechless."

By Hilda Cowham

CAMOUFLAGE

"Now, then, children, what's this animal?"

"Please, teacher, it's a horse wot's put on a bathing suit to deceive the Germans."

"It would be as well if you were," said Draycott, who was stupidly cross as well as outraged. He had been kept up late "Besides, don't argue with *me*."

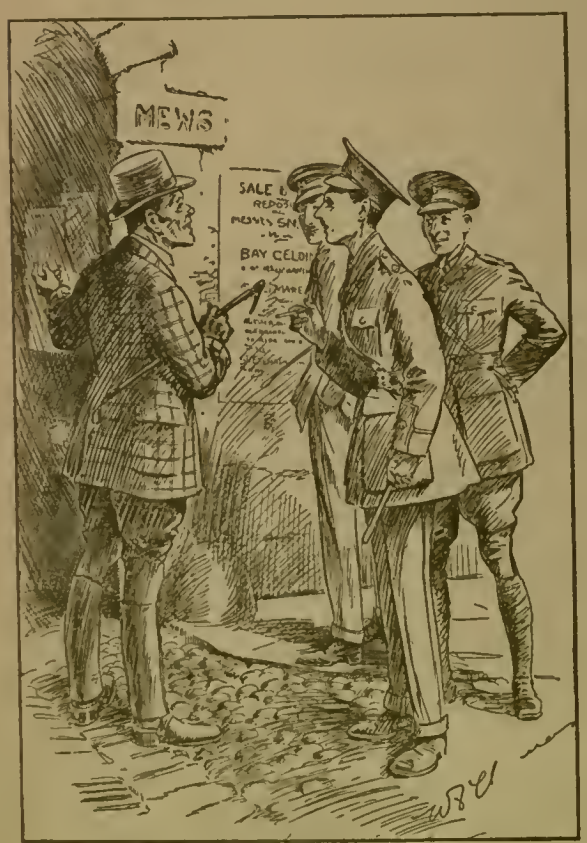
So Jack had been sent out to Canada. He had made "some sort of a start out there." He had come back to the Old World to fight its battles, to make the New World secure. He had twice been wounded, once near Ypres and once in the great battle for Lille, and now on the day after Peace, he was sitting

at his father's dinner-table drinking his second glass of port.

Facing him was his brother, Captain Herbert Draycott, who was always what he ought to be, and who, in his military career, had never made a mistake, and had come through the War without a scratch. Facing his father sat his mother, who, knowing what Edward Draycott had it in his mind to say, had decided at the Peace Dinner to be "one of the men."

"Thank you, dad," said Jack, and poured himself out half a glass.

Draycott smiled. Jack smiled also. The one reflected that his son knew what he was doing. The other reflected that his father might as well be reminded that his son was a man and not a boy.



By W. F. Thomas

"Sure, an' Oi've got the vurry horse for ye; come round an' see him, sorr. He's the vurry patthern ye wannt—that is, if yer honour doesn't object to a 'green' 'un."

"Oh, not at all, thanks. I don't mind about the colour."

"I quite agree with you, father," said Captain Herbert Draycott. "The public-houses ought to be shut."

"Oh, let the people have their fling," said Jack carelessly. "They have waited long enough for it."

"I don't think you have ever realised, Jack," said his father, "that it is not always wise to let the people have what—for the moment—they want."

"Wisdom depends on the point of view," returned Jack quietly. "Yours or theirs."

He was evidently able to hold his own. He knew, of course, that he was one against two. That stiffened him.

"The best of us," observed the self-satisfied Herbert, "have to think for those who are not able to think for themselves."

Herbert Draycott had some reason to be satisfied with himself. He had been taken into his father's business before the War broke out. In the first glory of his khaki and his commission he had married the prettiest girl in Bessborough Gardens, who was now not present with them for the satisfactory reason that she was now about to become a mother for the second time. He had come through the War without distinction, but without mishap, and he was on the point of returning very comfortably to the profitable occupation of understudying his father in the old established business, Edward Draycott and Son.

"You are not qualified to express an opinion, Herbert," said Jack quite amiably. "A man who has come through the War without spoiling the polish on his boots knows precious little about what people are thinking. It sometimes does people good to get what they want. They can then see for themselves whether it is really worth having."

"Well, we've all got what we want," said Mrs. Draycott hastily. "We all wanted Peace; and we've got it."

She looked straight into her husband's face, and, slightly frowning, nodded to him to speak. He took the hint.

"On this auspicious occasion," said Edward Draycott, "when the War is at last over, and both you boys are safe . . . I have something to say."

By Dudley Hardy

THE RETURN TO THE TRENCHES

By A. E. Horne

THE BASHFUL BATHER

"I wish she'd go away, Bert. What's the French for 'shoo'?"

He cleared his throat. He had prepared what he intended saying—to the very words. Mrs. Draycott smiled and nodded. She knew what was coming, and she very much approved. Jack felt an inclination to give an encouraging "Hear, hear!" It was so like the first pause in a speech. But he checked his inclination. Herbert smiled.

"We have much to be thankful for," went on Edward Draycott. "I hope we are . . . thankful! I am. I propose to celebrate Peace in my own way. I will come at once to the point. I shall be glad, Jack, if you will come into the business. I intend altering the title of it from 'Edward Draycott and Son' to 'Edward Draycott and *Sons*.'"

He beamed, and Mrs. Draycott beamed, and Herbert Draycott stretched out his hand across the table. Jack shook it. He could not do anything else. But there was a lack of warmth in the grip, and, ever so slightly but perceptibly, Herbert felt he was snubbed. Then all three of them looked at Jack and waited. And suddenly all three of them became aware that something was going to happen.

Jack sat back in his chair, his face serious.

"I am grateful to you, dad, but I wish you had consulted me before making this sort of public announcement."

"You don't mean to say . . ." exclaimed Edward Draycott, speaking naturally in his sheer amazement.

Jack raised his hand. He commanded the situation.

"I suppose what you say means that you have forgiven me—for not being respectable in the past, and that you count on my being respectable in the future. . . ."

"Jack, dear, the past is dead and buried. Why, the War wiped it out!" Mrs Draycott interrupted hurriedly.

"Dearest mother, I don't want to pain you, but are you so sure of that? I'm not. I don't think the War has altered the pater, here, in the very least."

"The War has had a marked effect on all of us," said Edward Draycott, sheltering himself behind a generality. Herbert muttered something about "bad taste." Mrs. Draycott was frightened.

"But if dad means that he has really forgiven me—I'm glad. About going into the business, let's talk about that to-morrow."

"I should not take you into the business if I had not forgiven you. . . ."

"There was nothing really to forgive. Besides, you've fought in the War. . . ."

Husband and wife both spoke at once.

Jack said nothing.

"Perhaps Jack does not want to come into the business," Herbert suggested quietly.

"You've hit it," said Jack. The sharp sentence came like the crack of a whip. "I don't."

"Jack!" exclaimed Mrs. Draycott, horrified.

Edward Draycott opened his mouth to speak, but could not think of the right words. Then he sighed and poured himself out another glass of port.

Captain Herbert Draycott shrugged his shoulders. One can always shrug one's shoulders when one does not know what to say.

* * * * *

Mother and son were alone in the drawing-room; father and son had gone into the little room which was dignified by being called the library.

"Jack, dear, why are you bent on annoying your father?"

Mrs. Draycott sighed. Life was not altogether easy for her.

"I'm not bent on annoying my father. But he and I have such different outlooks on life."

"But he is your father. You should try to agree with him."

"How can I? He sent me out to Canada, in disgrace. He made, as I now see, quite an absurd fuss over nothing. Well, I got to like Canada. I intend doing quite well out there. To put it in a nutshell, my future lies in Canada. That's why I do not want to go into the business."

"But, Jack, it's a good thing for you—to go into the business. Herbert has taken to it splendidly."

"It suits him; it would not suit me."

"Why wouldn't it suit you?"

"An office all day long—to be taught by my father and patronised by Herbert—to wear a black coat and a silk hat—to have a nice little home like Herbert's and take my views of life from a nice morning paper as he and the pater do. Mother mine, it wouldn't work."

"You would settle down to it sooner than you think, Jack."

"But *I don't want to settle down to it!*"

He stood there, a fine stalwart man, and suddenly he felt sorry for his mother, of whom he was very fond. She had always been so dominated by her husband and his respectability. She had never had a fair chance. And he could not tell her so!

There was an awkward silence between them.

"Let me put it this way, mother," he said at last. The War has made a difference. We've got to hack out a new world—new ideas, new everything. Some people, however, like father, think it's just the same old world, same old ideas, same old everything. Herbert's that type. He's quite content with the world as it was before the War. How could he and I and the pater ever work together?"

What a boy he was still! How impulsive, how enthusiastic! She loved him for being so. He was like what she herself had once been, just as Herbert was like his father.

"And you like Canada?" she questioned.

"I love Canada."

He said this quite seriously.

"And you also love Muriel Hetherington?"

She smiled. And behind her smile lay her hope.

"Yes. It's well known that I do."

"And what does she say?"

"You also know that. She has said she will not be engaged to anyone till after the War."

"Well, it's 'after the War' now."

"I know. I hope to marry her."

"On what?"

"I shall make a place for her in the world."

"In Canada?"

"Yes—in Canada."

"Is she content?"

"She doesn't think me serious. But I shall convince her."

"Jack, sit down. I've something to tell you."

"If it's about Muriel, and it's unpleasant, I prefer to take it standing up."

"It need not be unpleasant. Your father and I have talked to Mr. and Mrs. Hetherington about you and Muriel. They will consent to her being engaged to you if you settle down in the business. Otherwise she must stop seeing you. That is one reason why your father consents to taking you in. I persuaded him."

"When did this happen?"

"Last Tuesday."

"And does Muriel know?"

"Probably she does by now."

"Exactly. I'll go and see her at once."

Mrs. Draycott got up. She put her hands on her son's shoulders.

"Jack, dear, it's late; it's nearly ten o'clock. Won't you think things over? But I do want you to be happy."

"So do I, mother, and I mean to be happy."

He kissed her and went.

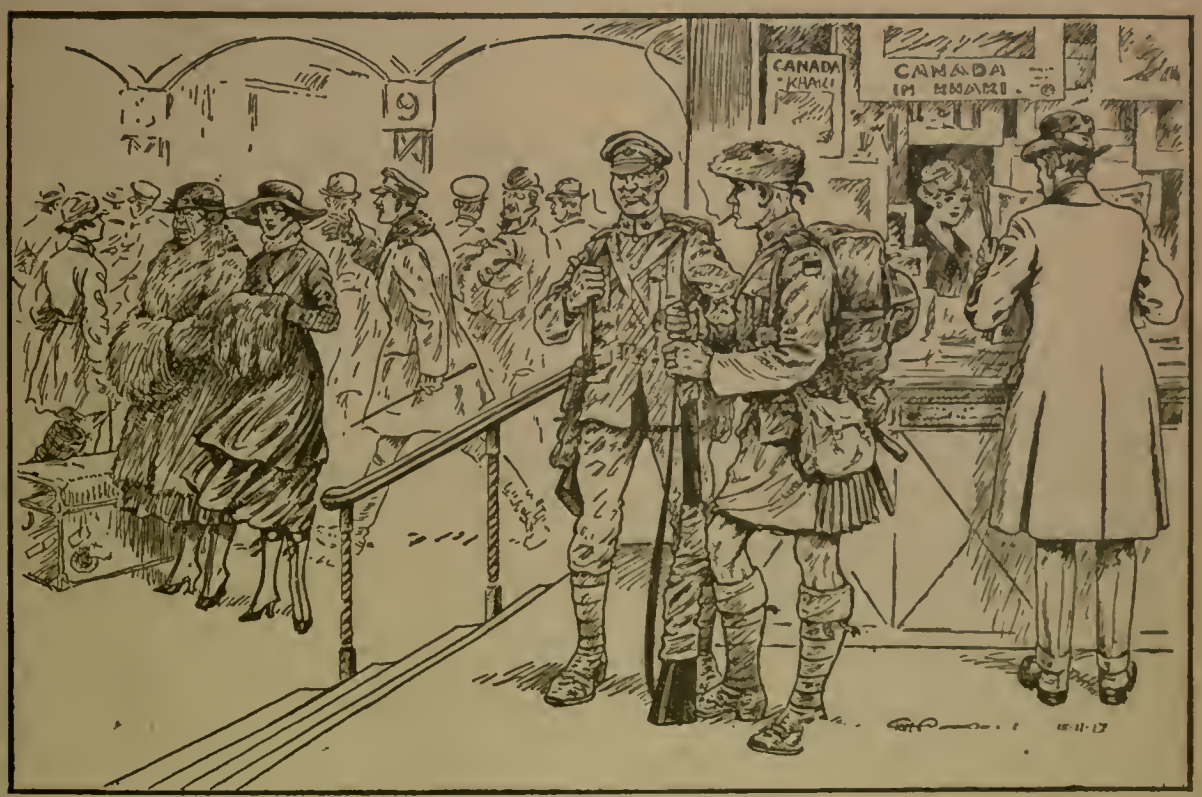
When Edward Draycott and Herbert came into the room they found he was not there.

"Where's Jack?" Herbert asked.

"He has gone over to see Muriel Hetherington," his mother answered.

"A bit late, isn't it?" remarked Edward Draycott. "Where's the *Times?*"

"Never too late for lovers," said Herbert



By Tom Cottrell

Steve: "What price the old lady, Jock?" Jock: "Pretty awfu'"
Steve: "But what price the young 'un?" Jock: "Awfu' pretty"

"Lemme see, you don't like ends, Percival, do you?" "Naw."
"Well" (cuts cake in two), "me and Bill does."

lightly. "I must go now, or Ethel will be wondering what has happened to me."

"Give her my love," said Mrs. Draycott.

Presently Edward Draycott and his wife were sitting together—the one reading his *Times*, the other nodding over a novel. Only once did they speak.

"Do you think she'll persuade him?" asked Jack's mother.

"I expect so," said Draycott. "The Hetheringtons have brought up their daughter very well, and Jack seems to be fond of her."

* * * * *

The Hetheringtons lived on the other side of the suburb, but Jack Draycott, with long, easy strides, made light of the distance. He heard sounds of street singing and shouting coming up from Cannon Town, and he noticed the new glare in the sky—London, lights up! Peace—and a day or two ago it had still been War!

Well, Peace has her battles, just the same as War.

He had his battle. He went straight to it.

By great good luck he found Muriel alone.

"I nearly telephoned for you!" she exclaimed, after he had kissed her, "when I found father and mother were going out."

"Why didn't you quite?"

"I heard you were having a family Peace dinner. I thought perhaps you might walk

over afterwards—of your own accord. You have. I'm glad."

He kissed her again.

"I'm glad to find you alone," he said. "I've something important to say. I'll say it at once."

Of course, she guessed what he was going to say. She was a fine-looking, open-air girl, and she was very fond of Jack Draycott.

"Well, say it," she commanded. She was very happy.

"I will. You said you would not be engaged to anyone till the War was over, not even to me. Well, the War is over. May I take it that our engagement now begins?"

Her eyelids fluttered. Then she looked up bravely.

"You may," she said.

He kissed her for the third time, and then commanded her to sit down.

"And now," he said, "for what I have come to say."

"Why!" she exclaimed. "I thought you had said it!"

"No. I wish I had. But it's soon said. I understand that your father and mother have seen my father and mother, and that they have said that they will consent to your being engaged to me if my father takes me into his business. Well, to-night he has offered to do so, and I have refused the offer."

"Jack!"

"I have refused to go into my father's business."

"Meaning losing me!"

"I did not know at the time. But even now that I do know, I still refuse. I am going back to Canada."

She looked at him, frightened.

"And what am I going to do?"

"Coming out to Canada with me."

"They would never let me."

"*They* have nothing to do with it. You and I have everything to do with it. Nobody else has *anything* to do with it. I am going back to Canada because my future lies in Canada. Will you share it with me? I can promise you it will be worth your while."

"But, Jack, why go out to Canada to be happy when we can be happy here?"

"I cannot be happy here—not even with you."

She pouted. She had the little tricks of a well-brought-up girl. But Jack Draycott knew she was something better—or thought he did. He loved her.

"Listen, Muriel. I was sent out to Canada in disgrace. An absurd thing to do, I admit; but my father did it. Now you know all the story, because I've told you. Well, when I first got out there they laughed at me. They said I was one of the No-goods at home, how could I expect to be one of the Some-goods out there? I didn't argue. I was never a No-good here. I was soon a Some-good out there. Up in the fur country, I've an opening. I'm going back to it."

"They will never let me go," she said pitifully. She was near tears.

"Don't ask them. I don't ask them for you. I ask you—for yourself."

"They will never let me go."

"Muriel—if you say that again I shall go without you. I mean it. It is you and me—not your parents and my parents. That sort of thing belonged to the old world, before the War. It is now the new world, after the War. I want you. I want no other woman in the world but you; but from you I want everything or nothing."

He was putting her roughly to the test, but he knew it had to be done.

She sat silent.

"It will be a rough life, perhaps, at first. But you will be quite safe with me. It will be a grand life, my life out there, a free life; no church-going every Sunday morning, no At-Home day once a month, no heeding what other people do, and thinking that to be right which others tell you to be right—a free life instead of a fettered life—a life for you, lived with me—giving me what I ask, just what I give you—everything or nothing If I give you everything, dearest, my life into your hands, will you give me everything, your life into mine?"

She still sat silent.

"You want time to think?" he asked. "Take as long as you like."

"You are quite decided that you are going back to Canada?"

"Quite."

"Because you like Canada?"

"Yes."

"You want me to come straight out with you?"

"Yes."

"And the life which is good enough for your brother Herbert is not good enough for you?"

"No, Muriel, it is not."

"Neither would it be good enough for me."

"My Queen!"

"It is with me as it is with you—everything or nothing. If you want to go back to Canada and you want me, I will come. As you say, it is simply you and I who are concerned—no one else at all."

"I always knew you would stand by me."

He was triumphant.

"I will try to be good enough—all through. But if ever I am weak, help me to be as brave as you are."

"It is a miracle—love like mine and love like yours coming together."

He took her in his arms and kissed her again and again. Not merely the pretty outside, which is all many ever know, and which soon gets soiled and worn; but the very heart of Love was theirs.

CHEERFUL REINFORCEMENT: "Why do they call this junk 'Bully'?"

Dyspeptic: "Because it ain't."

By Tom Cottrell

Fond Granny: "What is it, Cherub; can I help you?"
The "Cherub": "Yes, Granny; get down on your hands and knees—I want to draw a tank."

By H. P. Jenner

Photographer: "Of course, sir, you can hassume any expression you please, but I might mention that at the present moment the fashionable thing among the hupper classes is to look *'ungry.*"

THE POP-GUN PATRIOT

By LEONARD CROCOMBE

THE guard's whistle shrilled. I heard a hoarse "Stand away, there, sir!" Then the door of the compartment was flung open and a little, fat, round man flopped in.

He perched on the edge of the seat like a perky cock sparrow, and mopped the shining pinkness of his bald forehead with a large handkerchief. Then he rearranged his tie, brushed his coat-sleeve over his silk hat, flicked a speck of dust from a white spat, and settled his pince-nez almost on the tip of his podgy nose.

He then coughed, looked across the carriage at me and ejaculated: "Bless my soul! It's a first!"

My mild surprise must have been apparent, for the pink and corpulent individual put his chin inside his collar and glared at me fiercely over the tops of his glasses.

"I find that I have inadvertently entered a first-class compartment, sir," he exclaimed. "And it is not my habit, sir, I may say that it is against my Principles in this time of my Country's stress, to enjoy the—er—un-

necessary luxury of first-class travel. I determined, as an Example, sir, to the thoughtless, to become a Third-class Passenger immediately on the outbreak of the War. That is ten months ago, and this is the first time, sir, that I have broken my—er—vow."

I inclined my head to signify my perfect sympathy with the little man. "You are a true patriot, sir," I murmured.

"And who is not, sir?" he thundered, with an excited rustle of his morning paper. "By gad! sir, I see Red every time I open the confounded newspaper."

"That must be inconvenient."

"Inconvenient, sir! It's my natural feelings that get the better of a True-born Briton, sir; a True-born Briton who's not been accustomed to standing any nonsense from any damned foreigners, sir. No! Gad! if I were only ten years younger! Ten years! I'd set the young slackers an example."

His eye presumably caught a headline in his paper, for he added fiercely: "The best thing about the Germans, sir, is their Militarism. We need a System like theirs, that instils all the Great National Virtues—stern Patriotism, unflinching Discipline, blind Courage, unhesitating Devotion to the Flag and implicit Obedience to Superiors! That's what this Nation wants, sir!"

And that was my first introduction to Mr. Peter Poddigrew.

I met him a few mornings later on the station platform, and we exchanged formal greetings. Then, entangling me in his wordy barbed wire, he insisted on my journeying to town with him.

Although I don't suppose I managed more than a dozen words during the journey, before we parted Mr. Peter Poddigrew (he had already insisted on an exchange of cards) complimented me on my "conversation." "It's seldom, sir, that I meet a Man with whom I so thoroughly Agree. Come and dine with me, sir, to-morrow night. I shall expect you. I insist."

Urgent business calling me from town, I was glad to be able to wire Mr. Poddigrew my regrets.

I did not see him again for about six months. Then I met him one morning at the station, and was unable to avoid him. He showed his gratification at the renewal of our acquaintanceship by making a speech at me which lasted practically the whole journey citywards. The main theme of his discourse that morning was the special duty of every young man to take unto himself a wife ("not one of your damned pampered, degenerate, fashionable hussies, sir, but a Healthy, Sensible Woman capable of bearing at least four or five children!"), and hasten to shoulder the responsibilities of fatherhood, "for the Good of the State, sir, to the Glory of the Flag."

I gathered, by the way, that he was a widower with one young daughter, an only child, who house-kept for him.

A month later I was knocking at the door of Mr. Peter Poddigrew's villa in Surbiton's most select corner. I was admitted by a smart young manservant into a well-appointed hall, in which a picture of a bloody hand-to-hand battle, draped with a Union Jack, had a conspicuous place.

As I handed my hat and coat to the man I wondered, for the twentieth time, what had induced me to accept Poddigrew's pressing invitation. The man was a complete bore. He jarred horribly on my nerves. Still, at the same time, I felt an interest in him as a "type."

My hostess was standing before a cheerful fire in the drawing-room. My first quick impression of her was gold and pink. She was a slim, pretty girl of about eighteen or nineteen, and welcomed me gracefully, if a trifle shyly. We had scarcely exchanged a couple of sentences before her father bounced and bustled overpoweringly into the room. From then on he monopolised the talk until dinner was announced. I let him rattle on, feeling in no mood myself for conversational competition.

The table entertainment, so far as I was concerned, was not a great success. The menu was over-ample and unimaginative. The wines were good. The daughter—her name was Daphne—was pleasantly mannered, but with little conversation. She appeared to be in a perpetual state of acquiescence. "I agree entirely," she would say, opening wide

YOUNG MAY

Up to date from her curls
to her toes
Undisturbed by the
weather she goes—
In a snug "trencher"
coat
And with furs at her
throat—
Young May doesn't care
if it snows.

But, when snow clouds
are swept from the
skies,
Up yonder she raises her
eyes,
To the stars in the
west
Her secret's confessed—
"Keep my soldier in
safety," she sighs.

JESSIE POPE.

By MacMichael

her china-blue eyes; or else, "I *quite* see what you mean," or "I can't *think* why people won't see that."

Then, suddenly, my interest in her quickened. I scented romance.

Poddigrew (confound him!) had been holding forth again on "Duty to the State," the "wickedly declining birth-rate" (whereat Daphne had blushed quite in the approved English and maidenly manner), "the curse of selfishness, sir," and the urgent need for every young man—it was always the *young* man with Poddigrew—to marry, whatever his circumstances, and rear numerous offspring "on Principle."

"I know a young Canadian," I said, as Poddigrew paused to sip his Burgundy, "who holds your views on that subject. He was telling me so rather forcibly the other day. He's an engineer in civil life, quite successful, and——"

Here Daphne dropped her fork, and I saw that her face had suddenly assumed a rosier hue. Poddigrew glared.

I continued: "This young Canadian is a man after your own heart. He believes sincerely that everything in one's life should be considered primarily in its relation to the State, to the Empire; that individual ambition and desire should be subservient to that ideal."

"Fine, sir, fine!" cried Poddigrew. "I'd like to meet that young man. That's the Spirit we want. Buskin, fill up the glasses."

"My Canadian friend sacrificed his business and something like a thousand a year to join up immediately war was declared. He came over, too, with the avowed intention of marrying a British girl, and taking her back to Canada with him. Well, about a couple of months ago he met his ideal, so he tells me. She is a beautiful—and, I believe, he added, thoroughly healthy and suitable—young English girl. He fell in love with her."

"And they are married?" asked Poddigrew eagerly.

"No. The girl's father objects to my Canadian friend. He objects so strongly, although his daughter's affections are centred on the fellow, that he won't even allow him to call at the house to discuss matters. Up to now they have only exchanged letters."

"The man's a fool, sir, a fool!"

"Yes. He said he wasn't going to have his daughter carted away into the 'wilds.' I understand that the suitor pointed out in his letters that, quite apart from the fact that they love each other, it is the duty of the father to permit his daughter to marry the man of her choice, especially as he is going to take her to another part of the Empire where women and children are wanted more than here. He also explained, during the course of the correspondence, that it is for the good of the Empire that they should marry and rear healthy children."

"And quite right too, sir. In my opinion ——" Poddigrew broke off with a gesture of irritation as his daughter suddenly pushed back her chair.

"I think I'll leave you," she said quietly. I looked at her, but she did not meet my eyes. I noted that her cheeks had grown paler. "You'll come into the drawing-room later, won't you?" she added.

"Yes, yes, my dear!" Her father answered her, a trifle testily I thought. Then he turned to me, and volleyed forth a verbal barrage through which I did not attempt to penetrate.

Later I spent an equally uninspiring half-hour or so in the drawing-room. Daphne, conversationally bankrupt—I was really sorry for the poor child now, for she seemed to be flustered and overpowered by her father's unquenchable rhetoric—turned to the piano, almost, it seemed, in self-defence. She sang one of the Indian Love Lyrics—"Less than the Dust," I think it was—in a pretty but uninspired voice.

I had come to the definite conclusion that something was troubling her. I decided that she was in fear of her father, and that he was something of a tyrant towards her.

Suddenly, as I stooped to turn a page of music for her—she had finished singing—she whispered: "*Is his name John Vane?*"

I believe I started. But luckily her father could have noticed nothing. He was turning over the pages of a monthly review.

She continued playing. I whispered my reply: "*Yes!*"

She had mentioned the name of my Canadian friend. I wondered. So this was the girl. And Poddigrew—Poddigrew the Super-Patriot, the all-for-the-State merchant—it was he who, in one of his ridiculous letters, had called Vane "an opinionated young cub!" Poddigrew, who "saw red" where others were concerned, sang a different tune when it was a matter of personal inconvenience, to the extent even of refusing his daughter to the man she loves!

Just as I was leaving, Poddigrew said: "By the way, I wonder if you would bring your Canadian friend along one evening? I'd like to have a talk with him!"

I was shaking hands with Daphne at the moment. She smiled at me meaningly. I turned to her father. "Of course," I answered; "I'll bring him whenever it's convenient to you. He'll be delighted. He knows very few people in England."

"Wednesday night, then," said Poddigrew breezily. "Seven-thirty sharp. I'll expect you."

"Thanks. You and he will have a chance of exchanging ideas on the subject which seems to burn with almost equal intensity in the breasts of both of you."

I laughed and turned again to Daphne. I'll swear she was hiding a smile behind that ridiculously small handkerchief.

And thus it came about. I fixed it all up with Vane. He was boyishly enthusiastic over the scheme. "One thing's sure," he said boisterously, "I'll be an engaged man—a real *finance*—before we leave that Pop-Gun Patriot's shanty. We'll make Mister Peter Poddigrew sit up all right!"

We did, too.

When Vane and I were shown into the drawing-room, Poddigrew was standing before the fire. Daphne was not with him. I introduced Vane as "Corporal Smith." Poddigrew welcomed him cordially, and at once opened fire: "I've heard a lot about you, sir! You're the kind of Man I like to meet."

So he continued, in the strain of one appointed by the gods to be High Priest of State and Expositor Extraordinary of Imperial Principles, emphasising his trite remarks with blows of his fat fists. Vane listened and agreed to all his drivel without the suspicion of a twinkle in his eyes. Then Daphne entered the room. The stage has lost a promising actress in that girl. She didn't so much as blush as her father presented "Corporal Smith."

The inevitable topic cropped up soon after Daphne came in, and provided Vane with the opportunity he'd been angling for.

"Forgive me if I seem impertinent, sir," Poddigrew said, "but I have been given to understand that you have been abominably treated by some unpatriotic devil who doesn't see things as we do. I need not assure you of my Sympathy, sir. I agree, as you see, entirely with your High Ideals. It is every man's Duty to the Empire to marry the Woman of his Choice, just as soon as ever he can, and for them to rear children who shall grow up to be of Service to the State. Every young man worthy of our Glorious Empire should be Ready and Eager to shoulder the Responsibilities of Fatherhood with the Rifle and defend our——"

Vane strode quickly to Daphne's side, and put his arm round her shoulders, without taking his eyes from Poddigrew's face. "Then why the—why, may I ask, do you refuse to allow me to marry your daughter?" he demanded.

Poddigrew gasped; and then his jaw dropped. He stared, first at Daphne and Vane, and then at me, while his face purpled.

"Why—why——!" he spluttered at last, showing symptoms of apoplexy. "Well, I'm—but, confound you, sir—well, *of all the damned young blackguards!*" . . .

That dinner party was a great success. But Poddigrew, strangely enough, left most of the talking to his future son-in-law.

By H. Piffard

HIS CONSTANT COMPANION

ON RECEIVING A PIPE FROM AN ANONYMOUS DONOR

By "R.M.E."

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy.

DEAR daughter of the Empire, you
Who drew a dollar from your purse,
Purchased a pipe—a beauty, too—
And mailed it 'cross a universe
To reach some lonely soldier's hands;
I have it—one who understands.

No introduct'ry card it bears,
This welcome friend from overseas;
It just arrives, pot-luck it shares,
With my surroundings it agrees.
And you who sent it, you're a dear,
Part of our priceless atmosphere.

Unknowingly, and all unwrit,
They sign a pact that lasts the years—
The sender of the gift, to wit,
The man whose awkward hours it cheers,
And last the happy, honest bowl,
The symbol of a constant soul.

"It just arrives, pot-luck it shares"

I fill your gift with Honey Dew,
And Golden Flake, and 'Arf-a-Mo,
A hundred times, and oft of you
I think as quiv'ring rings I blow;
And framed in some of them I see
The kind of woman you must be.

'Tis pity that you did not give
Some tiny clue to trace you by;
But I've a notion where you live,
Even a name for you have I.
And whether you're a miss or ma'am,
I've got ideas—but I'm a clam!

Countless the chances are to one
That e'er I'll see you in the flesh.
Are you a flapper full of fun,
Or twenty-four with roses fresh?
Are you kind sixty, sweet sixteen,
Or some "just-nice" age in between?

'Tis good to love one woman well,
To own one dog, to trust one chum;
But when they play you false, farewell
To your life's equilibrium.
Fidelity, thy prototype,
Is just an ordinary pipe!

I and my fancy have a bet
That after dinner, on the sly,
You're not above a cigarette,
Or, I can see you standing by
Lighting some lucky man's cigar,
That's the good sort I think you are.

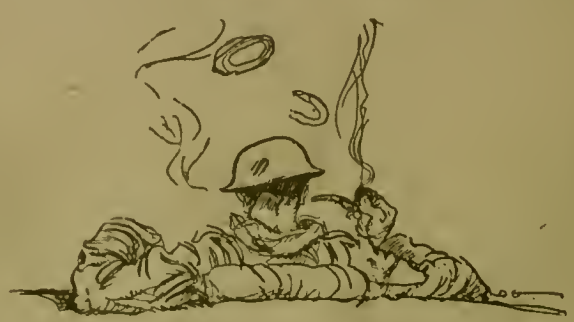
By D. L. Ghilchik

Madge: "Why's that soldier got two horses?"
Harold (the encyclopædia): "That's 'cos if one was punctured."

P'raps he's your father, p'raps your son,
(Impertinence to speculate!)
P'raps he's the only, only one
You've sworn to love or tolerate;
But, if your heart's yours to bestow,
You'll choose a smoker—that, I know!

The man who fills his briar-bowl
And seeks alone the nearest nook,
His love, his gratitude, the whole
Of all the virtues in his Book,
Creep to him there to wait their chance,
The whims of his extravagance.

Ah, 'twere relief to wring the hands
Supremely dear that knits me socks
And wrap them round all kinds of brands
Of things to eat packed in a box;
Yet to a really lonely bloke
The choicest gifts go up in smoke!



"The choicest gifts go up in smoke"

So when in my dug-out I sit
And puff, and puff, my thanks to you;
You've done a trifle towards your bit,
Dear daughter of the Empire, who
Of my poor musings fugitive
Have won the kindest I can give.

"RATS!" *By Alf Pearse*

Canadian: "I don't believe Mac knows what a moose is."
Mac: "Awa' wi' ye! Ah ken fine, ye catch 'em in tr-r-r-aps wi' cheese."

CANADIANS USE THE PLOUGH FOR CUTTING RAILWAY TRACKS

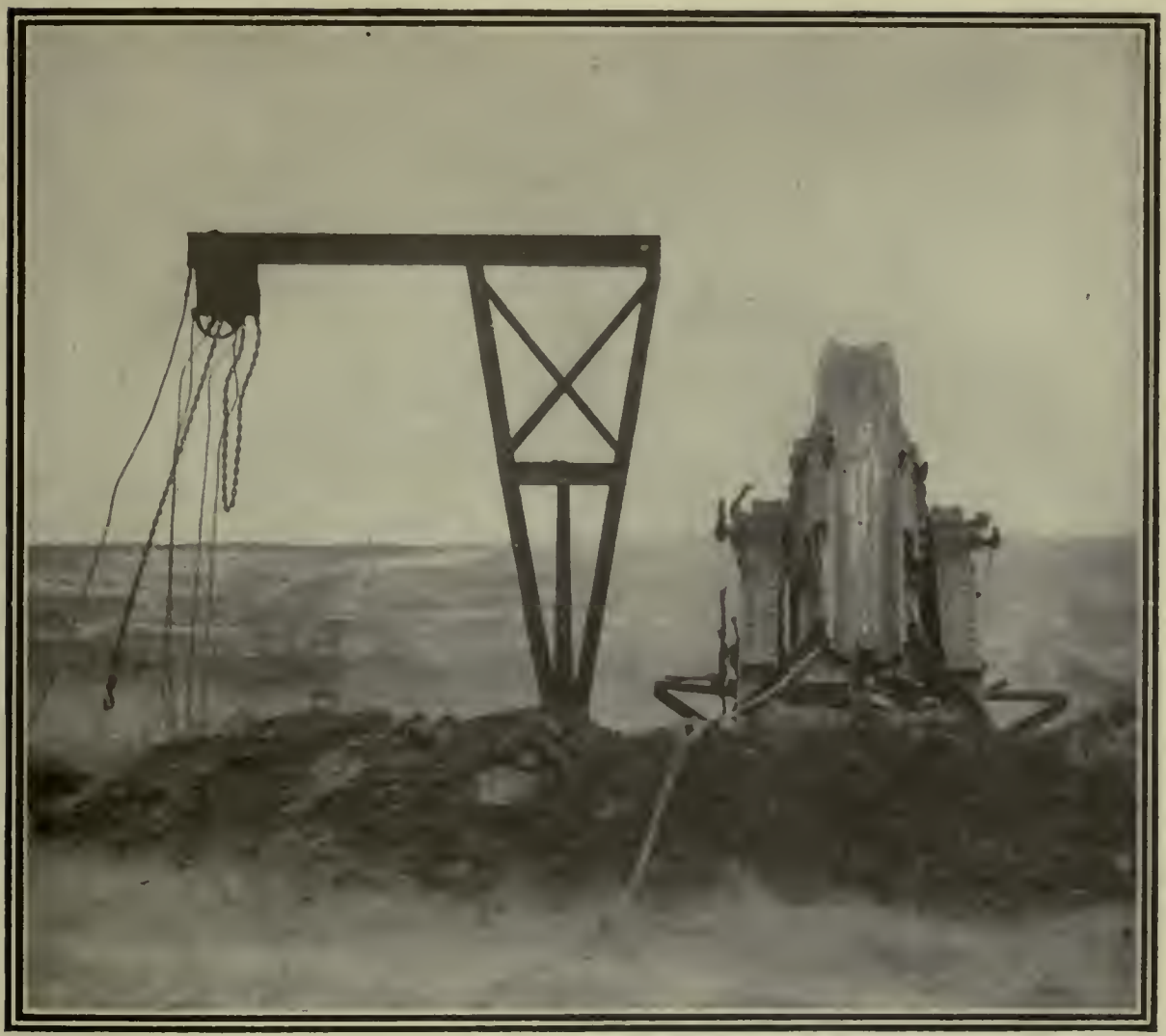
Light Railway construction troops ploughing up the earth which the drag "scrapers," drawn by mules, carry away for "dumping"

"Scraper" gathering its load

"Scraper" dumping its haul

Canadian Official Photographs

CANADA'S STEEL-THROATED VOICE



One of the great guns with its tackle employed in pounding Hill 70

The gun's crew find their stern work congenial

Canadian Official Photographs

CANADIANS ARE AS FOND OF SPORT AS THEY ARE OF FIGHTING

Wrestling on horses—both men and steeds bareback—is welcome excitement

The "Canuck" must have his baseball game even if he is under fire

Canadian Official Photographs

"BUT THINGS LIKE THIS YOU KNOW MUST BE"

Canadians and Hun prisoners fare alike when hors de combat

A survivor of Vimy Ridge

Carried in from battle

Canadian Official Photographs

By H. J. Mowat

THE SNIPERS

THE black night formed a murky lid
To the flame-ringed edge of hell;
The tortured silence screamed beneath
The withering lash of shell.

The sniper, at his frozen post,
Swore hard as he crouched there low;
Fire from the furnace of his eyes
Blazed a red trail through the snow.

He found the shadow that he sought;
It deepened; and then was still.
He jammed his rifle to his cheek—
Death hovered near, at his will.

Two shots were wedded in one crash . . .
Two snipers had killed—and died.
Thus did the cruel hand of War
Gather two victims side by side.

SOLDIERS!

By J. E. SIME
(Author of "Canada Chaps")

TIME.—Any Year in the Great War.
PLACE.—A Real Live Room—with a Real Live Birch Tree just outside the Window.
PEOPLE.—IAN.
IAN'S MOTHER.
A NEAT TABLEMAID.
LOTS OF TIN SOLDIERS.

IT is not a dining-room, nor yet a drawing-room, nor is it a study. It is neither ticketed nor labelled. It is a room to be alive in; you can call it by any name you choose.

Close outside the window is a birch—a cut-leaf birch—just coming into leaf. Exquisite it stands there, delicate, drooping, fragile to look at, and yet strong. Winter is behind it, summer before it. The green haze of coming leaf seems to deepen as you look; it is spring-time in Canada. And the sun comes glinting through the branches and gleaming through the window, and it falls on a small boy (who will be a big one before you can turn round) on the floor with his regiments and regiments of tin soldiers ranged all ready for battle in front of him.

His mother sits at the window knitting. Sometimes she looks at the birch, and she smiles as she looks at it—and she might be a Japanese woman smiling at the cherry blossom. And sometimes she looks at the boy at her feet, and her eyes grow large and soft. And then she might be the Japanese woman looking at *her* boy lying on the ground close beside her.

They are silent. The boy is intent on his soldiers, the mother is intent on her thoughts. Her thoughts are of soldiers too—not made of tin.

Ian. [*Placing the last soldier to his satisfaction.*] Mother, could I have a khaki suit?

Ian's Mother. [*With a start.*] What for, Ian?

Ian. Oh, so's I can pretend I'm going fighting.

Ian's Mother. Wait a bit, boy.

Ian. [*Persuasive.*] Can't I, mother, then?

Ian's Mother. Wait, Ian, till you can have the real thing.

Ian. But that's such a long time to wait.

Ian's Mother. It'll come. Wait a bit.

Ian. [*After a second.*] Mother, don't you *want* me to go fighting?

Ian's Mother. [*Dropping her knitting and looking at him.*] I do—and I don't.

Ian. [*Trying as all of us boys and girls do to get round enigmas.*] Why?

Ian's Mother. [*Taking up her knitting again.*] I'm afraid I can't explain.

Ian. [*Perceptive—aggrieved.*] You mean I couldn't understand! That's what you mean when you say that.

Ian's Mother. [*Smiling.*] Well, perhaps a little!

Ian. [*Looking up at her.*] But I *could.*

Ian's Mother. You wait a bit.

Ian. [*This last straw breaking his back.*] That's what you always say. That's what everyone keeps saying. I'm so *tired* of hearing that!

Ian's Mother. [*Realising the reasonableness of this*] Ian, if I could explain——

Ian. [*Eagerly.*] Try, mother.

Ian's Mother. [*Doubtfully.*] Well——

Ian. [*Feeling that he has a reputation to keep up—most anxious to prove that he can understand.*] Well?

Ian's Mother. It's this way, then. You see, dad's gone.

Ian. [*Proudly touching the Commanding Officer in Tin.*] Yes, I know. That's him.

Ian's Mother. It was bad enough to let him go. [*She hesitates, dropping her knitting.*] Ian, if you'd been big, I don't know what I should have done.

Ian. [*Disposing of that.*] You'd have said

Good-bye. [*Touching the tallest Private in the front row.*] That's me.

Ian's Mother. [*Involuntarily.*] Oh, that's a dangerous place!

Ian. [*Immovable.*] It's me.

Ian's Mother. [*Bending forward and removing the soldier in the front row to the last back corner place.*] That's where I'd rather have you.

Ian. [*Outraged—snatching up the soldier and restoring him to his old place.*] What—have me in the back of everything! You *wouldn't*, mother.

Ian's Mother. [*Looking at him.*] Ian, if you got killed——

Ian. [*Explanatory.*] I'm one of the Five Hundred. *They* got killed!

Ian's Mother. Oh, but we don't hear anything of the Five Hundred's mothers!

Ian. [*Indifferently.*] Mothers don't fight.

Ian's Mother. No, but they give their sons to fight.

Ian. [*Who has never thought of the matter just this way.*] Do you *give* us, mother?

Ian's Mother. Yes, we give you, Ian. [*She hesitates again, and then decides to speak.*] Ian, it's a lot of trouble to make a man you know.

Ian. [*Uninterested.*] Paying for school and clothes and things, you mean.

Ian's Mother. Yes—and lots of other things. You see, you're fond of all those soldiers, aren't you? Why, you've spent the whole afternoon drilling and placing them.

Ian. [*Defensively—foreseeing possible critical suggestions as to more profitable ways of spending time.*] Well, they're lots of fun.

Ian's Mother. Yes, and, you see, you like them partly just because you spend your time on them, play with them, and work with them, and get to understand them and the battles they can fight.

Ian. [*Reassured as to criticism—full of interest.*] Yes, this is the Battle of the Marne they're fighting now.

Ian's Mother. [*In a low voice.*] And tomorrow they'll be fighting Festubert.

Ian. [*Enthusiastic—shouting.*] Yes, and the next day after that St. Julien.

Ian's Mother. And so, you see, you're fond of them because you've got to know them. Do you see that? New soldiers wouldn't be the same. Now, would they?

Ian. [*Doubtfully—not quite catching on.*] N-no.

Ian's Mother. And, don't you see, you're just the same to me. I'm fond of you because I've worked with you and played with you—because you're mine. And, just as your soldiers are your very own, and you don't want to part with them, or see them broken——

Ian. [*Hoisting himself along the floor, leaning one elbow on her knee, quite interested.*] Yes? Go on, mother.

Ian's Mother. Ian, I'm just like you. You're *my* tin soldier. I don't want to part with you—and see you broken. That's why I said that it was bad enough to have dad go, and that I wanted to keep you here beside me.

Ian. [*Pondering.*] But, mother——

Ian's Mother. Well?

Ian. Mother, if I was grown up now, you wouldn't want to have me here. You'd want to have me fighting, wouldn't you? [*He bends over and touches the front Private.*] Like that.

Ian's Mother. [*Looking out at the birch.*] Ian, if you were big and grown a man, I don't know how I could ever let you go. [*After a moment—in a surprised tone.*] And yet you're right. I wouldn't want to have you stay.

Ian. [*Common sense.*] Of course you wouldn't. I'd be there, you bet!

Ian's Mother. [*Still looking out at the birch—still in her surprised voice.*] No; you're right. I'd push you out with my own hands sooner than have you stay. I'd *want* to have you there. [*She bends down and takes the Private, and rapidly changes Private and Officer.*] I'd want to have you *there.*

Ian. [*Eagerly.*] Yes, and I'd get there.

Ian's Mother. [*Like a flash.*] But, Ian, perhaps you'd die getting there.

Ian. [*Falling back on his original argument.*] So did the Five Hundred. Don't you remember? If they did, I could. [*Clinching the matter.*] I'm Canadian.

Ian's Mother. [*In a hurry.*] You're Scotch as well. And if you ever go, you'll have to go in a kilt—mind that!

Ian. [*Tolerantly.*] That's just because you're Scotch, mother. [*Stating the facts of the case.*] I'm Canadian. [*After a second.*] And so's dad.

Ian's Mother. [*Still in a hurry.*] Don't push me out.

Ian. [*Giving encouragement where encouragement is due.*] Never mind, mother. You're Canadian since you married us. Dad and me's made you one.

Ian's Mother. [*Doubtfully.*] Well, I suppose I am!

Ian. [*Finishing that.*] Of course you are. *We've* made you one, I tell you. [*Reverting to the main trunk of the conversation.*] So I'd go with the Canadians, and I'd lead 'em into battle, and then I'd die. [*Reflectively.*] Or else I'd come back home again, perhaps.

Ian's Mother. [*Stopping her knitting to give him one light squeeze.*] You'd come back home again.

Ian. [*Wriggling out of the squeeze.*] Like dad.

Ian's Mother. [*Her eyes again on the birch tree.*] Like dad.

[*The birch waves a little in the spring breeze. It might be a Highland birch on the slope of a Highland hill. It is Scotland transplanted, and growing in its new soil sturdily.*]

Ian's Mother. [*Coming back from the birch—decidedly.*] Anyway, you'd have to wear the kilt.

Ian. [*Responding to the note of decision.*] All right, mother.

Ian's Mother. And the bagpipes on in front!

Ian. Canadian bagpipes.

Ian's Mother. [*Doubtfully once more.*] Well, I suppose so.

Ian. [*Jumping up—taken dramatic.*] Me with the Canadians, and us going into battle with the bagpipes at the head of us.

[*With one leap he goes into battle on the spot, and plunges head first into the tea-tray coming in at the door in the arms of a neat* TABLEMAID.]

By Dudley Cleaver

"And were you wounded so badly, poor man, all in one battle?"
"Gee! There's nothing half so bad as this at the front. I just got hit by a 'bus in your city when I was on leave!"

The Neat Tablemaid. Oh——

Ian. Oh!

Ian's Mother. Ian!

Ian. [*Foreseeing possible unpleasant consequences.*] I didn't mean to——

Ian's Mother. [*Taking up her knitting again.*] Any harm done, Minnie?

The Neat Tablemaid. [*With the glance of affection in the direction of Ian.*] No, ma'am. Not to speak of—so to say.

Ian. [*Relieved.*] Oh! [*After a slight pause, during which the* NEAT TABLEMAID *arranges her tea-table unobtrusively.*] Say, mother?

Ian's Mother. One, two, three—purl! One, two, three—purl! Wait a minute, Ian.

Ian. [*After a minute fraction of time.*] Mother——

Ian's Mother. [*Showing alarming signs of relapsing into knitting for good.*] Well, what is it?

Ian. Mother, if you wouldn't mind me going in a kilt *that* time.

Ian's Mother. Get on.

Ian. [*Blurting it out—not at all sure of the reception of his logic.*] Well, couldn't I have a khaki suit right now?

Ian's Mother. [*Taken aback—under the impression that that was settled long ago.*] Oh!

Ian. [*Pleadingly.*] Oh, mother, couldn't I?

Ian's Mother. [*Hesitating.*] Well——

By W. F. Thomas

Sergeant (who is classifying men for Church Parade, to long-haired recruit): "What religion?"
Recruit: "Unitarian."
Sergeant (staring aghast at his flowing locks): *"Unit-hairun!* I should say so; you hop off and see the barber!"

"The Unsoldierlike Sub."

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

THERE has come to hand, within the last few weeks, a letter from a Captain with the B.E.F. which is well worth reprinting here, in view of its distinctive difference from the majority of "letters from the Front," as well as what has been lately published regarding the remarkable extent to which "Pelmanism" is being adopted by officers of His Majesty's Army and Navy.

Here is the letter in question:

"I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my Battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise—I had the ability, but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France.

"I was then appointed as a second lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two 'pips,' and have now three stars and an M.C.

"That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System. "————, Captain."

As an isolated letter, the foregoing might fail to carry much weight. But when it is taken as typical of some hundreds of similar letters from Army and Navy officers, then, indeed, one is forced to concede that there must be "something in Pelmanism."

Nearly forty Generals and Admirals and well over 300 naval and regimental commanders—to say nothing of 3,000 other officers and a multitude of N.C.O.s and men—have adopted Pelmanism since the outbreak of war, and every day brings reports from them as to substantial benefits derived.

Let us take a few examples. A Naval Captain reports promotion to the command of a fine cruiser—thanks to his Pelman training. A Lieutenant-Colonel reports "a step in rank" within two months of starting the Course. A Major writes attributing his Majority *and his D.S.O.* to the same agency. A General and a Rear-Admiral also write giving testimony. There is not a rank or unit of either Service which has not supplied convincing evidence of the fact that Pelmanism is truly the short road to progress.

Many officers find that, in addition to assisting them to greater military efficiency, the Pelman Course serves other desirable ends. For example:—

"The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clean, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove *moral* salvation to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary."

Such letters render comment superfluous.

The evidence forces one irresistibly to the conclusion that, as "TRUTH" says, "The Pelman Institute places the means of progress within the reach of everyone." However sweeping this statement may appear, it is literally true! There is no case upon record in which the conscientious student of "Pelmanism" has failed to reach the coveted goal—whether that goal be promotion, financial betterment, social or professional advancement, or aught else.

"Pelmanism" in the Services.

The extent to which "Pelmanism" has been adopted by both Services is wonderful. At the present time there are no fewer than 7,000 officers and men following the Pelman Course, including:—

—36 Generals. 6 Admirals.
—81 Naval Captains and Commanders.
—144 Colonels, and over 3,000 other Officers.

From these, *voluntary* reports are received daily, recording promotion and other benefits due to "Pelmanism."

As to results, the difficulty is to select the most representative ones. Here is a random selection which could be multiplied a thousandfold from the Institute's records:—

—Promotion to Colonelcy.
—Placed my practice on a satisfactory basis (Doctor.)
—Rise of £145 per annum (Salesman).
—Doubled my turnover.
—Naval promotion (Captain).
—Salary improved 300 per cent.
—Literary prize of £250.
—My income has gone up 300 per cent. (Architect).
—Substantial increase in my salary.
—Increase of salary 50 per cent.
—Increased turnover and salary.
—Secured a Staff Appointment (Army).
—My turnover has beaten all records.
—My business has increased considerably.
—Salary exactly doubled.
—Added £80 to my Commission Account.
—I have had a 40 per cent. rise.
—Salary increased, also a ten per cent. bonus.
—My salary has been increased by 60 per cent.
—The means of making my income double.
—Greatest increase in business.

Thus, in every direction—financial, professional, social, and educational—the Pelman System is daily helping thousands of men and women of every trade, profession, and occupation to attain success.

And what is the cost? A half-hour or so devoted each evening for a few weeks to a most fascinating course of study, not study in the humdrum sense of the word, but a real mental recreation.

From the very first lesson difficulties begin to vanish; problems become easier of solution; worries are dissipated. It is no magic formula which accomplishes this, the secret is a perfectly open one—the natural development and thorough organisation of the mental faculties, leading to a tremendous stimulation of energy and confidence in oneself.

From business and professional women enlogistic letters are received by the thousand. Many of them actually reproach The Pelman Institute for *understating* the value of the Course. For instance, a Solicitor writes:—

"I used to think that the claims made for 'Pelmanism' must be fantastic; now I consider them to be understatements of the truth."

It is useful to bear in mind this comment (typical of many) when one is tempted to think that the announcements made by the Institute are in any degree exaggerated. *As a matter of sober fact, every statement made here or elsewhere by the Pelman Institute can be handsomely justified by a reference to the records of the Institute.*

A Student of the Course recently wrote: "If people only knew, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants." Even as a purely social and intellectual factor, Pelmanism well repays the few hours required for its study; and over one hundred titled people have enrolled for it within the last few weeks (from ducal rank downwards).

Qualities Developed.

Following the intensely interesting lessons and exercises, the students of Pelmanism rapidly develop a brilliant Memory, strong Will Power, complete power of Concentration, quick Decision, sound Judgment, an ability to Reason clearly, to Converse attractively, to Organise and Manage, and to conduct their work and social duties with Tact, Courage, Self-Confidence, and Success. All mental weaknesses and defects are, on the other hand, eliminated—such as Mind-wandering, Forgetfulness, Weak Will, Aimlessness, Bashfulness, Self-consciousness, the "Worry Habit," etc., etc. Individual instruction is given through the post, and the student receives the utmost assistance from the large expert staff of instructors at the Institute in solving particular personal difficulties and problems.

The Directors of the Institute have arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable readers to secure the complete course with a minimum outlay. **To get the benefit of this liberal offer, application should be made at once by postcard or by letter to the address below.**

Write to-day.

A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with "TRUTH'S" special Report on "Pelmanism," and particulars showing how to secure the Course for one-third less than the usual fee) will be sent post free to all readers of "CANADA IN KHAKI" who send to The Pelman Institute, 106, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Ian. [*Seeing a ray of light that may possibly lighten a Gentile.*] *Why* couldn't I?

Ian's Mother. [*Not able to stop hesitating now she has begun.*] It makes it seem so real.

Ian. [*More than willing to meet her halfway.*] We'd have Scotch bagpipes, mother. *I* shouldn't mind. Just two or three. *We* wouldn't mind. They'd come along with us Canadians. *We'd* soon teach 'em!

Ian's Mother. [*Abstracted.*] Why do you want a khaki suit so, Ian?

Ian. [*Tending to self-importance.*] It's kind of getting ready. And you *said* you'd want to have me go.

Ian's Mother. [*Reluctantly.*] Yes, I know I did.

Ian. [*Persistent.*] Then *why* can't I have it?

Ian's Mother. [*Weakening.*] Well, if——

Ian. [*Hardly believing his ears.*] Oh, mother, can I? [*Beatifically to the surrounding atmosphere.*] Then I can!

Ian's Mother. [*Just for one moment relapsing into the Aged Grown-up talking down to the Young.*] We'll see about it.

Ian. [*Recognising this time-worn medium of consent—entirely refusing to be daunted by the gulf between Old and Young.*] Mother, you're a peach!

Ian's Mother. [*Genuinely shocked this time.*] *Ian,* what a way to talk!

[*The* NEAT TABLEMAID *makes her appearance again with a dish of hot muffins in her hands. She puts it down on the tea-table, smiles surreptitiously at* MASTER IAN, *and disappears.*]

Ian. [*Making for tea-table.*] There's tea. Mother, come on! When can we go and buy it?

Ian's Mother. [*Rolling up her knitting anyhow—stuffing it into a bag—making a dash for the tea-tray too—suddenly just about the same age as* IAN.] Oh, I *want* my tea! Buy what?

Ian. [*Reproachfully.*] Mother! My khaki——

Ian's Mother. [*Stopping en route for the teapot to give* IAN *a squeeze and a hug and twenty miscellaneous kisses all over him anywhere.*] Oh, I don't know. Any time. [*Giving him one last hug.*] *Ian,* I'm glad you're not grown-up—in a kilt! I'm *thankful.*

Ian. [*Squirming out of the kisses.*] *Don't,* mother. [*Dragging himself up a chair close to the table, casting a hawk's eye over the eatables.*] Can we go to-morrow? Will you, mother? To-morrow morning, early?

Ian's Mother. [*Taking the teapot in her hand—bursting out laughing.*] I will, if you'll——

Ian. [*Eagerly—going headlong into the trap.*] If I'll what?

Ian's Mother. [*Laughing just like a schoolgirl.*] If you'll have *all* Scotch bagpipes—not a Canadian skirl amongst them! Will you, Ian?

Ian. [*Scenting ridicule—getting pink.*] *Mother*——

[*He entombs the rest of his remarks in a great deal more hot muffin than is healthful for the young. His mother goes on pouring out the tea. She glances over at* IAN *as she passes him his cup, and she still laughs a little. And then she looks out at the birch, and she sighs. The birch stands like some spring miracle of a fountain, showering green spray instead of white.*]

"WORSERY" RHYMES.

BAA-BAA, Bombers, have you any Bombs?
Yes, sir, yes, sir, here they comes.
One for the Kaiser and one for Fritz,
And one for to frighten ole Heine into fits.

THE A.M.P. has lost his men,
And doesn't know where to find them.
Let 'em alone and they'll come home
Leaving their crime sheets behind them.

SING a song of Pill-box,
Pocket full of Huns,
Four-and-twenty Boches
Chained to their guns.
When the Pill was opened
The Huns began to sing:
"Kamerad, Kamerad, God Save the King."

ALL CANADIAN

AND OTHER

SOLDIERS ARE WELCOMED

in the 800 RECREATION HUTS, TENTS, and Centres of

THE CHURCH ARMY

in the Training Camps at Home and in France. 200 under shell-fire along the Western Front; also in Malta, Egypt, Sinai, Palestine, Macedonia, Mesopotamia, East Africa, and India.

Facilities for reading, writing, drying wet clothing, refreshments, games, music, &c.; also quiet corner for meditation, religious services, &c.

Cost of Hut, £500, fully equipped.

MORE ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

Cheques crossed "Barclays', a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1, England.

CANADIAN MILITARY BADGES.

We have made more badges for the Canadian Expeditionary Force than any other firm in England, having cut over 600 different dies since August, 1914.

The average prices for battalion orders of 1,000 upwards are :—

Cap badges . . . . . 6d. each (12 cents).
Collar badges . . . . 7½d. per pair (15 cents).
Shoulder titles . . . . 7½d. per pair (15 cents).

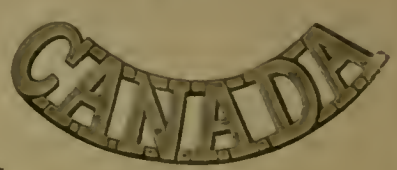
Special designs cost slightly more, while ordinary maple leaves and plain titles are considerably less.

Officers' badges, when ordered with men's, come out at special rates.

We also make artistic reproductions in gold and silver as souvenirs.

Our factory is self-contained, thus enabling us to guarantee rapid deliveries.

Whatever you want in these goods, **WRITE US.**



TIPTAFT & SON, LTD.,

Northampton Street, Birmingham, England. 'Phone: Central 6661.
Telegraphic Address: "Tiptaft, Birmingham."

MAKING THE GUNS AND SHELLS

A Visit to an Armament and Munitions Works in the North of England

By Lieut. G. W. CAVERS

THREE years ago the Allied nations opposed to the aims of the Central Powers of Europe went into Armageddon ill-equipped and consequently outclassed. This was especially the case with regard to Great Britain. It was early found that she had not provided the quantities of arms and munitions necessary to sustain even Lord French's "contemptible little army" in the field of action, not to speak of the ever-growing forces that were springing to the aid of the Motherland at home and in the Daughter States in all quarters of the globe.

Optimistic beings lulled us into a sense of fancied security by averring that the war would last only a few months; that giant preparations for a long war would be costly and unnecessary. They were listened to by men in high places, with this unfortunate result: not until months after the torch had been applied did the whole people of the Empire realise that, with the appliances at hand, they could not extinguish the conflagration. They discovered that unless our armies were placed on a par with their opponents and provided with immense and ever-increasing quantities of guns and shells they must lose the war. The attention of the first Minister of Munitions was directed towards providing those guns and shells.

It was through the courtesy of the present Minister of Munitions that a party of officers and other ranks representing the Shoreham Area had an opportunity recently of visiting great plants in the North of England. As stated in the circular letter from Headquarters, the trip was arranged "in order that a just appreciation may be formed of the efforts which have been made both by men and women since the outbreak of the war."

The trip was a delight and a revelation. To some extent the operations of our munitions and armament works have been veiled in secrecy; but since it has been acknowledged officially that the Canadian volunteer should be made acquainted with the efforts that are being made properly to equip him for the fray, the writer feels that something should be said, in the way of a general report of the trip, to help to convey to the minds of those not fortunate enough to see for themselves, a just estimate of the wonders of one of the representative establishments of the Empire.

The party inspected over 80 acres of buildings in one town. All these buildings bear the same name. The employees of this firm in this town alone number 13,000. Here were seen something of the many processes of welding and forging and shaping huge blocks of steel and iron into guns, armour plates, gun mountings, shells, locomotive wheels. There were 50-foot guns for the newest battleships. There were hundreds of 18-pounders, howitzers, bomb-throwers, anti-aircraft guns. There were thousands of shells for the 18-pounders and more thousands of the 15-inch "pills" that weigh in the neighbourhood of a thousand pounds apiece and travel in their flight 15 miles from the muzzle to the target with wonderful accuracy.

Chief interest centred in the huge naval guns. In the first place, we noticed some 14-inch naval guns for Allied Governments. Some of these guns were 700 inches long, the length being determined by the number of calibres—in this case 50 calibres of 14 inches. We were told that this particular Government was impressed with the importance of possessing a long gun, as some

THE LONDON LEADS

The **LONDON MAGAZINE** has reached **PRE-EMINENCE** in the magazine world, and has attained a circulation that is the envy of its rivals, **by the consistent excellence of its contents.**

The War interest in every number is **strong.**

But the interest of the "London" is by no means exclusively a War interest. It specialises in Complete Stories from the fascinating pens of writers who are **AT THE TOP OF THE TREE** in contemporary fiction.

The Nature Stories by F. ST. MARS are a source of delight month by month to its hundreds of thousands of readers.

And these hundreds of thousands of readers in Great Britain, at the Front, and in Canada have learnt to **LOOK to the LONDON** for special articles on vital topics, because they know that to make these articles as interesting as they can possibly be, no trouble will be spared and no cost will be too great.

thing that must necessarily be worth the money; whereas the more practical John Bull prefers a shorter gun, making up for it by the extra amount of "push" that is placed in the magazine and the increased resisting power of the barrel. So that we go in for guns of 45 calibres, the calibre being 14-inch or 15-inch as the case may be.

Now a 15-inch gun, without the mountings, weighs roughly, I was told, about 120 tons. There are eight on a first-class battleship, so that we may easily understand that ships must be constructed with considerable regard to the weight of the guns they will have to carry, else they would not have the required buoyancy. The greatest weight of one of these guns is concentrated in the magazine or shell chamber. The gun itself has four tubes of forged steel throughout its whole length. These are strengthened in the vicinity of the shell chamber by winding thin bands of steel over them. These steel bands are $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch in width and .07 of an inch in thickness. The extent to which this winding process reinforces the four tubes may be judged from the fact that in some of the largest guns 180 miles of steel are used. There are 32 layers of this steel, one on top of the other. Then outside of all this is a jacket of steel. The steel is warmed so that it expands, and then it is pushed over the tubes and the 32 layers of reinforcing bands. When it cools it fits snugly. The whole has a wonderful resisting power, able to withstand the tremendous pressure of the explosive.

The building of a naval gun of such dimensions requires about nine months. This gun is good for about 120 charges. Then it comes back to the factory to be relined. The exterior is still all right, but after a hundred or more projectiles weighing a thousand pounds each have passed through the barrel, and prodigious quantities of high explosives have been set off inside to speed those projectiles on their way, it can be understood that the weapon is ready to be laid up for repairs.

We were interested in the casting of the great armour piercing shells for these naval monsters. I have said that they are about 1,000 pounds in weight. The metal is gas-heated in a crucible at a temperature of about 1,600 degrees Centigrade, and the heating takes from 12 to 14 hours. The pouring of the metal was timed for the arrival of our party at the spot. At the base of the crucible the clay bank was punctured and a livid stream of iron ran over the ground and into a ladle standing on the track below. This ladle holds liquid iron for 12 shells. It requires some minutes for this crucible to empty itself; then a travelling crane seized the ladle and carried it over to the moulds which were soon filled and the shells were ready, save for a little trimming.

Various other processes were witnessed in the brief inspection of this huge plant. We saw operatives cutting inch-and-a-half steel turret plates that protect the guns of the battleships. An oxy-acetylene flame melted the steel as easily as a plumber dissolves his solder with a small gas blow. We saw drop-forges of great weight shaping locomotive wheels and armour plates. There were hundreds of branches, all under one management. And each worthy of a visit of some hours.

This firm is merely representative of Britain's gigantic efforts to restore peace to a stricken world. Under the spur of the Win-the-War Government it is speeding up to full capacity—three shifts a day, the fires of the furnaces never dying. In the Midland counties, in North England and in South England hundreds of factories similar to this one are piling up prodigious quantities of shells to back up the boys in the firing line, and turning out guns in unbelievable numbers.

The Canadian representatives who saw this wonderful industry will have a better understanding of this important side of the war business, and it was a happy idea to inaugurate a series of visits of this kind.

G. W. Cavers.

WAR—CONSUMPTION

THE Tubercle Bacillus is still claiming its victims, and, unfortunately, many of our men who have escaped the Huns' bullets have only done so to be claimed by this insidious germ, the Tubercle Bacillus. There is, however, a remedy to combat it, although it has not yet been officially recognised, and anyone suffering from Consumption or Tuberculosis, in whatever form, will be wise to write for full particulars of the Stevens' treatment; or, if full details of the case are sent, a supply of the remedy itself will be despatched, specially suitable, on the distinct understanding that nothing whatever need be paid for it unless the patient be perfectly satisfied with the benefit received, and considers the progress made warrants its continuance.

Many who were hopeless cases of Consumption a short time ago are now fighting for their King and Country hale and hearty, and thank Stevens' Consumption Cure for their recoveries. The following are just a few of them; the addresses given are of their homes. Those suffering from the disease should write to them direct and get first-hand evidence that this wretched disease can really be cured, and men, after suffering from it even in its last stages, fitted for actual war service:—

Mr. A. Armstrong, Wilks Hill, Quebec, Durham—Tubercular Spine. He was discharged from the Newcastle Infirmary as a hopeless case, as they could do no more for him. Was cured by Stevens' treatment, and when last heard of on May 17th had been serving in the trenches in France for eleven months.

Mr. G. E. James, 29 High Oak, Pensnett, Dudley, Staffs, was cured by Stevens' remedy after sanatorium treatment proved a failure. When last heard of on June 27th had been eleven months in France with the British Expeditionary Force.

Mr. E. Jones, Tygwyn Farm, Llangoedmore, Cardigan, was cured by Stevens' Consumption Cure, and when last heard of on July 7th was on active service, having been passed in Class A1 on every medical examination.

Mr. P. J. Whetter, 115 Elder Road, Canton, Cardiff, had diseased lungs, a cough, expectoration, night sweats, and affected throat. After taking Stevens' Consumption Cure was able to go with the Expeditionary Force to France in 1915, and was still serving his King and Country when last heard of in September.

Mr. Sydney Skipworth, 7 Ritches Road, Harringay, N., after operation for tubercular glands in the Tottenham Hospital without success, appeared to be in a dying condition when commencing Stevens' treatment, was cured seven years ago, and when last heard of, on September 21st, was in France serving his King and Country.

Mr. C. Ryden, 2 Regent Street, Teignmouth, Devon, was sent home from Canada suffering from Consumption, was cured by Stevens' Consumption Cure, and when last heard of, in September, was still keeping well, and serving with the Forces in Egypt.

Mr. E. Pratt, 29 Mansfield Street, Foss Islands Road, York, was cured by Stevens' Consumption Cure after Tuberculin, among other so-called remedies, had failed. When last heard from, on July 25th, had been serving nineteen months with the British Expeditionary Force in France.

Mr. H. Bunce, 2 Short Street, High Wycombe, Bucks, recovered by the use of Stevens' Consumption Cure after the usual remedies had failed to even give relief, and when last heard of, on Sept. 21st, was still keeping quite well, serving with the Colours.

Mr. C. Larcombe, who lived at 35 Bath Street, Chard, Somerset, after suffering from Consumption, with a cough, expectoration, and affected throat, took the Stevens' treatment, was cured, and when last heard of in September was still in the best of health, serving with the Army in Egypt.

Mr. G. Sabin, who lived at 2 Bestwood Road, Hucknall Torkard, Notts, was suffering from Consumption, bringing up a pint of sputum in twenty-four hours, throat also affected. This was, apparently, quite a hopeless case, but, after being treated by Stevens' Consumption Cure, he got well enough to pass for active service with the British Expeditionary Force in France, where he was sent in Feb., 1915, and has been wounded three times.

Only Address: **CHAS. H. STEVENS,** 204 & 206 Worple Road, Wimbledon, LONDON, S.W.19.

THE TWA DOGS

(NOT BURNS' TWA)

By W. D. DODD (Canadian Field Artillery)

Illustrated by Byam Shaw

(An actual incident at a "Barn" Church Parade of the Canadians in France)

Ye blastit curs, hae ye nae grace,
Tae caper sae i' the sacred place?
Dae ye nae ken the man o' God,
Tae Heaven pointin' us the road?
Puir beasties, na, your canine souls,
Pent in skins as black as coals,
Canna thole that this auld shed,
Whaur likely ye were born an' bred,
An' chassit, whiles, the nimmle rats,
Or supped (I dinna think) on Spratts—
Is noo the temple o' the sodgers,
An 'ither purgatory dodgers.

An' wad ye desecrate the legs
O' him wha Heaven's blessing begs?
Wha feels ye scrub agen his shanks,
An' slyly kicks your flittin' flanks.
Ye'll slip, I'll wager mony dollars,
Yon hauns ootstretched tae grup yer collars;
The deil's within ye baith, I trow;
Ye gaur the Padre mop his brow.

Ay, noo you're catchit, graceless pair,
This nicht ye'll trouble us nae mair:
The Temple money-changers' fate
Is yours; outside ye noo maun wait.'

IN MEMORIAM OF A GOOD FELLOW

(Bdr. W. C. C., 11th Battery, C.F.A., Killed in Action)

Poor old "Irish"—one of the best,
Like many another has "Gone West."
Rarely in Peace or War you'll find
A cheerier chap, or one so kind.
He knew no fear, and, what is more,
Scorning the deadlier side of war,
Endured its misery, hunger, cold,
With a smile that lit like a ray of gold
His mirthful, ever-welcome face—
With "Irish" there gloom fled the place.

And now, alas! he is no more—
On earth at least, though a brighter shore
Has welcomed to its endless day
The boy who cheered our weary way.
And this is no mean epitaph:

"Through dreary days he made us laugh."

Eyes *RIGHT!*

AND HAIR RIGHT

IF YOU USE

TOZANA

HAIR FOOD

TOZANA is the perfect Tonic FIXING CREAM which controls the most stubborn hair without making it harsh or pulling it out. Removes scurf and dandruff. No oil or grease to soil the hat.

Of all Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers and Canteens—

1/-, 2/-, 3/6, 5/- *Post Free (Inland).*

TOZANA, 257 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

For Heartburn, Flatulence, Acidity, &c.

Some years ago Messrs. Savory & Moore obtained possession of a formula by the celebrated Dr. Jenner for a lozenge possessing remarkable power to absorb acidity in the stomach.

They confidently recommend these lozenges, of which they are the sole manufacturers, as a safe and reliable remedy for Heartburn, Flatulence, Acidity, and all digestive disorders. One or two lozenges give immediate relief, even in the worst cases, and taken before a meal prevent those distressing symptoms due to indigestion which so frequently follow. Thousands of Sufferers testify that they have derived more benefit from these lozenges than from any other remedy. They are pleasant to take and quite harmless.

Bournemouth.

"I am very glad I sent for a trial of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, for I found them so beneficial that I immediately secured a large box, and now after a somewhat extended use of them I can truthfully say they have done and are doing me more good than anything else I have tried for Heartburn and general Acidity. They have saved me from a good many sleepless nights. I feel so grateful that you are at liberty to use this testimonial if you choose."—E. F.

Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, of all Chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE

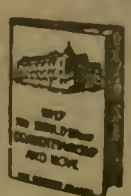
of the lozenges will be sent on application. Mention this publication, and address:—SAVORY & MOORE, Ltd., Chemists to the King, 143a, New Bond St., London, W. 1.

DR. JENNER'S ABSORBENT LOZENGES

How to Study

MINING
ELECTRICITY
ENGINEERING
MATHEMATICS
DRAUGHTSMANSHIP
CIVIL ENGINEERING
BOILER INSPECTING
MARINE ENGINEERING
WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY
MOTOR ENGINEERING
STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING
SURVEYING AND LEVELLING

If you are interested in the study of any one of these subjects we will give you one of these little books FREE.



Write for the one you are interested in.

State Age and send 1d. stamp to cover postage.

No stamp required with overseas applications.

The BENNETT COLLEGE, Dept. 47), SHEFFIELD.

LONDON GUIDES

By W. PETT RIDGE

Illustrated by TOM COTTRELL

[*Carriage of District Railway at leisurely hour of the day. Train Westward bound. At Mark Lane three Canadian soldiers enter. Passengers, having regarded each other for some time past with semi-detached air, concentrate eager attention on new arrivals.*]

First Canadian. [*With relief.*] Well, that's done that! We shan't have to see over the Tower of London again.

Old Gentleman. [*Politely.*] You found your visit, gentlemen, I hope, replete with interest. The Tower may be described as the most notable fortress in the country. By whom it was built, and when, we are not completely informed, but there is reason to believe that Julius Cæsar——

Lady. [*With fish basket.*] 'Ave you young fellers climbed up the Moniment yet? Oh, you mustn't miss the Moniment. It'll be some'ing for you to talk about all the rest of your life. Why, there's three 'undered and forty-five steps to it, and it only runs you in to thruppence each. [*Earnestly.*] I assure you it's well worth the money, and it'll make you realise for the first time what the word tired means. 'Ere we are! 'Ere's the station. I'm getting out, and I'll willingly direct you.

[*Train stops at Monument. Fish basket* LADY *goes, evidently disappointed. Canadian soldiers exchange smiles with* GIRL CONDUCTOR.]

City Man. [*Speaking with authority.*] You lads would do well to alight at Cannon Street, and make a thorough exploration of the neighbourhood around there. When I tell you that within a couple of minutes you can be looking at the Mansion House, gazing at the Bank of England, inspecting the frescoes in the Royal Exchange, and seeing the office where I started as a junior clerk, I rather imagine I have said enough to prove to you that this is a great chance. Now, I'm a busy man, but I'll sacrifice half an hour to showing you around, and I'll explain everything in a way that even the meanest comprehension——

"'The Tower may be described as the most notable fortress in the country'"

[*He has to make a rush for the doorway. Train, after waiting for a fraction of a second, goes on.*]

Old Gentleman. [*Still lecturing.*] The visitor should on no account omit

the Beauchamp Tower, and the Bowyer Tower, and St. Thomas's Tower, and, above and beyond all, the Bloody—— [*His attention is called to the fact that ladies are present.*]

Small Boy. [*Shrilly, and with sudden courage, to* CANADIANS.] Gotany cigarette pictures? [*They shake heads negatively.*] Gotany badges? Gotany souveneers? Gotany walnuts? Gotany anything to give away?

[SMALL BOY'S MOTHER *shakes him, and says he will never go to heaven.*]

Small Boy's Mother. [*Apologetically.*] I don't know where he gets his manners from, but I'll swear he don't get 'em from my side of the family. You must know [*confidentially*] that I was unlucky enough to marry beneath me. My 'usband wasn't my equal not in education, or persition, or bringin' up, he wasn't. I was still-room maid at a club not far from here, and if you three gentlemen jump out at the station after the next, you'll be able to 'ave a glance at the very spot where he proposed to me. You go up Villiers Street, you cross the Strand, you ask a copper to direct you the way to——

[SMALL BOY *found grovelling on the floor, making collection of discarded tram and 'bus tickets. His* MOTHER *promises to break his blooming neck for him. Other passengers join in the sport of giving advice.*]

Girl Conductor. [*At Charing Cross.*] Next station for you three gentlemen. Going to the Pay Office at Millbank, I s'pose?

First Canadian. Muriel, you are gifted with second sight. You are a best ever, Gladys. Dorothy, you beat the band.

Girl Conductor. Guess what my name really is. [*They guess.*]

Other Passengers. [*Excitedly.*]

They ought to give a whole afternoon to Westminister Abbey. There's enough at Westminister Abbey to take up a good three howers. Why, Poets' Corner alone——

If they fail to go for a trip on the river they'll regret it. There's a boat leaves, or at any rate used to——

What they'd better do is to walk back through Whitehall, go into the National Gallery, and——

"They kissed, on leaving, with emphasis"

Never do for them to miss the statues in Parliament Square. It ought to be somebody's business to take them in hand, and save them from wasting their time.

[*Train prepares to stop at Westminster. The three soldiers stand up.*]

Girl Conductor. "Beatrice" is right, but it took you a while to find out. When you going to see these places they've been recommending you to go to?

First Canadian. Trixie, we've already done the whole caboodle. All the London sights, from A to Z. And the prettiest and most attractive we've encountered up to the present is——

Girl Conductor. [*Innocently.*] Which?

The Three. [*In chorus.*] You!

[*They kiss her, on leaving, with emphasis.*]

Girl Conductor. [*Composedly, to waiting travellers.*] Passengers off the car first, please!

BACK FROM FLANDERS

By ADRIAN ROSS

When we come back from Flanders—
And who can tell us when?—
The wind will rouse the maple boughs
To greet the marching men;
And green or red, up overhead
The maple leaves will know
The song we sang in Flanders,
Our song of long ago!

When we come back from Flanders,
We'll hardly know our home,
The hills and trees from seas to seas,
The falls that laugh in foam;
The snow that shines between the pines,
The air that stirs your blood—
Not like the world in Flanders,
A maze of mist and mud!

When we come back from Flanders,
With all the fighting done,
How good to stand in God's own land,
Untainted by the Hun!
To drink the air that's clear and rare,
And smells of leaves and grass—
And lose the fog of Flanders,
The reek of death and gas!

When we come back from Flanders—
Not all will come again—
There's many a mound in Flemish ground
That lies above our slain;
And here and there, our hearts know where,
A little cross to tell;
They went through hell in Flanders,
To save the world from hell.

When we come back from Flanders,
We want no pomp and praise;
Enough to find among our kind
The dear old days and ways;
Enough if thus men say of us,
Who know us, and have seen—
That through the mire of Flanders
We kept our honour clean!

AT PEACE

By COLONEL LORNE ROSS

The calm of summer's evening
Falls soft on the slender mound,
While drooping flowers swaying
Waft sweet incense from the ground.

Peaceful at rest he slumbers,
Who fought for the Cause he loved,
One of the countless numbers
For Freedom to shed his blood.

He heard the voice of Empire
Sound clear on Alaska's height,
Calling her sons from afar
To join in the righteous fight.

Where sweeps the mighty Yukon
Through the land of eternal snow,
He sprang to the help of Britain
In battle against the foe.

He followed Duty's guidance
O'er wide continent and sea,
To the blood-stained fields of France
Where men battled to be free.

Amid the ruin and carnage,
The thunder of gun and shell,
Facing grim death with courage,
Fearless he fought and fell.

There where night's benediction
Breathes quiet o'er the silent sod,
Waiting the bless'd resurrection
He rests in peace with his God.

The Armac Press Limited, 66-68 W. Dundas St., Toronto

THE COW PUNCHER

From the drawing by Arthur Heming.
Illustrating "The Cowpuncher," by Robert J. C. Stead.
Published by The Musson Book Co., Limited, Toronto.

MANCHESTER LINERS, LIMITED

108
Deansgate,
MANCHESTER.

TELEPHONE Nos.:
4029, 4030, 4031, 4032,
City.

4166 Central
Dock Office.

S.S. MANCHESTER CITY.

Telegraphic and Cable
Address:
"NAUTICUS,
Manchester."

Code:
Scott's, 10th Edition.

REGULAR WEEKLY SAILINGS FROM MANCHESTER TO CANADA.

Summer Season: QUEBEC AND MONTREAL.
Winter Season: HALIFAX, N.S., & ST. JOHN, N.B.
AND

FORTNIGHTLY to PHILADELPHIA.

For particulars of Freights, etc., apply to

Owners: 108 Deansgate, Manchester,

OR

LONDON AGENCY: 95 Leadenhall St., E.C.
BRADFORD: 36 Brook Street.
SHEFFIELD: 43 The Wicker.
BIRMINGHAM: 6 Victoria Square.

AGENCIES IN CANADA AND U.S.A.:

HALIFAX
MONTREAL
PHILADELPHIA
CHICAGO
} Messrs. Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd.

TORONTO: R. Dawson Harling, 28 Wellington Street East.
QUEBEC: Wm. M. Macpherson, 53 Dalhousie Street.
ST. JOHN, N.B.: Messrs. Wm. Thomson & Co., Ltd.

THE BEST SERVICE TO AND FROM CANADA.

J. R. GAUNT
& SON, Ltd.,

53 Conduit Street, Bond Street,
LONDON, W.

Badge, Button, Medal, Sword, and Accoutrement Manufacturers

REGIMENTAL JEWELLERY
of the Highest Quality, Correctly Designed & Modelled.

15-ct. GOLD AND ENAMEL BROOCHES.
Sizes as illustrated from 42/- each.

We hold dies for badges for nearly every Regiment in the British Army, including Indian, Canadian, New Zealand, and South African Regiments.

Manufacturers of all British and Co'onial
MINIATURE MEDALS,
DECORATIONS, and RIBBONS,
And of the Allied Forces.

BADGES and MEDALS for SOCIETIES, CLUBS, and for all PURPOSES.

Manufacturers to His Majesty's Government.
Established 200 Years.
Illustrations and Prices on Application.

The Best Gift

to your friends abroad, or to those on active service on land or seas is

THE
DAILY MIRROR
Overseas Weekly Edition

It contains the six issues of "The Daily Mirror" bound together in a pictorial cover.

It is the best history of the War in News and Pictures.

If you are unable to obtain a copy regularly from your Newsagent, send a subscription order with cheque or postal order direct to the manager.

New Subscription Rates.

To Canada for 6 months, post free	**16/6**
To all other parts of the World	**17/6**

THE MANAGER

THE OVERSEAS WEEKLY MIRROR,
23-29 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Explaining "Feminine Charm"

By MILLICENT BROWN

Illustrated by PENRHYN STANLAWS

I NOTICED a curious thing recently in a railway train. A nicely-dressed woman entered, and took a seat beside me. I saw that everyone was looking at her—staring in fact. But not offensively you understand. I caught myself doing the same thing. It was impossible to help it. Certainly it was not her beauty of feature that held the eyes of all, nor was it her costume. But there was something about her face and expression—I risked it, and spoke. "Would you mind telling me," I said, "*how* you keep your complexion so dazzlingly pure? You won't think me impertinent, but you seem to be over thirty, aren't you? And yet you haven't a line in your face, and your cheeks are quite peach-like. Do tell me how you do it." She laughed, quite good-naturedly. "Oh, that's very easy," she said; "I remove my skin." "You *what?*" I exclaimed, horrified. Again she laughed, and replied, "Sounds shocking, doesn't it? But I will explain. Instead of using face creams, I use only pure mercolized wax, procurable at any chemist's. The wax has a gentle absorbent action which takes up and *removes* the soiled and weather-beaten outer film-skin, without pain, irritation, or discomfort, thus revealing the real complexion fresh and clear underneath. Every woman has a beautiful complexion *underneath*, you know. Then, to keep my face firm and free from wrinkles, I merely indulge in a sparkling face bath two or three times a week, which I prepare by dissolving a little stymol (obtained at the chemist's) in a bowl of warm water. This also keeps away those unpleasant little blackheads, and prevents 'shine.'"

Your Future Depends on Yourself!

Be a

Private Secretary

There is No Finer Opening for a Young Man or Woman than our Secretarial Course, which carries with it a Guarantee of a Good Position.

The demand for trained men as Private Secretaries in Literary, Commercial, Political and other circles was never greater than at the present time, and is constantly growing. The position of the Private Secretary is unique—short hours, congenial occupation, liberal salary, excellent prospects, permanent employment, and undoubted social status. A University Education is NOT necessary to secure these advantages. Anyone of average ability can easily qualify in a few weeks for a splendid position AND GET IT.

Salaries up to £1,000 per annum

Appointments already secured in the service of the Duke of Grafton, Earl Strafford, Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Swaythling, Sir F. Burdett, the ex Lord Mayor of London, etc. etc.

The same success may be your own.

A Private serving with the Royal Engineers writes:—"I find the study of your 'New Rapid' Shorthand Lessons a profitable means of beguiling the rest hours, as I have learned this subject in dug-outs during the Great Push on the Somme."

Mr. Cyril F. W. Andrews, on completing our Correspondence Course, was immediately appointed to a responsible position with the British Embassy at Bordeaux.

Miss Ethel New, after eight weeks' study, became secretary to a well-known Harley Street physician.

Mr. C. H. Canning, on the completion of our Secretarial Course, secured a brilliant position, and now earns £700 per annum.

Miss Dorothy Clark, after seven weeks' study, was appointed private secretary to a consulting engineer and Member of Parliament at a salary of £156 per annum.

Mr. H. V. Rickard, after a few weeks' study, was appointed Secretary to a Member of Parliament in London, and now, at the age of 24, earns £400 per annum.

Write to-day for our Free Handbook and 500 Testimonials, with full information, showing how to become a Private Secretary.

Principal, Holborn Hall College, 549 Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

ESTABLISHED 35 YEARS.

BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT

EVERYTHING FOR MOTHER & BABY

FINLAY'S MATERNITY

AS SUPPLIED TO ROYALTY

FREE TO MOTHERS

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE.

Fashions Bulletin of latest London and Paris Model Furs, Coats, Costumes, Skirts, Corsets, etc. Pattern book of Latest Materials Post Free.

Sent on Appro. on receipt of Cash

"NATIONAL BABY CATALOGUE," containing great values in Layettes, Shortening sets, Cots, and all Nursery Requisites, sent free on request.

FINLAY'S guarantee your money back in case of dissatisfaction.

These Skirts and Gowns can be instantly increased ½ to 16 inches without losing shape. Can be worn as ordinary garment after maternity.

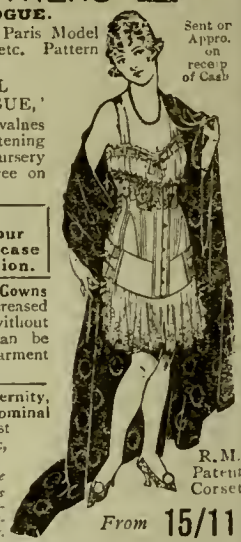
From **15/11**

According to material chosen. Tailor-made to measure by experts.

Design F.S.

Combined Maternity, Nursing and Abdominal Belted Corset. Most graceful, hygienic, and serviceable.

Recommended by the Medical Profession as absolutely indispensable. Late size required when ordering.



R.M. Patent Corset

From **15/11**

Address Lady Manageress—

EVERYTHING FOR MOTHER & BABY FINLAY'S

Retail Warehouse: 163 Houldsworth St. (top Oldham St.), Manchester.

LONDON · 47 DUKE ST., W.1 (facing Selfridge's).

ALL INVESTORS

should read the introductory article to the October 1917 Quarterly Supplement of

"The 100 Best Investments"

which deals fully and frankly with the present position and outlook of affairs from the point of view of the investor, large or small. The Quarterly Supplements contain up-to-date details of 100 specially-selected securities, covering the whole available field of investment—from War Loans to Ordinary Shares in Industrial Companies—particulars of further investments considered worthy of attention, a number of useful tables and hints of value to everyone concerned with the remunerative employment of capital.

The Annual Volume - - Price 1s.
(Published in July.)

Quarterly Supplements - Price 4d.
(Published January, April and October.)

Post free on receipt of remittance to the Publishers:

The BRITISH, FOREIGN & COLONIAL CORPORATION, LIMITED,

Investment Bankers,

57 BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2.

DON'T HAVE AN OPERATION FOR RUPTURE

Doctors, Surgeons, Nurses and Hospital Staffs are already overworked in caring for our wounded fighting men and those civilians who are really ill. Don't ask them to operate on you for rupture. Operations are expensive both in money and time (both of which we should save to the utmost), and beside they are not always successful.

MR. H. DENNING.

The Rice Method has cured thousands in their own homes while following their own occupations, without pain or loss of time and at slight expense. It has cured after two operations have failed. Try it. Among those it has cured are Mr. H. DENNING, Heathfield Nursery, Hampton, Middlesex (ruptured from childhood); Rev. T. Brown, 16 Kimberley Drive, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool (had double rupture twelve years); Mrs. A. Gray, c/o Mrs. Vibert, 32 Syvedon Road, Tooting Junction, S.W. (aged 73 years, ruptured twenty-two years); and Mrs Austin, 1 Douglas Street, Osmaston Road, Derby (ruptured twenty five years, two operations failed).

The Rice Appliances have recently obtained the highest awards at the International Exposition of Arts and Industries at Barcelona, receiving the **Diploma, Golden Palm Leaves,** and **Gold Medal.**

FREE TO THE RUPTURED.

A free trial of this famous home cure will be sent free to anyone who is ruptured or who knows of any person ruptured, if the following Coupon is sent at once.

COUPON (B. 1751).

Cut out and post to **WM. S. RICE, Ltd. (G.P.O. Box No. 5), 8 and 9 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.4.**

Time ruptured ?..... *Age*.....

Right, left or both sides or navel ? .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Canada in Khaki, London (B 1751).

Is Your Soldier Boy Lonely?

Books are Friends—Send Him a Book

THE French Government, in listing articles which men should supply themselves with, put down books as one of the first necessities. We at home cannot imagine the conditions under which our boys live in the trenches. Sometimes, for days and weeks, they are absolutely idle. Some men go insane, simply through the endless boredom of sitting in the trenches, waiting to attack or to be attacked. As a result, they call for books, books—good books to read. Our Allies have supplied their soldiers and sailors with millions of books. We must do as much. We cannot, we must not, allow the morale of our men to be lowered.

Then, too, wounded men, convalescent men, must be supplied with good books. These boys, many of them maimed for life, are entitled to every comfort we at home can supply. Will you not help?

Below is a list of books most suitable for sending overseas—see that one or more are included in your boy's next box. The publishers will gladly send books direct to your boy, specially packed and postpaid, on receipt of published price. Yes! with your own card inclosed, if you wish it.

PUBLISHED BY

THE MUSSON BOOK CO., LIMITED

TORONTO, - ONT.

THE COW PUNCHER. By Robert J. C. Stead	Cloth	$1.50
THE WINDS OF CHANCE. By Rex Beach	Cloth, net	1.50
THE UNPARDONABLE SIN. By Rupert Hughes	Cloth, net	1.50
FOES. By Mary Johnston	Cloth, net	1.50
THE MAN FROM BAR—20. By Clarence E. Mulford	Cloth	1.40
MAM'SELLE JO. By Harriet T. Comstock	Cloth	1.40
SHANDYGAFF. By Christopher Morley	Cloth	1.40
THE U. P. TRAIL. By Zane Grey	Cloth	1.50
THE HIGH HEART. By Basil King	Cloth	1.50
THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1917. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien	Cloth, net	1.60

PUBLISHED BY

HODDER & STOUGHTON LIMITED

TORONTO, - ONT.

WHILE PARIS LAUGHED. By Leonard Merrick	Cloth	1.50
LORD TONY'S WIFE. By Baroness Orczy	Cloth	1.35
THE HUNTRESS. By Hulbert Footner.	Cloth	1.25
THREE OF HEARTS. By Berta Ruck	Cloth	1.35
HIS LAST BOW. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle	Cloth	1.35
THE POMP OF YESTERDAY. By Joseph Hocking	Cloth	1.25
THE SILENT LEGION. By J. E. Buckrose	Cloth	1.50
GREENMANTLE. By John Buchan	Cloth	.75
ROUGH RHYMES OF A PADRE. By "Woodbine Willie"	Cloth	1.00
THE HUMAN TOUCH. By "Sapper"	Cloth	1.40

Three New Fiction Leaders

BOONE STOP

By HOMER CROY.

Here is a new book that is acclaimed by the press to be another "Huckleberry Finn," a book that is setting everyone talking—that will be one of the biggest sellers. Homer Croy is an author with a sense of humour and has told the story of Cleve Seed with a naive humour that is fresh and new. John Nicholas Beffel of the Chicago Herald Examiner says:

"Somehow I didn't think Homer Croy could do it, but he's gone and rung the bell with a novel, 'Boone Stop.' And after sounding the gong, Homer didn't wait to see whether people would buy the book, but started for France. Soon a dozen Missouri communities will be claiming the honour of having given him to the world."

Frontispiece, Cloth, $1.50 *net.*

SYLVIA SCARLETT

By COMPTON MACKENZIE.

Compton Mackenzie is back again—strong. You remember the sales you had with "Carnival"? Well, this book is another "Carnival." In it the author has given a marvellous story, full of colour and life. He portrays the adventurous career of a young girl born in France of half English and half French parentage. With her you go through all the excitement of London life, sometimes among the rich—but always surrounded with the strong glamour of adventure that follows this new heroine wherever she goes, making her interesting to everyone and loved by many.

$1.60 *net.*

LANDS' END

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE.

Here are stories of the Portuguese fisherman of Cape Cod, written by one of the best short story writers America has to-day. He has given pictures of those men and women who come in constant contact with the sea. Sometimes with a haunted ship for a background, sometimes with the village itself or a small cottage, the stories of their lives are acted out. There was a strange woman who came to die where she could be within the sound of the buoy-bell on the rocks, but she found her lover and so—lived. On every page is a brilliant picture of this fantastic people who follow a trade that is as old as the world.

Frontispiece, $1.35 *net.*

Songs from the Trenches

Edited by HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS.

By Themselves—the American soldiers in France. In these poems, from the thousand submitted to the New York Herald's recent competition, we get many vivid flashes of the soul of the American Expeditionary Force. The book is more than a collection of poems, a few of which are brilliant and all of which are interesting. It is a message from the American soldiers abroad to the home folks, written on the deck of transports, in French villages, in muddy camps, in the trenches, beside cannon, or in hospitals. Every mother and father in the States should own a copy of this book.

Cloth, $1.25 *net.*

ELEMENTS OF NAVIGATION

By WILLIAM J. HENDERSON

A new edition of a book which has always brought business. In previous editions you have sold hundreds of copies, you will do so again, for not only has it been printed from new type but it has been entirely revised and contains all the information that students of navigation are anxious to know.

Illustrated, Cloth, $1.25 *net.*

THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO

IMPORTANT!

THE KAISER AS I KNOW HIM

By ARTHUR N. DAVIS

Vivid pen-pictures of the Great Enemy of Democracy in action, painted by a man who was for fifteen years the German Kaiser's personal dentist. The royal patient has come to Doctor Davis's office in the royal automobile, sat like any civilian in Doctor Davis's office chair, and had his average human teeth scraped and drilled, filled and pounded, like any other man. The author also has made professional visits not only to the palace, but during the war and up to a date considerably after the entrance of the United States into the world-struggle has been at the German Great Headquarters, four times on the western front and twice on the eastern. During this long period the professional relation has grown into a personal acquaintance—not quite to call it an intimacy. No other American of any class or position has approached such a degree of personal contact with the Emperor of Germany.

With amazing candour, sometimes for hours at a stretch, the Kaiser has discussed with Doctor Davis the events and developments of world politics, tendencies of human progress, personalities high and low, not only in Germany and other nations of Europe and Asia, but especially in America. Roosevelt, Taft, Hughes, Wilson—all have been the subjects of the most unrestrained frankness of comment upon the lips of the master of Germany. The relations of the German Empire with England, France, Russia, Austria, Belgium, and particularly with the United States, in peace and war, have been talked about by the Kaiser in his conversations with Doctor Davis without reserve.

The book throws blinding light upon the question of the Kaiser's responsibility for the war, upon his fore-knowledge of the destruction of the "Lusitania," upon the part attempted by the German government in the Presidential election of 1916, upon the Kaiser's own idea that "America shall pay the bills for this war"—upon the thousand and one vital questions to which Canadians want the answer.

Cloth : $2.00 Net

SPLENDID NEW FALL JUVENILES

SANDSY HIMSELF

By
GARDNER HUNTING

Author of "Sandsy's Pal"

Do you remember Sandsy and Larry, the boy "with the strawberry eyes?" Here they are in new adventures in the country that are even more stirring than in the former book. Young readers will not fail to enjoy reading of their favourites in new surroundings.

Ills. Cloth, $1.25 net.

YOUNG ALASKANS In The FAR NORTH

By
EMERSON HOUGH

Author of the "Young Alaskans" Series

Here is a splendid adventure book for boys, the fourth in this extremely popular series. The three lads start on an exploring trip with a big explorer. Starting from Athabasca up the Mackenzie River they take in the Yukon and Klondike country, meeting with many adventures on the way.

Ills. Cloth, $1.25 net.

THE SECOND BUBBLE BOOK

By
RALPH MAYHEW and BURGES JOHNSON

Make a hit with the kiddies. Lead them into the happy realms created by this "Books That Sing" series. Columbia records are enclosed between the pages of each story and can be taken out and played on the phonograph, so that the children can hear sung plainly and distinctly the songs of "Simple Simon," "Little Bo-Peep," and "Old King Cole."

Illustrated by Rhoda Chase.
$1.00 *net.*

THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO

The Novels of Leonard Merrick

¶ HODDER & STOUGHTON are publishing a Uniform Edition of the NOVELS AND STORIES OF LEONARD MERRICK at $1.50 net each volume, which will appeal to all booklovers. CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH (with an Introduction by J. M. Barrie), WHILE PARIS LAUGHED (a New Book) and WHEN LOVE FLIES OUT O' THE WINDOW (with an Introduction by W. Robertson Nicoll) are already published. THE QUAINT COMPANIONS (with an Introduction by H. G. Wells) and CYNTHIA (with an Introduction by Maurice Hewlett) will be ready immediately. Other volumes will be announced later.

HODDER & STOUGHTON also draw attention to the following very important works:—

¶ SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S CLASSIC HISTORY OF THE WAR, of which the first three volumes have been published, viz., THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS. Vol. I., 1914 (Third Edition); Vol. II., 1915 (Second Edition); Vol. III., 1916 (Just Published). Each volume contains Maps, Diagrams. $2.00 net.

¶ Also SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S fascinating book on "life on the 'other side,'" entitled, THE NEW REVELATION, of which a third large edition is now printing. $1.00 net.

¶ ROBERT BLATCHFORD in GENERAL VON SNEAK has written the best propagandist book about this War, and no wonder it is in great demand. "I say to every man and every woman, read this book."—Major Haldane Macfall. "This book should be in every hand."—Daily Mail. Third Edition, $1.00 net.

¶ THE CRIME, by the famous Author of J'ACCUSE (two volumes, $2.50 net each), a work which Punch says: "Will stand for centuries."

¶ PROFESSOR JOHN ADAMS of the University of London has secured the services of a group of specialist contributors to a volume entitled THE NEW TEACHING. "It is essential," he states, "that we should make ourselves accustomed with what is being done and planned in the teaching of the various elements of the school curriculum." This is one of the most important educational works of our time and every teacher should see it. $2.50 net.

¶ WAR PENSIONS AND ALLOWANCES, by J. M. HODGE, M.P., and T. H. GARSIDE. One of the most useful books published during the War. It deals with the whole question of war pensions and allowances in an authoritative and instructive manner, and there is an index which enables anyone to find the reference to any particular point at once. $2.00.

¶ Almost everyone has heard of LAURENCE BINYON'S New Book, FOR DAUNTLESS FRANCE, which was reviewed so enthusiastically on France's Day. This beautiful book is the official story of the work done by Britain for the French wounded. It is a wonderful story, wonderfully told. Illustrated, $1.50.

¶ THE HARDEST PART is a most outspoken book by J. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY, M.C., C.F., author of that remarkable little book, "Rough Rhymes of a Padre," which is selling by thousands. "'What I want to know, Padre,' he said, 'is, what is God like? That is your real business, Padre; you ought to know.'" $1.50

¶ The New Book by the author of "In the Northern Mists" is entitled NAVAL INTELLIGENCE. It is already in its second large edition. "He is as pithy and picturesque an expounder of life in the Royal Navy in War time as one could wish to sit under. His ward-room dialogues are absolutely top-hole."—Morning Post. $1.35.

¶ Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of S. H. LEEDER'S magnificently illustrated new work THE MODERN SONS OF THE PHARAOHS. One of the most important books on Egyptian life of to-day. Illustrated, $5.00.

¶ If you want to know what goes on in Germany's so-called Parliament, BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE REICHSTAG; Sixteen Years of Parliamentary Life in Germany, by the ABBE E. WETTERLE, is one of the most informing books published. Illustrated, $1.50.

¶ A. E. STILWELL expounds a most remarkable scheme in THE GREAT PLAN: How to Pay for the War. The author provides for the Nations to pay all War debts within fifteen months and to pay all debts between nations in one hour, and shows how the nations can return to a speedy pre-war taxation. $1.00.

HODDER & STOUGHTON LIMITED, Publishers, TORONTO, ONT.

"CANADIAN OFFICER"

"My line in normal times is buying and selling real estate in the Nor'-West Province. For the last year or so I've been 'prospecting' some likely plots in Flanders. . . . Some trail!

"One cannot exactly claim perfect drainage or restful home life, but at present, well . . . there are a few good pals to meet, and when one lights up an Army Club Cigarette there are worse places than a dug-out perhaps . . . 'Gee Whiz!' But an 'Army Club' is a real 'chummy' Cigarette, and welcome every time!!"

"CAVANDER'S

ARMY CLUB"

CIGARETTES

Sold by all the leading Tobacconists and in all the Canteens at home and abroad.

20 for 11d. 50 for 2/3. 100 for 4/6.

West End Cinema Theatre

COVENTRY STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.C.

Weekdays, 2 till 11. Sundays, 6 till 11.

TO WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS:

Don't hesitate to come in here and spend a pleasant hour. It costs nothing!

I am doing you no favour—on the contrary, you are honouring me with your company.

Walk, hop, crawl, or be carried in as though the theatre belonged to you—it does, so long as I am its Proprietor!

I have already entertained more than **15,000 Wounded Boys**, and have arranged matinees which have benefited charities to the extent of **over £7,000**, for which I thank my Patrons for allowing me to help towards the cheering up of our Boys in Blue.

G. F. SEXTON.

G. F. SEXTON, Sole Proprietor.

Some Forthcoming Attractions:

"THE GAY LORD QUEX."
"THE QUESTION."
"A GAMBLE FOR LOVE."
"DADDY."
"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK."
"THE WHIP."
"MY LADY'S DRESS."
"HOLY ORDERS."
"A LAUGHING CAVALIER."
"MASTER OF MEN."
"DOMBEY & SON."
"RICHARD THE BRAZEN."

GRAND ORCHESTRA—DAINTY TEAS—LUXURIOUS SURROUNDINGS.

CORYTONS

D
547
C2C3
no.2

Canada in khaki

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY